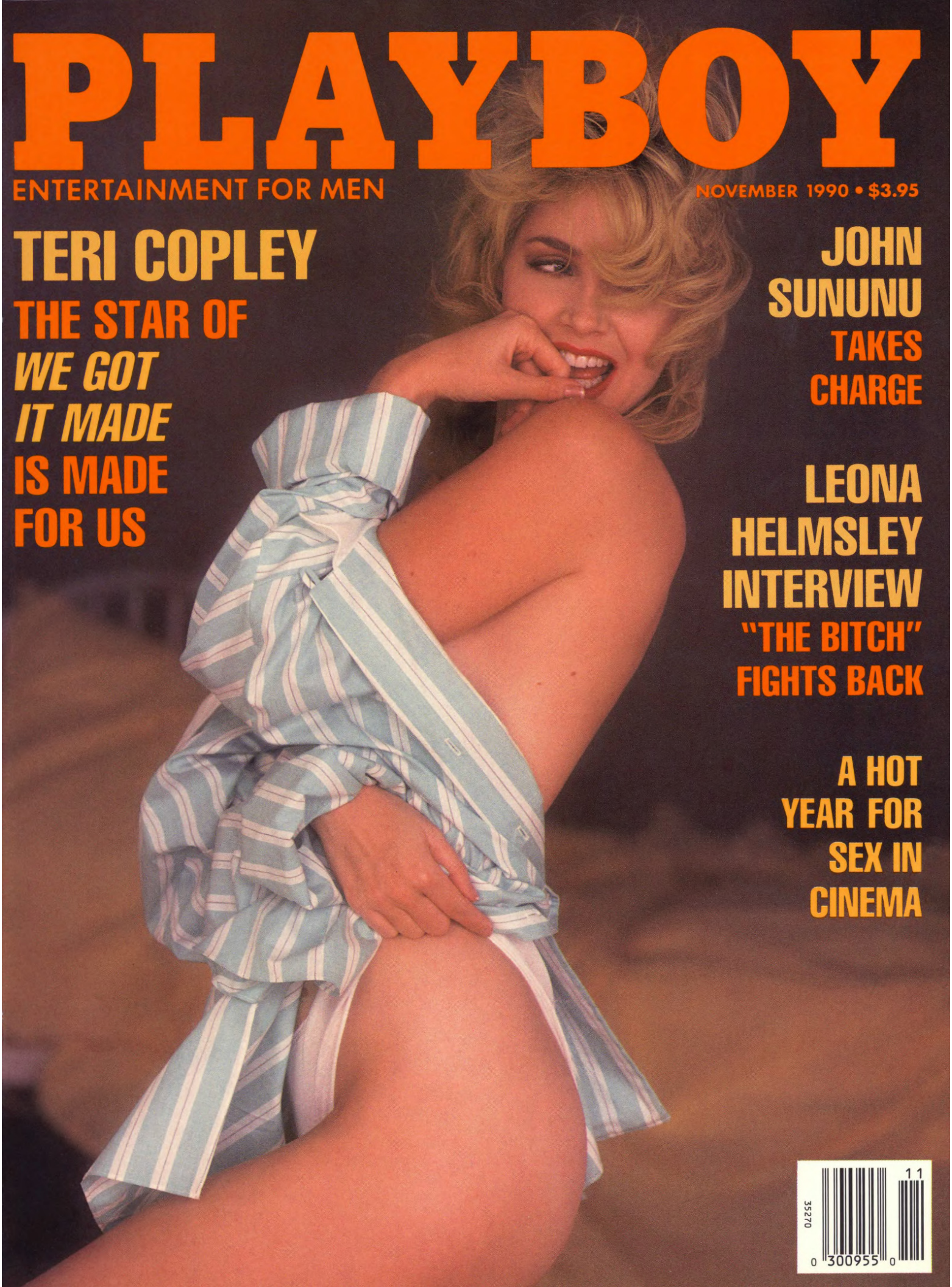
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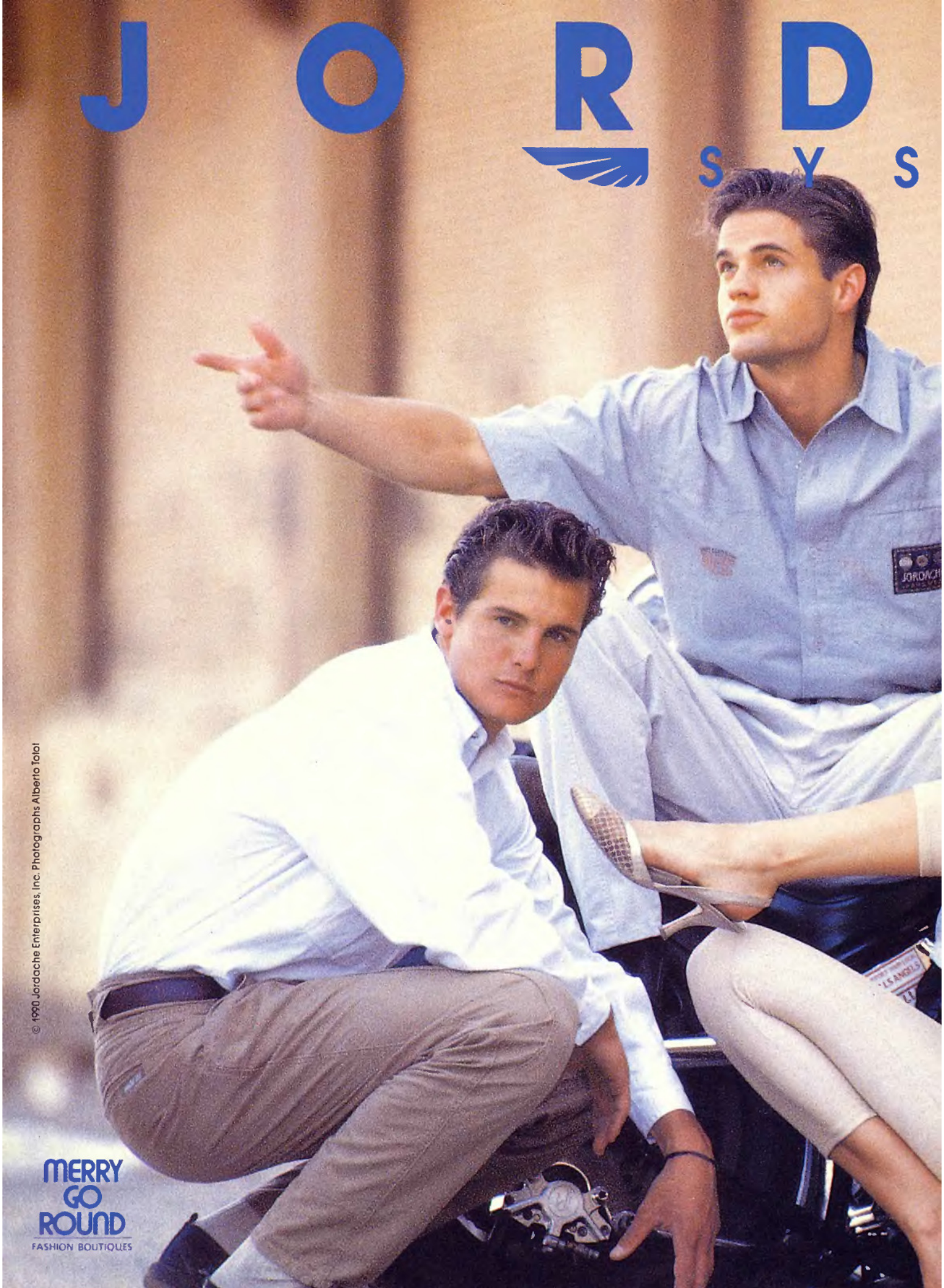
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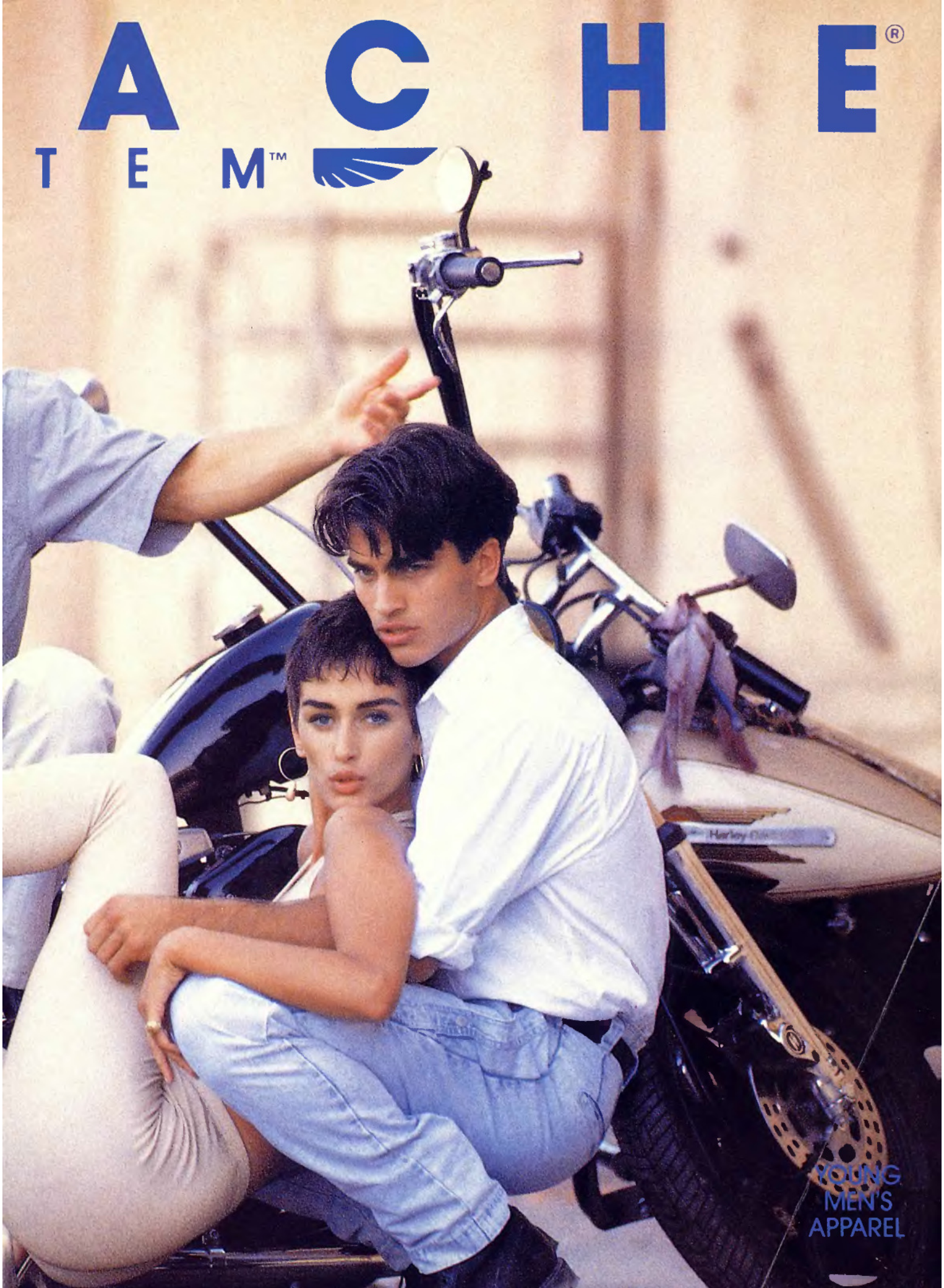
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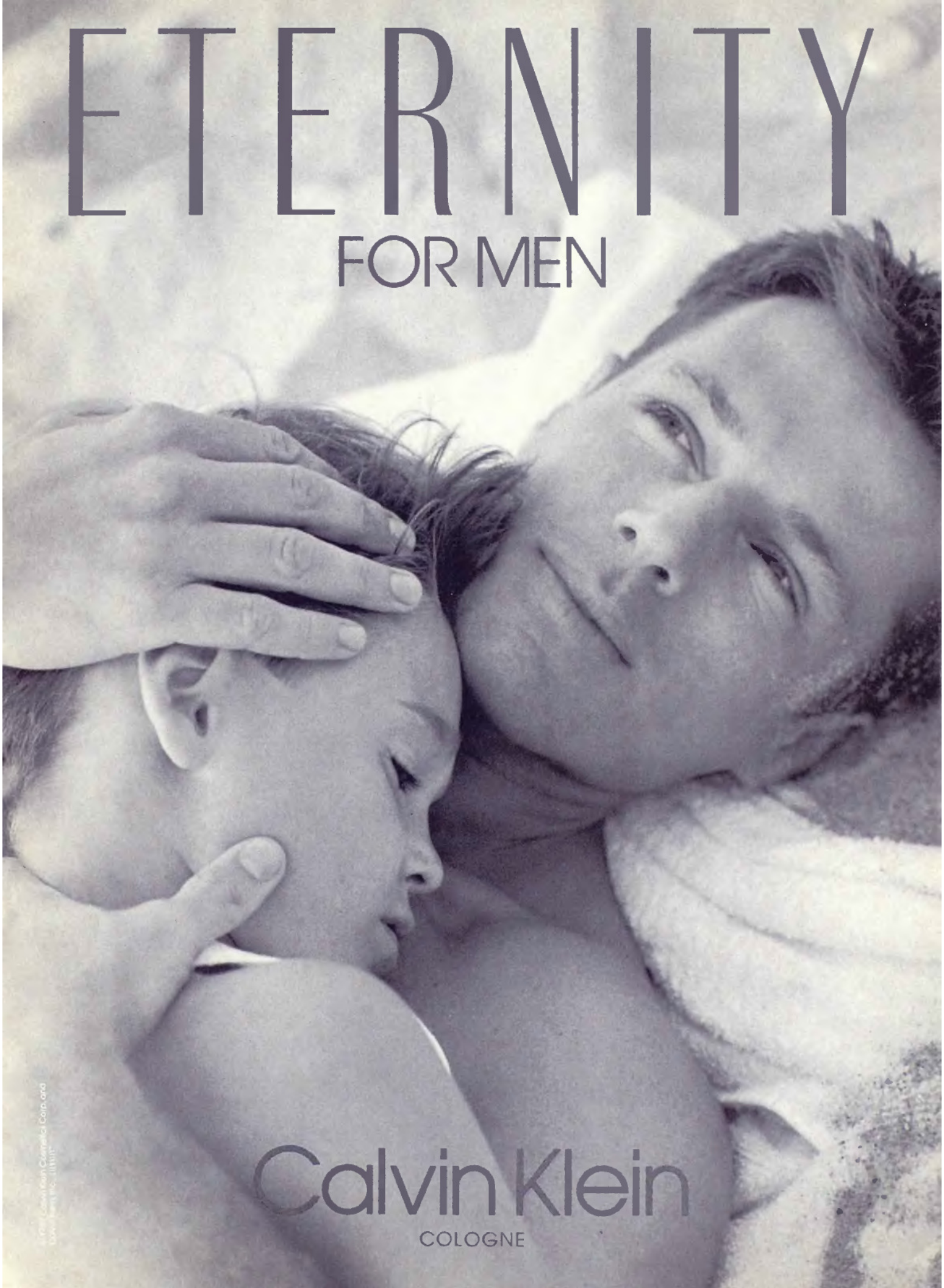
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HERE'S OUR IDEA of Thanksgiving—a lavish feast of an issue full of sexy pictorials and provocative people, with tips for love on the road and a guide to fixing the planet. Did we mention the coolest clothes and the hottest sex in cinema?

No one's more provocative than the woman who's just wild about Harry—billionaire hotel entrepreneur **Harry Helmsley,** that is. She has been dubbed "the Lady Macbeth of the lodging industry" by *The New York Times*, "the Wicked Witch of the West" by former New York mayor **Ed Koch,** "a disgrace to humanity" by **Donald Trump** and "a tough bitch" by her own lawyer. The notorious **Leona Helmsley,** the Queen of the Palace—a monarch many would love to overthrow—tells her story to **Glenn Plaskin** in an exclusive *Playboy Interview*. Villain or martyr? You decide.

Students of power may also learn a thing or two from *Big Bad John*, a profile of White House Chief of Staff and resident bad cop **John Sununu**. As the second most powerful man in Washington, he's both celebrated and feared for his clout and arrogance. **Michael Kelly,** who announced that *Sex Is Back!* in our May issue, writes about the man whose tactics suggest the soul of a bully. Another tough guy is **Public Enemy's** lead rapper, **Chuck D,** who talks turkey about black pride and his group's controversial lyrics in a def *20 Questions* with **Bill Wyman**.

Take a break from the tough guys and catch a glimpse of pouty, playful **Teri Copley,** whom you may remember as the bubbly housekeeper living with two New York bachelors on the TV show *We Got It Made*. For those of you who can't wait to see her in her next movies—she has two in release and two coming up—she's here in a sexy pictorial shot by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley.**

The big screen has had plenty of scintillating sex this year—from the controversial *Wild Orchid* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* to *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*. While censors are snipping what they call smut, film makers are finally fighting back. We've reserved front-row seats for you to review *Sex in Cinema 1990*, with text by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson.** After confronting the bluenoses, you'll be ready for **Arnold Roth's** off-the-cuff look at *A Hard to Beat History of Sex*.

A very different love story for the Nineties is *Carnal Knowledge*, illustrated by **Bruce Wolfe.** It's a tale of trysts and, yes, turkeys by that great master of offbeat fiction, **T. Coraghessan Boyle**—whose latest novel, *East Is East*, is just out. Our hero this time is a mild-mannered copy writer who's transformed into an ecoguerrilla by a lusty animal-rights activist. Ah, the things we do for ecology. Which brings us to *How I Got Religion and Saved the Planet*, illustrated by cartoonist **Gahan Wilson.** Writer **Peter Sikowitz** discovers an intriguing parallel between cleaning up the planet and making love: You can do both by yourself, but they're better when you have company. We'll drink to that—just not in Styrofoam, please.

We'd also like to toast some of our favorite designers—among them **Bill Blass, Ralph Lauren** and **Nino Cerruti**—who have provided our fashion focus, *The Price Is Right*, a selection of suits elegantly photographed by **Beth Bischoff.**

If your Thanksgiving plans don't include going to Grandma's for turkey and fixings, may we suggest a sojourn with a member of the opposite sex? To ensure that your getaway doesn't go awry, take our advice and read *The Thinking Man's Guide to Traveling with Women*. It's the definitive map to handling those tight curves on the road to romance, written by all-round expert and Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles** and illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft.**

And if you get really lucky in your travels this holiday season, you may encounter our November Playmate, flight attendant **Lorraine Olivia,** in the friendly skies. Happy Thanksgiving to all, no matter how or where you celebrate it.

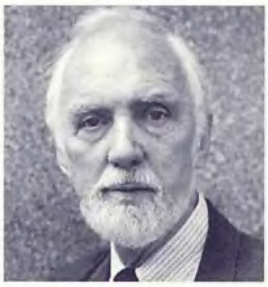
PLASKIN

FEGLEY

KELLY

WYMAN

ROTH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Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), November 1990, volume 37, number 11. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $26 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

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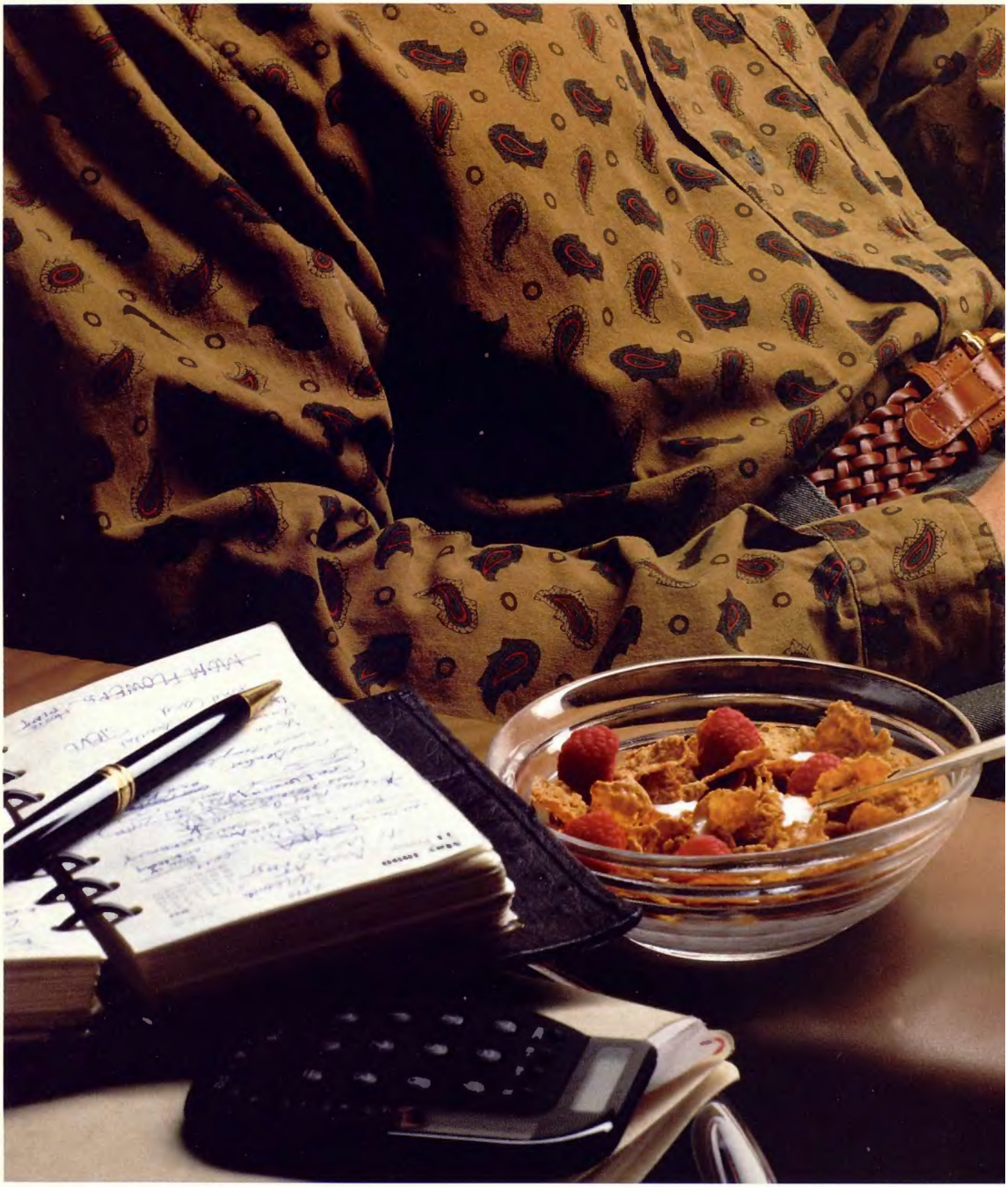

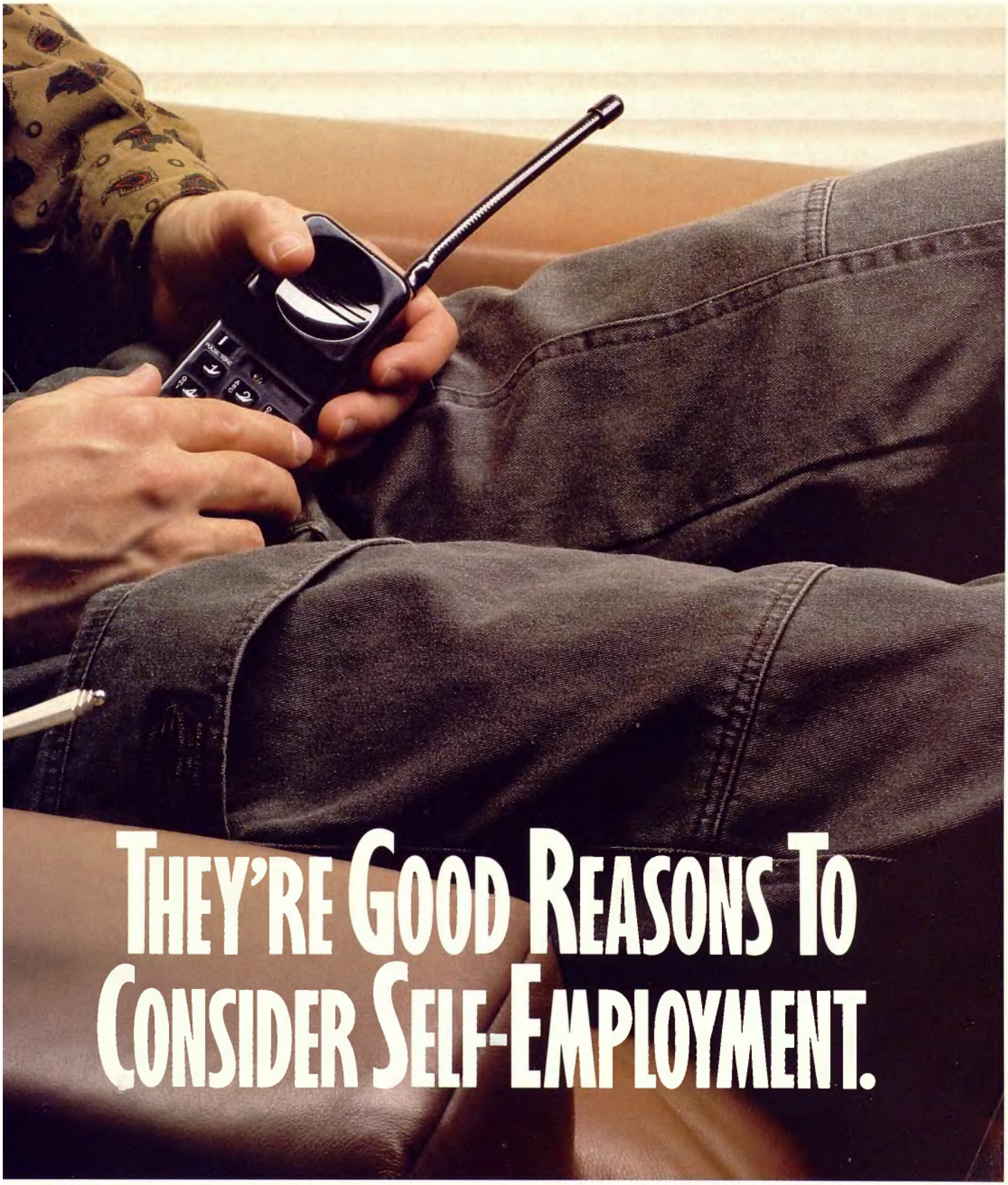

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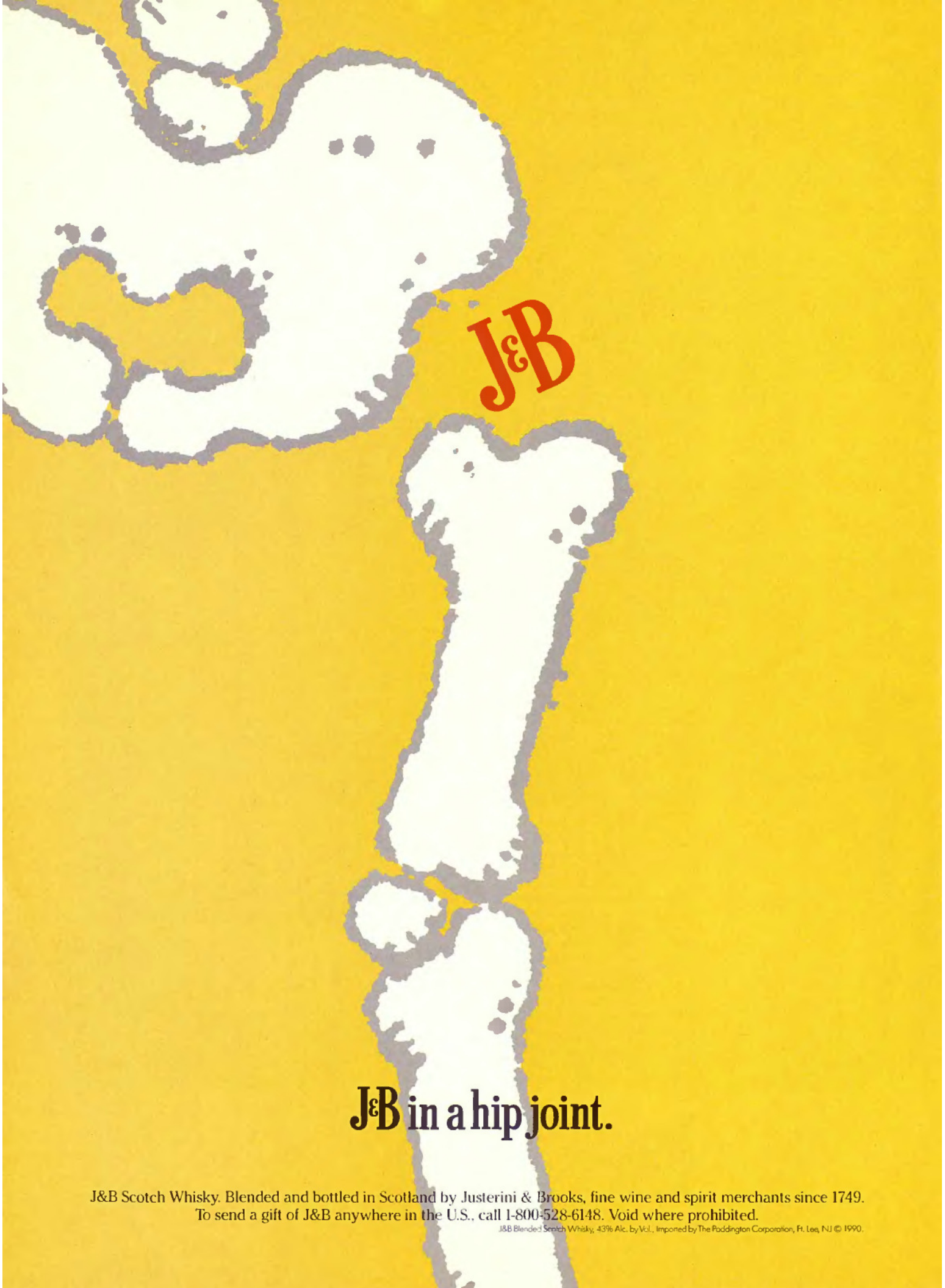

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PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 11—november 1990

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COVER STORY

Gorgeous live-in maid Mickey MacKenzie has moved on to bigger things. With an increasingly busy career—a *Playboy* pictorial, two movies released and two coming up—actress Teri Copley is having one hot time. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Tracy Cianflone for hair and make-up. Our Rabbit needs some elbow room.

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SIMPSONS CREATOR A WUSS?

I enjoyed *20 Questions* with Matt Groening (*Playboy*, July) because *The Simpsons* is one of my favorite shows. Although I am an embattled defender of male dignity in our current age of male bashing, I think it is healthy for us to laugh at ourselves.

It is equally important, however, to be able to laugh at women. I was disappointed that Groening rationalizes the show's preponderance of dumb, obnoxious males and sympathetic, intelligent females by claiming that men wield the power.

Groening goes on to say that whenever he and his wife disagree about his work, "I defer to her. In all cases." Does he think that his wife is the only woman exercising such power?

Ironically, the July issue also has an article on my other Fox-TV favorite, *Married . . . with Children*. The article *Hanging Out with the Bundys*, by Pamela Marin, chronicles how one housewife, whose only qualification was that she was a woman, intimidated the entire network merely by writing one letter. Groening doesn't poke fun at female power because there is none? Yeah, sure.

Fredric Hayward, Executive Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

FEMINIST SEX BULLIES

I enjoyed Molly Ivins' *Sex Bullies* (*Playboy*, June). In an otherwise excellent article, however, Ivins makes a sweeping and inaccurate statement. When discussing proposed antipornography statutes, she states that "legal censorship is by no means a majority position among feminists—few approve of pornography, but then, few approve of censorship, either."

The sad truth is that most leaders of the feminist movement *have* endorsed the concept of antipornography legislation. For example, in 1984, the National Organization for Women passed the following resolution:

"NOW finds that pornography is a factor in creating and maintaining sex as a basis for discrimination. Pornography, as distinct from erotica, is a systematic practice of exploitation and subordination based on sex which differentially harms women and children. . . . Pornography violates the civil rights of women and children."

In keeping with NOW's admonition that its chapters implement this resolution, many have done so. When a 1989 antipornography ordinance was challenged (and subsequently ruled unconstitutional) in Washington, Seattle NOW submitted a brief in support of the ordinance. Seattle NOW has repeatedly urged the Seattle city council to adopt a resolution declaring topless dancing and "other pornographic businesses" to be "harmful and a civil rights issue." Numerous other NOW chapters are engaged in similar efforts.

Since the Northwest Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce (NW-FACT) was founded in 1989, it has encountered considerable hostility from the mainstream feminist movement. We have learned that endorsement of some level of legal censorship of sexually explicit materials *is*, tragically, the majority position among feminists.

Meanwhile, a small but growing network of us is working for the day when most women and men will see the dangerous fallacy of antipornography ordinances and their underlying moralistic, antisex ideology.

Barbara Dority, Co-Chair
Northwest Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce
Seattle, Washington

WOUNDED COUNTRY

Jonathan Silvers' *Wounded Country* (*Playboy*, August) is an article rich in the type of Third World rhetoric that so often tries to disguise a nation's myriad problems—internal corruption, mismanagement, ecological self-destruction, runaway population growth, class stratification, etc.—which account for the major share of its individual or collective misery, and blames the West and particularly the United States for most or all of its ills. Unfortunately, it is obvious that Silvers has bought

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into this philosophy.

Typical of this "*Muerte al Yanqui*" mentality is the embittered Colombian who blames the U.S. for buying the choicest coffee exports and leaving only swill for Colombians' consumption, conveniently overlooking the fact that money was paid for that coffee and some of his countrymen got very rich in the bargain, or that, like many Third World states, Colombia has received massive funding (foreign aid, private loans) it has no hope of repaying. By blaming the U.S. for the problems they face due to the drug trade, such nations minimize their own complicity, which comes from corrupt officials, exporters, cartel kingpins and, yes, even the peasant who relieves his own poverty by growing a cash crop known to all for its potentially addictive (as well as deadly) quality.

Most of us in the U.S. do not blame Colombia for all of our drug crisis but correctly realize that that nation is in no way an innocent bystander.

Charles A. Shonley
Sacramento, California

"THE GREAT ROCK LABELING WAR"

In "The Great Rock Labeling War" (*The Playboy Forum*, August), you reproduce several warning labels used by various groups. My favorite is on the album *Flaunt It*, by Sigue Sigue Sputnik: WARNING: DO NOT PLAY IF ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT.

One other point that isn't mentioned: Here in Canada, 2 Live Crew's *As Nasty As They Wanna Be* costs more than *As Clean As They Wanna Be*. Go figure.

Kris Gallimore
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Labeling may censure, but that is still better than altering or banning the work itself.

In 1818, Thomas Bowdler published a family edition of Shakespeare's plays that expurgated the racy stuff. I would have welcomed a label that warned me not to waste my money on such a book. In 1881, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* was banned. In 1930, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* and Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* were banned. I would have welcomed a label of warning in lieu of banning such works of art. Now would-be censors have tried to ban the exhibit of Robert Mapplethorpe's works from a museum, a decision being contested in court. If this exhibit had been labeled as racy, it might not have been banned.

I support freedom of expression and choice. I do not support freedom to force our expressions upon unwilling recipients. If labeling gives us the option to choose wisely according to our expectations, I see no problem with it.

Roger Joss
Clinton, Illinois

BAYWATCH BEAUTY

Your August pictorial on Playmate Erika Eleniak, *Beauty on the Beach*, is stunning. As *Baywatch*'s Shauni McLain, she's the prettiest lifeguard I've ever seen. Erika has certainly come a long way from a little girl's underwear ad!

Roger D. Pine
Bowling Green, Missouri

Congratulations on your excellent pictorial of the lovely Erika Eleniak. Not only is it well done, the cover shot of her is one of the magazine's best. Erika's future in the entertainment industry can only get brighter and, thanks to *Playboy*, all of her fans can follow her progress.

Alan Digby
Mississauga, Ontario

Here's another terrific shot of Erika for you, Alan—pass it around.

LARRY KING INTERVIEW

A number of years ago, in Miami, a group of announcers and deejays would gather round a table every Monday evening for a rap session. Expletives and vulgarities were not allowed, but there were no other restrictions. Everything was recorded, to be played later on the air.

This was a very vocal group of guys, but when it came to controversial or touchy material, we were all gun-shy . . . all, that is, except Larry King (*Playboy Interview*, August) and me. The positions we took were always poles apart and our discussions were often heated.

In time, I slid into anonymity, but Larry forged onward and upward . . . and deservedly so, I might add. Anyway, I just wanted to send him some good vibes and old memories. Perhaps he will remember "Open Mike" on the "Big KAT."

Don Julian
St. Petersburg, Florida

MAYBE THERE IS A GOD

I got a lot of laughs out of Joe Domanick's article *Maybe There Is a God* (*Playboy*, August). But my view of the Swaggarts and the Bakkers of this world is that they are neither religious hypocrites nor fallen leaders but rather born con men who learned early in the game how to use Bible-thumping tactics to disguise their real motives, which always involved material rather than spiritual wealth.

Stew Albert
Northridge, California

JERRY SEINFELD

Bravo for West Coast Editor Stephen Randall's profile of comedian Jerry Seinfeld (*Jerry Seinfeld's Bland Ambition*, *Playboy*, August). I've been a fan of Seinfeld's for many years and he's long overdue for some big-time recognition. It is refreshing to find a comic who can make you laugh without using a string of four-letter words in every sentence, a comic the whole family can enjoy.

As far as Lawrence Christon goes, he should take a few lessons from Seinfeld. Do we need a thesaurus to understand Seinfeld? No. Can we say the same for Christon?

Seinfeld may "pay homage to insignificance," but it all boils down to one question: Is he funny? Hell, yes!

Allen R. Webb, Jr.
Concord, North Carolina

"UP TO HERE WITH GREEN"

Robert Scheer's criticism of celebrities who support a personal environmental commitment in *Reporter's Notebook*, "Up to Here with Green" (*Playboy*, August), is unwarranted. A personal commitment to be environmentally conscious does not necessarily exclude a broader international commitment. Moreover, when you have an Administration that views environmental problems such as global warming as "political fads," momentum for changes in national policies must be started at the grass-roots level. I applaud the celebrities' efforts to initiate this change.

Sarah G. Wilton
Alexandria, Virginia

I have long agreed with Robert Scheer's view of the deep connections among business, government, foreign policy and Third World poverty.

It is my experience as an environmental activist, however, that the big picture, which is a vast and complex network of cause and effect, is so far-reaching that most people simply can't see all of it.

Educating people on the personal level of energy conservation in the home may be elementary, but it is something all of us, even our children, can understand. If people focused only on the big picture, the overwhelming message they would receive is that they are not responsible for the state of the earth, but that governments, corporations and policies are to blame. We must begin by changing ourselves if we are to build a new, healthy and viable world.

JeanMarie Martello
Canton, New York

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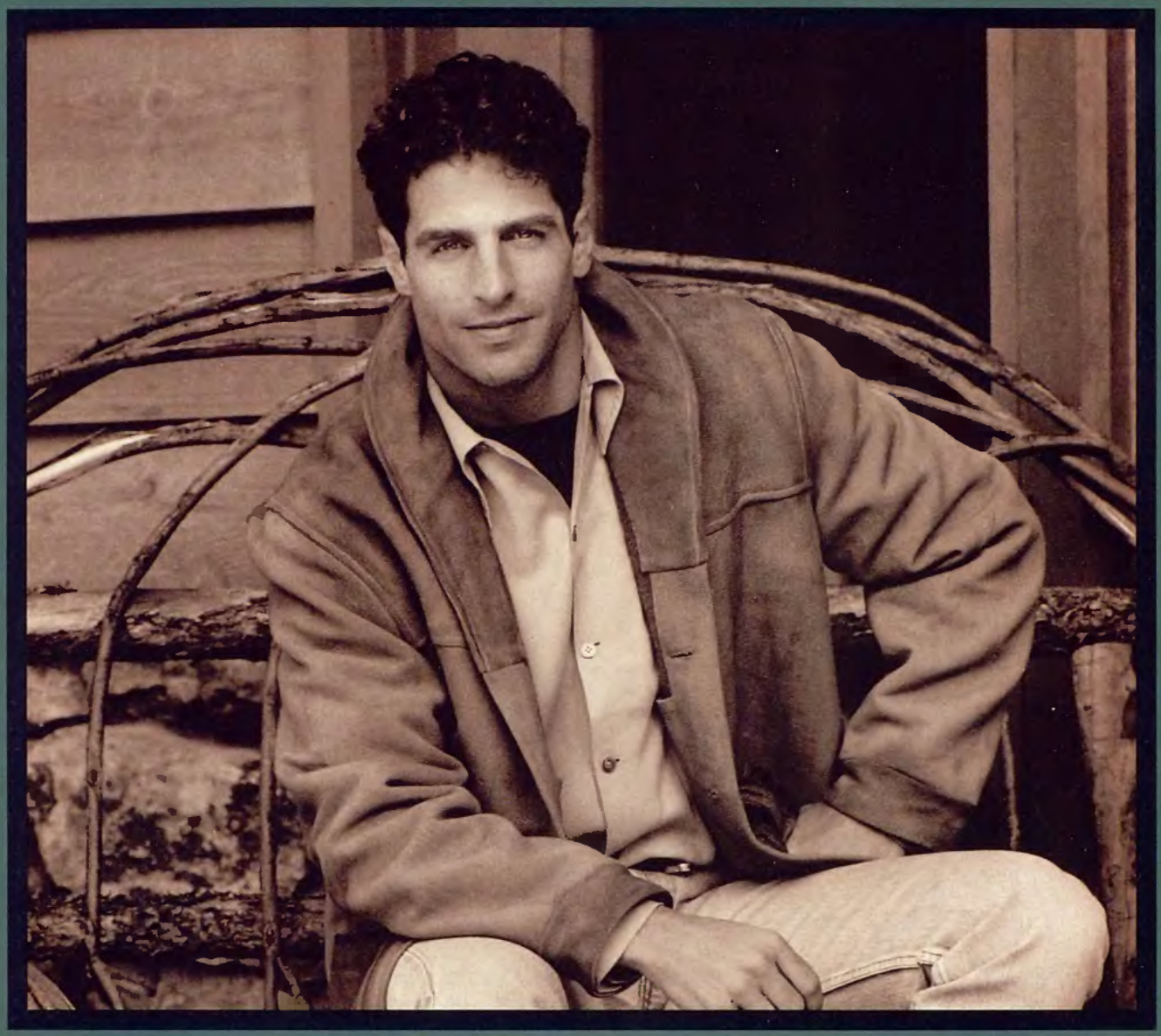

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

MO' BETTER BLUES?

What with 2 Live Crew accused of rapping criminal lyrics in Florida and Congress washing out the National Endowment for the Arts' mouth with soap, you get the idea that sexy art and entertainment are on the run. It's true—and it's a long run. Specifically, we're talking about *Further Mo'*, a circa-1927 black vaudeville review at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village. This sequel to the long-running *One Mo' Time* (which at one point had seven touring companies) revels in a kind of high-spirited raunch that combines classic blues vocals with lyrics drenched in *double-entendre*. Here's a stanza from *Had to Give Up Gym*, a number that would probably constitute a felony in Florida: "Every time I had my gym, couldn't ever talk./After I'd tried to take it, couldn't hardly walk./Tell me! Tell me! Tell me, please,/How to take my gym with ease."

If the lyrics don't get the point across, the body English of cast members Topsy Chapman and Frozine Thomas will. However, in terms of sheer red-hot vocalism, Sandra Reaves-Phillips is the polestar around which the show revolves. Her first song, *One Hour Mama* ("I'm a one-hour mama, so no one-minute papa/Ain't the kind of man for me"), provides an entire sex-education course in 64 bars. Score one for freedom of speech.

SLAMMING

Every Sunday night at the Green Mill Jazz Club in Chicago's Uptown neighborhood, *aficionados* of verse collect to witness a poetry slam—a kind of literary combat amid the beer suds that takes its form from boxing. Here's how slamming works: Three judges, picked from the audience and equipped with index cards and markers, keep score on a ten-point scale. Two poets read alternately and the judges flash their scores. The poet with the most points wins the round. The verses keep flying, with new readers replacing losers until one poet remains. The prize: ten dollars.

Most of the readings are gritty, hard-edged, Chicago-style verse noting lost loves and lost jobs, with frequent mentions of Chicago's el trains. Green Mill impresario Marc Smith, the father of slamming, points out, "It's not the kind of poetry your teachers told you about." That's probably because Yeats never took the el.

BLADE RUNNERS

Somehow, we knew that last summer's roller-blading craze was a trend of substance. We talked to people at Rollerblade and at First Team Sports (Ultra-Wheels), the two leading in-line (the wheels are all in a line—get it?) skate manufacturers. Rollerblade solicits members for Rollerblade, In-line Skate Association, which promotes three sports: distance racing, stunt skating and roller hockey. We assume you've already tried your own 10K sprint and double back flip on wheels, so we'll apprise you of the new hockey game.

Professional hockey players, seeking a year-round training aid, first brought in-line skates to hockey. We're told that many of them favor the new skates over traditional ice skates. According to Joe Janasz, former PR director for the Minnesota North Stars who's now with Rollerblade, "Everyone wants to set up a roller-hockey league. People are calling from all over the country to start leagues."

In fact, roller hockey will be a demo sport in the 1992 Olympics. John Egart of Ultra-Wheels believes that with increasing exposure, the sport is sure to attract corporate sponsorship. In turn, prize money will grow, attracting more and more players—or so say the industry's cheerleaders. Scoff if you like, but we can remember a day before stellar skate boarders earned hundreds of thousands of dollars in prizes and endorsements. Personally, we suggest practicing those swings and turns.

LE BEAT HOT

The way we figure, the Bronx is the capital of rap music and Memphis is still the capital of soul. But where does that international pop phenomenon, world beat, come home to roost? Try Paris. World-beat luminaries Kanda Bongo Man, Papa Wemba, Salif Keita and Youssou N'dour have already settled in the City of Light to record, play and party.

Therefore, our travel advisory for Paris reads: Forget the Crazy Horse and the passé discos such as Les Bains. The real excitement is at concerts and clubs that stay open until dawn and feature the best of pop from the Antilles to Zaire.

First on our list is the Russian-style cabaret Shéhérazade. It specializes in *Rai*, a youth music from Algeria that combines vocals and traditional strings with a heavy back beat and synthesizers. The decidedly un-Moslem lyrics speak of sex, drugs, cars, shopping and romantic love.

Other recommended cabarets for the music of the moment are New Morning, a jazz club; Le Timmey's, a Senegalese hangout where Buppies and a few Yuppies dance till dawn; and Le Balisier, the most sophisticated of the African-oriented clubs. *Vive la différence!*

A BIRD IN HAND

It all started several years back when Derrick Johnson of Orange, California, was a stockboy at a local supermarket, working the night shift in a crew known to co-workers as The Animals. One night, as

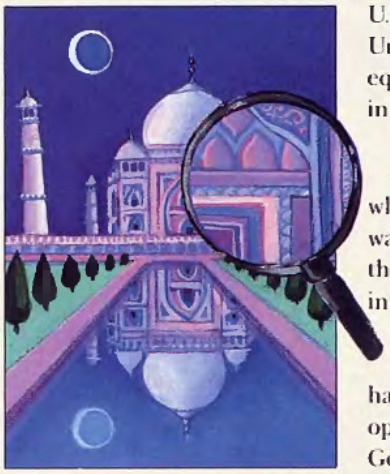
ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Sure, we've ruined their hobby, but isn't this what America is all about?"—ALAN "MR. MINT" ROSEN, tycoon sports-card peddler, asking $2,000,000 for a creased but uncut 1910 strip of five baseball cards that includes the rarest and most famous card of all, a T-206 Honus Wagner



MOONLIGHTING

Number of men in the U.S. in 1970 with two or more jobs, 3,400,000; in 1989, 4,100,000.

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Number of women in the U.S. in 1970 with two or more jobs, 636,000; in 1989, 3,100,000.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The Trump Taj Mahal hotel and casino in Atlantic City is three times bigger than the Taj Mahal in India. It encompasses 4,000,000 square feet on 17.3 acres and accommodates 50,000 visitors.

IS *PERESTROIKA* BURNING?

Automobile registrations per 1000 persons in the U.S.S.R., 42; in the U.S., 572.

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Meat production per person in the U.S.S.R., 148.6 pounds; in the U.S., 247.4.

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Percentage of the population in the U.S.S.R. living below the poverty level, 14.6; in the U.S., 13.1.

WARMING TREND

Percentage of Americans in May 1982 who said the world is likely to get into a nuclear war in the next ten years, 43; in May 1984, 35; in May 1989, 24; in May 1990, 18.

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Percentage in 1950 who felt that the Soviet Union was trying to dominate the world, 81; in 1990, 33.

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Percentage in 1978 who said that the U.S. and the Soviet Union were about equal in strength, 32; in 1990, 44.

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Percentage in 1978 who said that the U.S. was not as strong as the Soviet Union, 42; in 1990, 26.

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Percentage who have an unfavorable opinion of Mikhail Gorbachev: nine.

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Percentage of college graduates who have a favorable opinion of Gorbachev: 70.

•

Percentage who have never finished high school who have a favorable opinion of Gorbachev: 25.

•

Percentage who say it is very important to U.S. interests for Gorbachev to remain in power: 60.

MESSAGE TO JESSE HELMS

Percentage of Americans who believe that even if they personally find an artwork offensive, others still should be allowed to see it: 93.

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Percentage who feel that "people have different views on what is obscene in art and what is not": 96.

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Percentage who do not believe that nudity is usually pornographic: 80.

•

Percentage who believe that "freedom of expression is essential to artists and the arts": 93.

•

Percentage who oppose attempts by Congress to "interfere with our rights to free expression": 81.

he mindlessly refilled shelves, he saw another Animal slide an iced gobbler along the linoleum to the guy stocking the frozen-food section. Inspired, Johnson convened a group at lunchtime—three A.M.—and thus was born poultry bowling, in which a frozen bird—sort of a fowl ball—glides the length of a grocery-store aisle toward ten two-liter plastic soft-drink bottles set as pins. The Poultry Bowlers Association now claims several thousand members nationwide.

Since losing his stock-clerk job, the erstwhile Animal, now 31, has tossed turkeys on talk shows, hosted poultry-bowling marathons for charity and received a threatening letter from Swift-Eckrich, makers of the slippery Butterball. In legalese, the note said, "Cut it out."

But Johnson plans to feather his nest with refrigerated bowling bags and custom-made lanes. After all, he points out, "This is the only sport in the world in which, once you get done playing, you can eat the equipment."

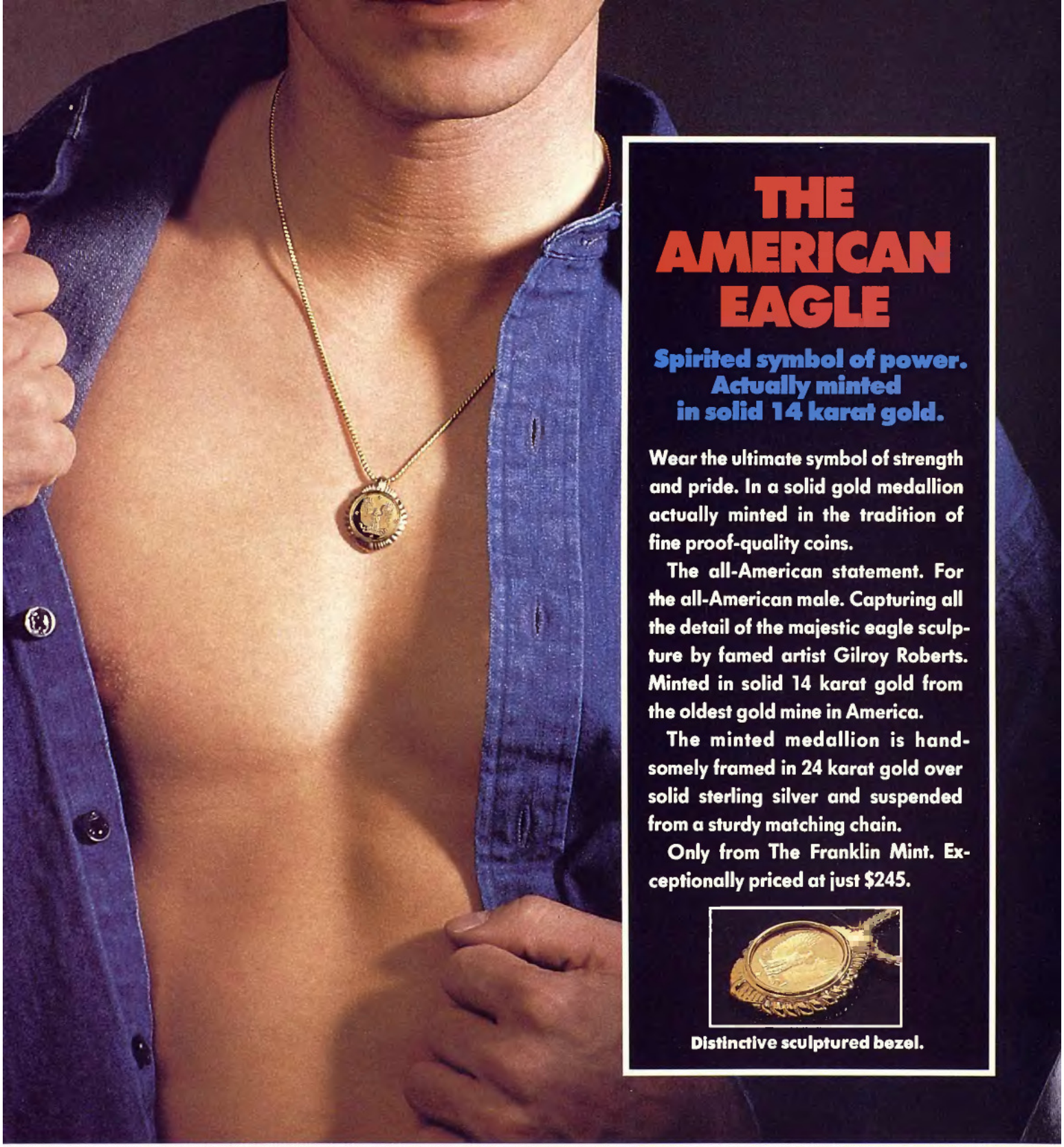
SPOTLIGHT

Irma Thomas.

This year, the annual Benson & Hedges Blues Festival, with stops in Los Angeles, Atlanta, Dallas, Chicago and New York, is hosting special evenings featuring the women of the blues. Blues legend **Irma Thomas** headlines the B.&H. show in Chicago on October 12 and in New York on October 19.

Thomas has a right to sing the blues. She was a 17-year-old single mom and nightclub waitress more than 30 years ago when the club's band first called her up to croon, launching her long career. But of all the blues classics she has since recorded—the original *Time Is on My Side*, *It's Raining* and *You Can Have My Husband, but Please Don't Mess with My Man*—only 1964's *Wish Someone Would Care* broke onto the *Billboard* charts. Ironically, the blues-based British invasion came along right after that, and "I've had no major records since," Thomas told us.

Is she blue? Apparently, only in song. "I get great press and great gigs," grins the 49-year-old soul queen. "I make a living, and the LPs I cut for Rounder have the songs *I* want to sing. To me, the blues is a state of mind—it's letting your *feelings* out the most honest way you can."



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BOTH THE opening and the closing scene of ***Postcards from the Edge*** (Columbia) feature Gene Hackman, in his customary top form, as a movie director in mid-movie. The rest of it is a mother–daughter showbiz saga that makes *Mommie Dearest* look trivial. If anything, an improvement on the book by Carrie Fisher, who also wrote the trenchant, witty screenplay, the movie isn't *exactly* about Fisher and her mother, Debbie Reynolds (Dad is singer Eddie Fisher, of course). All the names are changed. Who's really who doesn't much matter, anyway. What does matter are two sterling performances by Meryl Streep as the tough, tremulous young Hollywood star having an identity crisis, and Shirley MacLaine in a scorchingly funny but touching portrayal as her famous mother. Daughter has a drug habit; Mom prefers wine or vodka as a palliative. These two turn the blame game into a championship tussle, but everyone in *Postcards*—from Dennis Quaid as a Hollywood womanizer and Annette Bening as a sexy bit player to Robin Bartlett as Streep's best friend in the detox center—does a brilliant job. *Postcards* is electric film making, Academy Award quality, all the way to the end, when the amazing Streep gets low-down as a singer in *I'm Checkin' Out* (words and music by longtime *Playboy* contributor Shel Silverstein), the final musical blast in a movie-movie that scarcely stops for breath between showstoppers. ¥¥¥¥

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Marisa Berenson and Alun Armstrong appear in ***White Hunter, Black Heart*** (Warner) as movie stars a lot like Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart. They're about to start shooting a movie a lot like *The African Queen*, with a director a lot like the late John Huston. The pivotal part here is played by Clint Eastwood, who also produced and directed this adaptation of a novel by Peter Viertel (who knew and worked with Huston). "*You* can crawl and kiss ass and write their happy endings," he growls as the quasi-fictional John Wilson, an egocentric who nearly derails the project because he's more interested in shooting a lion than in cranking up those movie cameras. The gadfly who keeps Wilson at it is well played by Jeff Fahey (see *Off Camera*, October) as the narrator, a writer named Pete Verrill. For insiders, Eastwood's irreverent character portrait is pungent, unique and revealing. ¥¥¥

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Nearly everything you've heard and read about ***Wild at Heart*** (Samuel Goldwyn) turns out to be true (see *Sex in Cinema* in this issue). Writer-director David Lynch's new movie, a triumph as best picture at Cannes, is an enticing but disturbing follow-up to *Blue Velvet* and his teasing television whodunit, *Twin Peaks*. At the climax of *Wild at Heart*, the misfit known as Sailor (Nicolas Cage) sings Elvis Presley's *Love Me Tender* to his sweet stuff (Laura Dern) while standing on the hood of a car in a traffic jam. By this time, it's clear that Lynch must be at least half kidding. His raunchy, seriocomic American odyssey about two hot-blooded youngsters on the run, though rated R, is patently lewder and more violent than much of the competition labeled X. Which may mean that being a winner at Cannes is especially helpful. "You got the sweetest cock," coos Dern's doxy, amid lots of talk about body parts. Add an exploding head (badman Willem Dafoe's) and a severed hand, and a thought intrudes: Lynch's skill at filling the screen with compelling images may have a fatal flaw. He's like a juvenile genius whose need to shock can mesmerize us even when there's less on his mind than meets the eye. ¥¥¥

Meryl, Shirley send *Postcards*.

Star power invigorates showbiz stories; Lynch's latest shock treatment.

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Is it parental neglect that makes kids go bad? Not in ***The Krays*** (Miramax), director Peter Medak's lurid and stunning real-life story about a lethally dangerous set of twins whose doting mother loved them unto death. Billie Whitelaw, as the Krays' mum, limns a compelling portrait of ferocious maternal loyalty. In maturity, her darling boys are played with wicked, vibrant zeal by Martin and Gary Kemp, brothers recruited from a rock band (see *Off Camera*). The crimes of Ronnie and Reggie Kray, East End outlaws convicted of murder who've been languishing in British prisons since 1969, made them legendary. The brothers owned a night spot patronized by decadent Sixties society. All the good things attainable via murder and muscle were their business. English audiences lapped their story up on film, probably because the original Krays were as famous as Dillinger. Smoothly handsome Martin Kemp, as Reggie, drives his naïve young wife (played movingly by Kate Hardie) to suicide. Gary, as the openly homosexual, psychotic Ronnie, carves up his opposition without visible remorse. *The Krays* is a Gothic cautionary tale written (by Philip Ridley) in vitriol. ¥¥¥¥

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True to formula but sure-fire throughout, ***Narrow Margin*** (Tri-Star) is a finely tuned thriller by writer-director Peter Hyams. As an innocent woman who has witnessed the cold-blooded murder of her blind date, Anne Archer leaves town to avoid trouble, unaware that she is the killer's next target. Gene Hackman plays the L.A. deputy who has to bring her back alive. Hyams puts them both aboard a fast passenger train, with several assassins right on their heels, and *Margin* starts moving like a runaway engine. Archer and Hackman are a pleasure, snapping at each other and flushing out enemies where you least expect them. Sure, terror on a train has been done before. But trust Hyams: Nobody has done it better lately. ¥¥¥

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An idiotic but enjoyable comedy, ***My Blue Heaven*** (Warner), written by Nora Ephron, who also penned *When Harry Met Sally . . .*, provides elbow room for Steve Martin, Rick Moranis and Joan Cusack. They keep nudging the audience, because it's that kind of movie, but you may be laughing too much to notice. Martin brilliantly overplays a strutting Italian-American informer in the Witness Protection Program, introducing his own crime wave ("I'm not trained for anything else") to a small town near San Diego; Moranis is the FBI man on his case. Despite cheap gags, some of the comic bits are priceless. ¥¥¥

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Oddly enough, director Martin Scorsese's scorching ***GoodFellas*** (Warner) is adapted from a book called *Wiseguys*, by Nicholas Pileggi, who's married to Nora Ephron (see *My Blue Heaven* review). The self-destructive hero of *GoodFellas*, played with manic energy by Ray Liotta, also winds up in the Witness Protection Program. The difference is that Scorsese's movie looks at the very dark side of life in the Mob, based on the day-to-day existence of an actual half-Italian hoodlum named Henry Hill. That's Liotta, who has never

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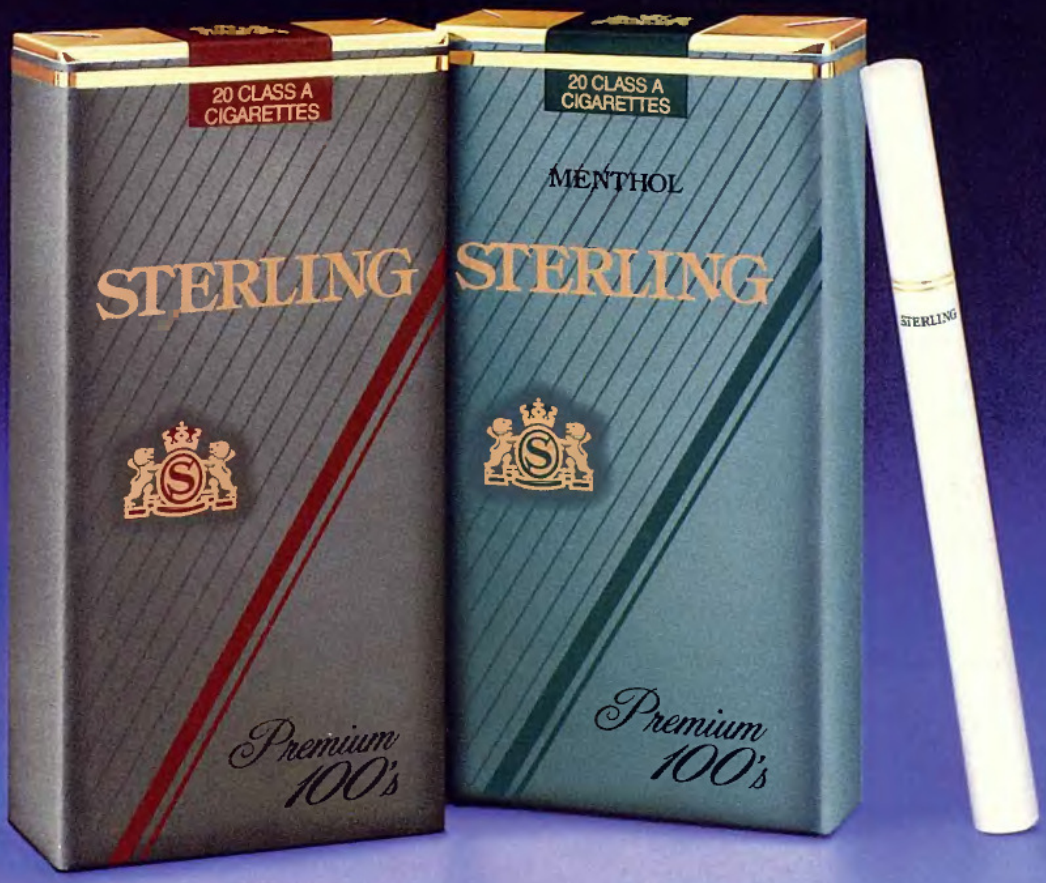
INTRO

Sense.



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DUCING STERLING

had a fatter role and gives it all he's got. "Whacking" a rival is what a hit man does, and quite a few wise guys are whacked in the course of a rambling but potent drama—heavy on narrative because there's so much to explain. Scorsese presents an insider's view of what it means to be "a made man," along with other devastating glimpses of *mafioso* culture. Robert De Niro does his usual standout star turn playing a thug, and Joe Pesci is exceptionally compelling as a clownish, hot-tempered killer who shoots men on the slightest provocation. Lorraine Bracco registers strongly as Liotta's Jewish wife, a princess who learns the rules of gangdom in spite of herself. There's virtually *nobody* to admire in *GoodFellas*, but Scorsese earns respect for this scathing core sample of one man's descent into the New York underworld. ¥¥¥¥

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Some lines of dialog in ***Vincent & Theo*** (Hemdale) are so fuzzily recorded it's a strain to hear them. That is typical of director Robert Altman's quirky style, and it's the price you pay for a transportingly picturesque and intelligent drama about the mad brilliance of Vincent van Gogh. The movie begins ironically with a modern-day auction at Christie's London gallery, where bidders offer multimillions for one Van Gogh still life, then flashes back to the great Dutch artist's mid–19th Century years of poverty, obscurity and occasional confinement. Altman's actors, little known over here, are superior. Tim Roth is pathetically vulnerable and persuasive as Vincent; Paul Rhys plays brother Theo, the syphilitic art dealer who died mere months after his sibling's suicide. The screenplay (by Julian Mitchell), based in part on letters they exchanged, pays special attention to the brothers' testy relationship and to Theo's premarital foolery with a long-suffering sexpot named Jo (Johanna Ter Steeg), who marries him shortly before he dies. One haunting image, when blackbirds flutter toward the sky as the artist shoots himself in a sun-dappled meadow he might have painted, will linger long after glitches in the sound track are forgotten. ¥¥¥½

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Three young women friends getting nowhere in Atlantic City are the heroines of ***The Lemon Sisters*** (Miramax). Diane Keaton, who is also coproducer, forms the threesome with Kathryn Grody and Carol Kane. They are most appealing as an amateur singing trio, before the movie itself starts to shrivel. Grody warmly plays drab for laughs in a *Hausfrau* role as the wife of a taffy merchant (Elliott Gould), while Kane sashays through the zaniest bits as a no-talent songstress who is set on having a career. As Kane's ambitious boyfriend, a cipher, Aidan Quinn nearly steals the picture—what little is worth stealing. Keaton, who has the worst part, plays it affectedly as a selfish ditz who has inherited a museum of TV artifacts from her father. She lives in a huge old house that she fills with nude statues in white plaster, the sort of *kitsch* deployed to decorate Atlantic City casinos. Presumably, the statues are considered hilarious by director Joyce Chopra, or by Jeremy Pikser, who wrote the screenplay. But Kane and Quinn are delightful without extraneous props. ¥½

The Kemps (Martin, Gary) as Krays.

OFF CAMERA

Britain's **Kemp** brothers—**Martin,** 28, and **Gary,** 30—rock musicians who once hit the charts with a song called *True*, have temporarily laid their instruments aside to play two notorious brothers in a hot new movie, *The Krays* (see review). For the past decade, Martin has played bass and Gary has doubled as guitarist/songwriter for Spandau Ballet. "I'm not sure where that name came from," notes Gary. "We just liked the sound of it. I suspect we had a friend who'd drifted in from Germany and saw it written on a toilet wall." Neither brother is new to acting. "Gary and I were in a TV play when I was ten and he was twelve," says Martin. Gary adds that the Kemps are "not all that competitive," though *The Krays* features them toe to toe in a brutal boxing sequence. The film's violence has been attacked by some critics; Martin insists it's necessary. "Because the real Krays were glamourous criminals, we had to make the violence horrific and explicit—not like some Mel Gibson movie, where it's really glorified. You leave the cinema with a feeling of disgust for Ronnie and Reggie Kray. You're made sick by them, because the way we show it is how it *was*." Says Gary, who plays the gay, ruthless Ronnie, "The night of the movie's premiere, the man who'd had his mouth cut open with a saber [by the real-life Krays] was in the audience. He still carries the scars." What's next after their cinematic breakthrough? Musically, both brothers say, "We're taking a rest." Martin is reading movie scripts, but Gary's laid back. "Right now, I'm just an unemployed actor."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

After Dark, My Sweet (Reviewed 8/90) Rachel Ward on a mixed-up caper. ¥¥
Air America (Listed only) Gibson, Downey lose it in Laos. ¥¥
Darkman (Listed only) Stylish fun, with Neeson as another masked avenger. ¥¥½
Days of Thunder (10/90) Super cruise with Tom on a wailing track. ¥¥
Dick Tracy (9/90) That comic-book dick in an eye-filling spectacle. ¥¥¥½
The Freshman (9/90) Sending up *The Godfather*, with Brando and Matthew Broderick earning A grades. ¥¥¥
Ghost (10/90) Patrick Swayze comes back from the dead to see Demi Moore. ¥¥¥
GoodFellas (See review) Scorsese's sharp slice of life in the Mafia. ¥¥¥¥
Hardware (10/90) One more robotic killer going bump in the night. ¥
The Krays (See review) On being young, spoiled rotten and British. ¥¥¥¥
The Lemon Sisters (See review) Sisters under the skin, but pretty sour. ¥½
Life and Nothing But (10/90) French postwar romance about searching for the dead and finding love. ¥¥½
Life Is a Long Quiet River (9/90) Switching infants at birth comically disrupts two French families. ¥¥¥
Metropolitan (8/90) Well-heeled college kids show their colors during a holiday break in Gotham. Deft satire. ¥¥¥½
Miller's Crossing (10/90) Still going strong, the Coen boys bring off a stylish vintage drama about gangsters. ¥¥¥¥
Mo' Better Blues (Listed only) This time, Washington saves Lee. ¥¥½
My Blue Heaven (See review) Martin and Moranis make the clouds roll by. ¥¥¥
Narrow Margin (See review) Chilling chase on a fast choo-choo. ¥¥¥
Postcards from the Edge (See review) Actors aweigh, behind the scenes. ¥¥¥¥
Presumed Innocent (10/90) From the book—a zingy performance by Harrison Ford as the accused. ¥¥¥¥
Pump Up the Volume (10/90) Christian Slater's coup as a radio rogue. ¥¥¥
The Two Jakes (Listed only) A fairly tedious *Chinatown* sequel, with Jack Nicholson directing and starring. ¥¥
Vincent & Theo (See review) Vivid retelling of Van Gogh's tragedy. ¥¥¥½
Waiting for the Light (10/90) MacLaine and Garr fail to make it glow. ¥
Wait Until Spring, Bandini (10/90) The widow and the working man. ¥¥
White Hunter, Black Heart (See review) Clint on location with tusk and camera. ¥¥¥
Wild at Heart (See review) David Lynch powers up another cinematic jolt. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I've had a wonderful life," declares best-selling novelist **Sidney Sheldon** in a sly nod to the beloved Frank Capra flick. But the successful author (his latest: *Memories of Midnight*) is anything but coy when it comes to the rest of his video hit list. "My favorite movies include *North by Northwest*—which is one of the all-time greats—*The Best Years of Our Lives, Wuthering Heights* and *Rebecca*." His passion for golden oldies notwithstanding, Sheldon also adores newer stuff. "*Tootsie* I run every other week or so, and I enjoy watching *When Harry Met Sally . . .*—mostly for Meg Ryan. What a brilliant performance!" Ditto for Tom Hanks in *Punchline*. "That must have been a tough role for him, because he had to run the gamut of emotions. Yeah, Tom has a long career ahead of him." And who should know better about long careers? —LAURA FISSINGER

ALL THAT VIDEO JAZZ

red-hot and cool . . . and all on tape

Jazzball: Glittering assortment of performances by Duke Ellington, Peggy Lee, Cab Calloway, Buddy Rich, Red Nichols and Artie Shaw, with slightly corny narration (Republic Pictures Home Video).

Mabel Mercer, Cabaret Artist "Forever and Always": From her last recorded show, at Cleo's in New York in 1984, the inimitable songstress performs an eclectic array of classics—Porter, Coleman, Bernstein. Best number: Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns* (V.I.E.W. Video).

New Orleans: Til the Butcher Cuts Him Down: Inside story of New Orleans jazz recounted by legendary "Kid" Punch Miller (Louis Armstrong gave him one of his first trumpets), spiced up with local-color photography and stirring live performances (Rhapsody Films).

The Ladies Sing the Blues: Vid tribute to the grand dames of blues—Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith, Dinah Washington, Ethel Waters and others—with decent bio info and rare footage of the ladies' most mesmerizing performances (V.I.E.W. Video).

Piano Legends, Hosted by Chick Corea: Inspired docuvid chronicling the lives and works of *the* jazz piano greats—including Earl "Fatha" Hines, "Fats" Waller, Art Tatum and Cecil Taylor. Tape's only letdown: Corea's lame cue-card reading (Video Artists International).

Wynton Marsalis, Blues & Swing: A vid treat for beginners *and* pros. Concert performance by Marsalis' quartet interspersed with clips of workshops with students at Harvard and the Duke Ellington School of the Arts. Cool, man (CMV Enterprises).

—STUART WARMFLASH

THIS JUST IN . . .

current events for your home newsroom

Israel's Shattered Dreams: From promised land to battleground—director Victor Schonfeld tracks Israel's 20-year-plus territorial struggle, tortured soul and quest for peace. Timely and provocative.

Peter Jennings Reporting from the Killing Fields: Jennings tours a Cambodian refugee camp, a command post and a battleground. Vid includes Q.&A. with Prince Norodom Sihanouk and discussion of U.S.–Khmer Rouge ties. ABC News/*Time* bull session follows.

Behind Kremlin Walls: A vid tour through the Soviet government's historic H.Q. Originally broadcast on ABC's *PrimeTime Live*, tape also includes previously unreleased footage. Diane Sawyer and Sam Donaldson host.

(All videos available from MPI Home Video. To order, call 800-323-0442.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING REGIMENTED	***Glory*** (black Union grunts beg to see action in Civil War; Denzel Washington earns his Oscar); ***The Hunt for Red October*** (defecting Soviet sea captain Seon Connery swipes fleet's top sub; edge-of-seat stuff); ***Stripes*** (Bill Murray boot-camps it up with John Candy and a platoon of misfits).
FEELING AMBITIOUS	***How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*** (Robert Morse fakes his way to top of corporate ladder; 1967 flick); ***How to Marry a Millionaire*** (Monroe, Grable and Bacall go man-hunting in 1953 gem); ***How to Get Ahead in Advertising*** (adman plagued by chatty carbuncle; decent Brit satire).
FEELING ENTANGLED	***The Handmaid's Tale*** (fascist future: Natasha Richardson forced to bear a child for Robert Duvall); ***Bad Influence*** (extartianist Rob Lowe tapes James Spader doing the nasty; murder ensues); ***Blue Steel*** (new cop Jamie Lee Curtis can't bust her psycho killer/lover Ron Silver).
FEELING JUVENILE	***Cry-Baby*** (goofy John Waters homage to Fifties teen rock-and-rebel flicks—hey, Traci Lards is an *actress*); ***House Party*** (black suburban kids run afoul of their folks—*Risky Business* style); ***Back to School*** (Rodney Dangerfield broadsides stuffy college types; new low price).

SHORT TAKES

Best Not-a-Bad-Idea Video: *How to Buy a Good Business with Little or None of Your Own Money*; **Most Mouth-watering Video Title:** *Red Grooms Talks About Dali Salad*; **Best Won't-Even-Touch-It Video:** *Seasons in Beaver Country*; **Best *Gesundheit* Video:** *Gluckskinder*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Private Varnish Roundup*; **Best If-You-Have-to-Ask Video:** *Am I Normal?*; **Best Look-on-the-Sunny-Side Video:** *Spectacular Disasters*; **Favorite Automotive Video Titles:** *California Diesels* and *Ma's Motors*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Build Your Own Bike Wheel.*

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Crime, Inc.: Thames Video Collection's comprehensive probe into the world of organized crime. Seven-part series features rare home movies and interviews with FBI informants. Each tape $14.95 (HBO).

Phil Ritson Video Encyclopedia of Golf: An in-house fave. Eleven-tape lesson on every aspect of the game—grip, stance and aim, posture, the power fade, wedge tips, tackling sand and using the wind. Tee up (The Phil Ritson Golf Studio).

Baseball's Greatest Hits: Vid valentine to the national pastime, compiled by Warner Fusselle of ESPN's *Major League Baseball Magazine*. Tape includes archive clips, vintage commercials (with big-league stars) and music vids *(Talkin' Baseball)* (Rhino).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Hand Job: So small it'll fit in the palm of your hand. That's the pitch for Panasonic's new Palmcorder, a VHS-C camcorder complete with electronic image stabilizer and Digital Auto Focus. A big plus: 90 minutes' worth of taping time.

Spare Change: Speaking of small, here's another on-the-go unit: Sony's new GV-9 8mm VCR/LCD TV combo is a battery-operated Video Walkman that goes and shows where you want it and doubles nicely as a dub deck. —MAURY LEVY

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

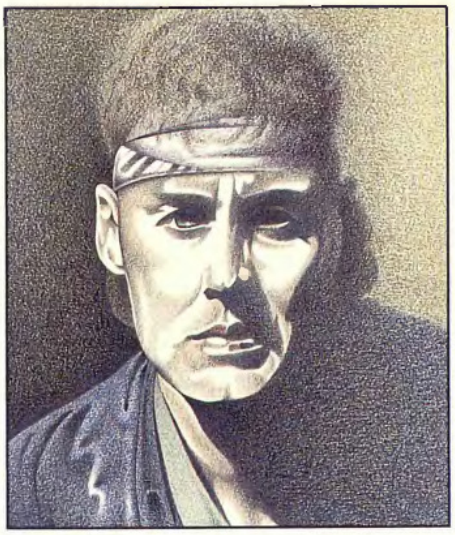
IF YOU THINK the tougher, edgier sound on Bruce Hornsby & the Range's latest, ***A Night on the Town*** (BMG/RCA), makes Hornsby sound a little like Springsteen, you're not alone. In fact, Hornsby has told interviewers that Springsteen himself called to say he thought Hornsby's new album was ballsy. The Boss is right. Hornsby has tightened up his sound with rawer, more compact songs, a bluesier, Gospel feel and crisp production. Musically, he has cut back on those bittersweet Keith Jarrett–like piano lines, but has he ranged too far from his trademark sound? Nah. He and the Range are so damn musical that the album just keeps growing on you. And the lyrics display Hornsby's typically understated passion about Southern life, racism and even the environment. With help from such stalwart guests as Wayne Shorter, Jerry Garcia and Shawn Colvin, this project is a jazzy, Nineties edition of the Band. But next time, how about loosening up a few notches and letting those melodies breathe? And unleash the sweet melancholy of Hornsby's keyboard again.

Speaking of tough, the Kings of the Sun are evolving into the best hard-rock aggregate this side of Guns n' Roses. On ***Full Frontal Attack*** (BMG/RCA), the Kings blend the classic crunch of fellow Aussies AC/DC with a stripped-down Aerosmith feel, propelled by a drummer who can both thunder and punctuate where needed. Simple yet sublime.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Poor Jazzie B. The brains behind Soul II Soul is a pop hustler who convinced the world—first the excitable dance world, then the hip black-pop world, then the insecure crossover world—that he was a humanist visionary. Now he's stuck with the impossible task of whipping up a fake revolution every time out. No wonder Soul II Soul's ***Vol. II—1990—A New Decade*** (Virgin) is selling like stale granola. It is a stylistically consistent improvement on last year's likable but overrated smash *Keep on Movin'*—without a dance-defining signature groove like that album's title track. Still, this year's first track is the smoothest, happiest world-light rip ever, and against your better judgment, you'll be singing the kiddie chorus' "What's the meaning, what's the meaning of life?" the third time you hear it.

If it's humanist visionaries you hanker for, try the Deighton Family's ***Mama Was Right*** (Philo). Papa Dave is an old-time British busker who's into blues and bluegrass as well as native-grown stuff. South Moluccan Josie plays guitar (and *bodhran*) with an Indonesian accent, and



The other Bruce.

Born in the U.S.A.: Hornsby, Soul II Soul and Was (Not Was).

their five kids are just, well, Deightons. They play fiddle, mandolin, electric guitar, flute; they play *Cotton Eyed Joe*, *Castle Kelly*, *When You're Smilin'*, even (on their first album) *All Shook Up*, with the best tracks here written by Eric Clapton and obscure folkie Billy Marlowe. Maybe Angelina, who looks about seven on the cover, will take up the synthesizer.

DAVE MARSH

In a period when the artistry of popular music finds itself subordinated to the demands of a good groove, it's the singular destiny of Was (Not Was) to perpetuate the concept of art-funk. ***Are You Okay?*** (Chrysalis), the fourth W(NW) album, picks up where *What Up, Dog?* left off. Although it may not have a single track as accessible as *Walk the Dinosaur*, it works miracles of lyrical and rhythmic interplay on *I Feel Better than James Brown*, *In K Mart Wardrobe*, *I Blew Up the United States* and especially the elongated, hip-hop–based remake of the Temptations' *Papa Was a Rollin' Stone*.

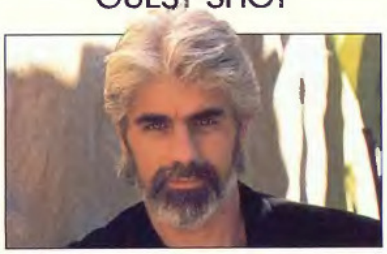
Was (Not Was) only rarely succumbs to its own excesses. The musical spearhead is Don Was, who has become pop's most adventurous producer, making records by Bonnie Raitt, Bob Dylan and Iggy Pop that are commercial without sacrificing any of the artists' quirks. But David Was remains an amazing lyricist, with material that veers from shrewd sarcasm to clever innuendo and jaw-dropping *non sequiturs*.

The main vocal roles are assigned to the deadly Detroit soul duo of Sweet Pea Atkinson and Sir Harry Bowens, a titanic team whose straight-faced renditions of the most eccentric lines lend credibility to imagery that might otherwise succumb to its own archness. Too bad guest vocalists Syd Straw and Leonard Cohen couldn't do the same.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

One of the founders and guiding lights of the Beat Generation, Jack Kerouac remains a powerful symbol of the free

GUEST SHOT



EX–DOOBIE BROTHER ***Michael McDonald*** *has it all. He's a musician's musician and a gifted singer, composer and producer with stacks of hit records to his credit, the latest being "Take It to Heart." For review, he picked "Redux," the new album by Danny O'Keefe, a McDonald favorite.*

"People know Danny for writing songs like *Goodtime Charlie's Got the Blues*, but they really *should* know him through albums like *Redux*. This isn't some collection of cuts with the sure-fire four hit singles on it so it'll sell—this is an *album*. It's a journey. You get a track like *More than Eva Braun*, for instance, that's clever and witty—and it sets you up *perfectly* for what follows, a profound and intense song called *The Sidewalk Symphony*. It amazes me how his music and lyrics *talk* to each other. Danny can write songs that, coming from others, may seem pretentious. He's awed by the humanity of daily life, and he draws us in to look at life with him. We're with him during *Along for the Ride*, at that moment when a young person realizes the world won't always give you what you want. Obviously, I *really* want people to catch on to this guy. The recent success of Bonnie Raitt gives me hope for artists like Danny—because it would be a sad world if the Bonnie Raitts and the Ry Cooders and the Danny O'Keefes weren't making records."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Mariah Carey	2	7	6	3	6
Cheap Trick *Busted*	2	7	5	8	7
Bruce Hornsby & the Range *A Night on the Town*	4	8	7	6	6
Soul II Soul *Vol. II—1990—A New Decade*	8	7	7	7	6
Was (Not Was) *Are You Okay?*	8	5	6	7	6

LET'S KEEP IT DOWN DEPARTMENT: Our award for weird rock-related legal act of the month goes to **Susan Montgomery Williams** of Fresno, California, who was fined $150 for disturbing an outdoor concert by popping her gum too loud.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Roger Daltrey** is working on a movie about the life of fellow **Who Keith Moon.** . . . Director **Julien** (*Earth Girls Are Easy*, *Absolute Beginners*) **Temple** has opened his own L.A. production company (and hired **Bob Dylan's** son **Jesse** as a director). Temple will concentrate on making video clips for black acts, because "rap is doing for black music what punk did for rock a decade ago." . . . **Harry Connick, Jr.,** will co-star with **Dianne Wiest** and **Jodie Foster** in *Little Man Tate*. Foster also directs.

NEWSBREAKS: Listen for **Bonnie Raitt** on the new **Judds** album, *Love Can Build a Bridge*. . . . **Quincy Jones** is the subject of a new book, *Places You Find Love*. . . . **Earth, Wind & Fire** is touring again. . . . **Ronnie Spector's** book *Be My Baby* will be made into a TV movie. . . . **Spyro Gyra** nixed the idea of calling its home video *sax, lies and videotape*, but we like it. . . . Rhino Records is planning to "stick it" to the record-warning-label types by releasing a compilation LP of hot R&B songs called *Risqué Rhythm*, including classics such as *Sixty Minute Man* and *Keep on Churning (Till the Butter Comes)*. . . . Look for a **Bill Wyman** solo album in March. . . . **2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell** is urging rap groups to unite to ward off the censors and "address this issue together; if we don't, then they can turn it into another dis on rap." . . . Starting in October, **Graham Nash** can be found doing a weekly interview program on the Arts & Entertainment Network that will include live performances and videos. . . . Attention, percussion maniacs: Check out the newly patented RB drumsticks, which have faster response, are more powerful and easier to control. **David Hughlett,** a Dallas drummer, co-invented the sticks; their center of balance has been shifted back to the butt end by a weight. . . . When we reported recently about the new relationship between book publishing and music in the case of **New Kids on the Block,** we had no idea a trend was so quickly in the making; but Putnam released **Deborah Bergman's** first novel, *River of Glass*, last spring, and now you can buy her sound track to the book for five dollars by mail order to Deborah Bergman Music, 217 East 86th Street, Suite 389, New York 10028. . . . Writer **Scott Fivelson** and musician **John Sawoski** got together to try to lighten things up after the San Francisco earthquake and produced *Quake Rap*. If you want a copy, send one dollar to N.S.F.D. Records, Box 459, Maywood, California 90270, for a catalog. . . . **Sammy Hagar's** line of clothes, Hyper Active Wear, will make people look good, he says, no matter what kind of shape they are in. . . . The National Museum of American History has established the **John Hammond** Fund for the Performance of American Music to present live American music at the Smithsonian in honor of the late John Hammond, who discovered the likes of **Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan** and **The Boss.** . . . The **Four Tops** sang with the **San Francisco Symphony** at its salute to Motown. . . . And, finally, brand-new movie star **Jon Bon Jovi** warns fans, "Don't go out for popcorn or you'll miss it," referring to his film debut in *Young Guns II*.

—BARBARA NELLIS

spirit long after his death in 1969. *Playboy*, logically, found Kerouac a kindred spirit, publishing his essay *Origins of the Beat Generation* in 1959. Written from a short speech opening a panel discussion, it makes an especially funny and poignant cut on ***The Jack Kerouac Collection*** (Rhino), a reissue of four extremely rare spoken-word albums, plus several bonus tracks. Stoned and giddy, Kerouac ponders Beat by proceeding with a mostly freely associated rant that makes a mockery of the other panelists' establishment world view and ends with a poem about "love's multitudinous bone yard of decay." OK, so it isn't music, strictly speaking, but if anything foreshadowed the Sixties and all they implied, this was it. Question for future Ph.D. candidates: Why do Kerouac's speech tics resemble Lenny Bruce's?

With two weird guys and two pretty guys, Cheap Trick's image could be interpreted as having appeal that crosses subcultural lines, or it could be interpreted as being neither fish nor fowl. The music has always been fish; that is, hard rock with an emphasis on the components that make for radio play-list appeal: heavy hooks, booming choruses and lots of personal pronouns. ***Busted*** (Epic) is no exception. Are they cynical? Yeah, but if you've been recording heavy hooks, booming choruses and lots of personal pronouns since 1977, you either burn out or get good at it. Cheap Trick is good at it. I like these guys, even if they don't have a thing to say.

NELSON GEORGE

Two of the most hyped artists this year are Geoff McBride and Mariah Carey. Both are new soul singers—McBride is black, Carey is white—pegged for greatness, but their debuts are mediocre.

McBride is an Atlanta-based singer with a warm, strong but undistinctive voice. The fact that there are four potential hits on ***Do You Still Remember Love*** (Arista) owes more to Arista's selection of material than to McBride's singing. Most of its best moments are in the tracks supervised by Gerald LeVert, lead singer of the group LeVert. McBride does his best work on *Doesn't That Mean Something*, displaying some range and real emotion. But compared with such vets as Luther Vandross and Freddie Jackson, and with newcomer Keith Sweat, McBride sounds ordinary.

Carey is being marketed as the white Whitney Houston, though a better description might be the Debbie Gibson of soul. On her self-titled debut, ***Mariah Carey*** (Columbia), she showcases a solid voice that in tonality and timbre suggests Houston. But there is a mall-burbia blandness to her material that the presence of black producers (such as Houston's frequent supervisor Narada Michael Walden) and the odd rap verse don't alleviate. Unlike Madonna, George Michael or even Taylor Dane, Carey doesn't yet bring enough personality to her borrowings from black music to make it her own. As Public Enemy once observed, "Don't believe the hype."

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EXTRA DRY

For almost a century, waxed-cotton Thornproof outerwear by the British company Barbour has kept commoners and kings warm and dry while they sailed and quailed. Today, the popularity of watertight styling has spread far beyond the U.K. Oiled Barbour outerwear with corduroy collars, cargo pockets and tartan linings are now *the* rain gear for keeping dry in the States—and we'll soon be pounding the pavement with a new line of waterproof footwear by G. H. Bass. The Klinger, a lace-up moccasin made of "Dry Handle" cotton, is an equally effective variation of Thornproof. The Oilskin Drover, a calf-length duster made of waterproof waxed oil-treated cotton, is available from the Colorado-based Australian Outback Collection. This tightly woven, nearly indestructible fabric can take the toughest of treatment. Prices range from $85 for the Bass Klinger to $180 to $295 for the Oilskin Drover. Barbour's new lightweight trench coat (above) is priced about $400.

PUMPING THE PUMP

The latest rage in cardiovascular exercise is aerobic step classes. Using an adjustable bench and hand-held weights, participants step up and down to music for as long as an hour straight. . . . If you're not into the classroom scene, try the StairMaster 4000 PT. Tom Cruise wants to cart this killer climber to movie locations, probably because the thing burns calories as fast as his movies sell tickets. . . . If you lack motivation but not cash—$35 to $75 an hour—hire a personal trainer to make sure you get your proper dosages of sweat and burn. Then start comparing notes with Cher. . . . Now after a hard day at the office, you can literally climb the walls. The Sporting Club fitness centers in Chicago and Atlanta feature 110-foot rock-climbing walls for Everest-style exercise.

HOT SHOPPING: D.C.

A countercultural enclave in our nation's staid capital? Not exactly, but the Adams Morgan area, centered on 18th Street and Columbia Road N.W. in Washington, D.C., has become a fashionable alternative to a day of trodding the cobblestone streets of Georgetown. • Up Against the Wall (2459 18th Street N.W.): No Congressmen here. Fashions range from Sixties-style denim to the leather biker look. • Perry's (1811 Columbia Road N.W.): Work off your California roll with a little rock and roll at D.C.'s only *sushi* bar/dance club. • Retrospective (2324 18th Street N.W.): Pick up a *kitsch* kitchen table that Ricky and Lucy would have loved. • Nomad (2407 18th Street N.W.): This spot stocks fashions from such spots as Morocco, South America and Indonesia, as well as the always-stylish New York and San Francisco. • Fish, Wings and Tings (2418 18th Street N.W.): Food and refreshments, Jamaican style. • Wake Up Little Suzie (2316 18th Street N.W.): From funky ties to Greco-Roman building blocks, this shop has gifts that will bring out the kid in even the most buttoned-down bureaucrat.

VIEWPOINT

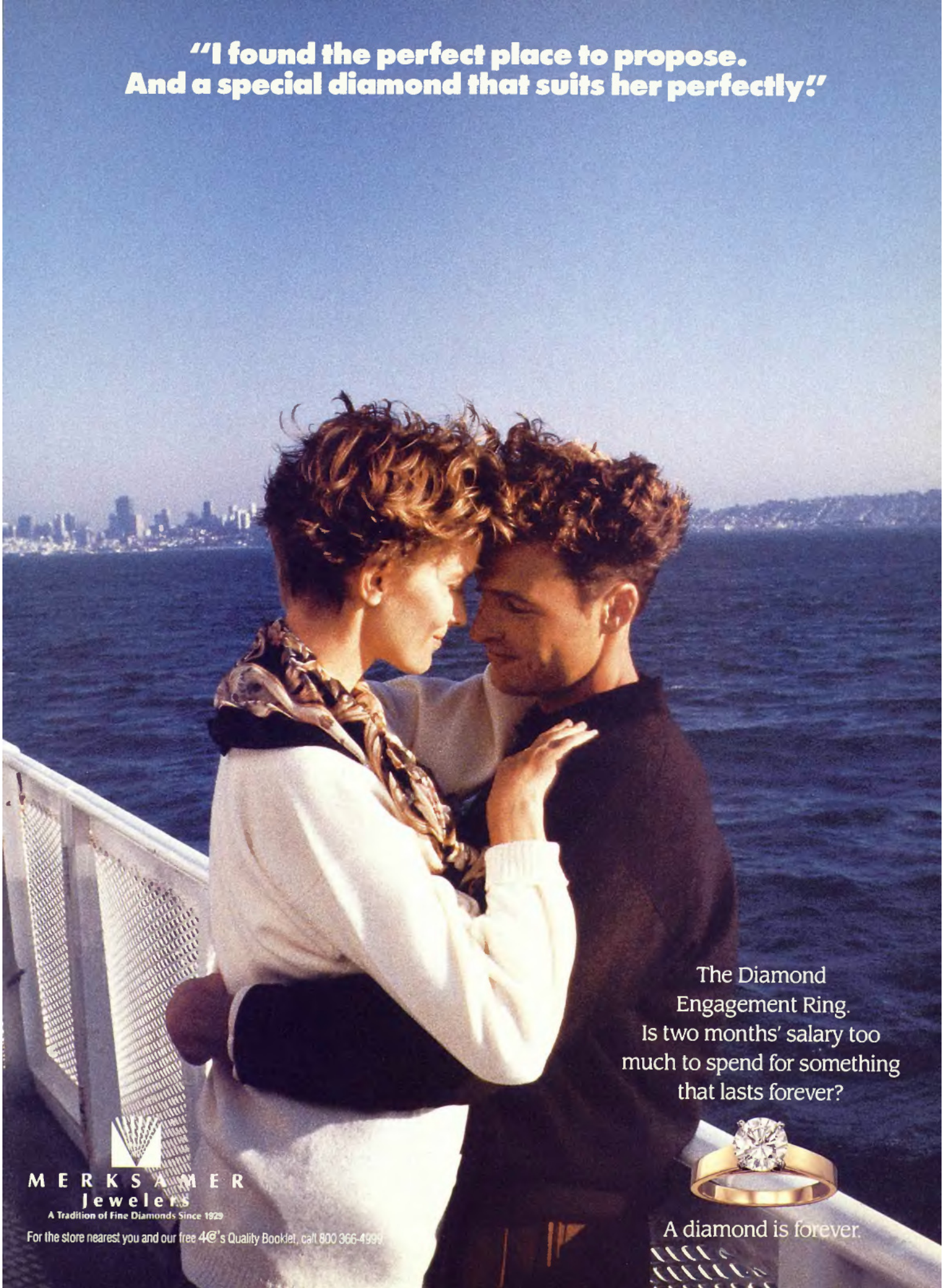
"The brighter the colors the worse I feel," says comedian Richard Lewis, known for his fashion-phobic black-on-black ensembles. "If I had to wear a Hawaiian shirt, within a day there'd be a death in the family." Lewis admits to breaking the color barrier on occasion by taking home some of the brown and blue outfits from his hit TV series, *Anything but Love*. "But I put on a Zorro mask when I wear them, so no one thinks I'm a fraud."

TOUGH VS. ROUGH

Making headway in the hair department is a versatile cut—layered long on top and shorter on the sides. You can slick it back for a sleek look, à la Al Pacino in *Godfather III*, or muss it up when you want to look rugged. The key is finding the right styling product. For a slick look, try Drakkar Noir High Performance Sculpting Gel, Lanza Glazer Gel or Hayashi Hi-Gloss Brilliantine. Add some heft with Kenra's Volumizing Shampoo or Philip Kingsley's Body Building Toner. For texture, use Sorbie's Sliquid Styling Gel.

STYLE METER

DRESS SHIRTS	IN	OUT
COLLAR	Long straight point; tab; soft, unstarched	Wide and spread; contrasting collars; starched or stiff
COLORS AND PATTERNS	White and chambray; open tattersall plaids; narrow and broken stripes in earth tones	Pastels; large windowpane plaids; wide Bengal stripes in bold colors
POCKETS AND CUFFS	Button-through patch and flap pockets; French cuffs	No chest pockets; two-button cuffs
FIT AND FABRIC	Ample, relaxed fit; 100 percent soft cotton broadcloth	Tapered darted shirts; heavy polyester-blend oxford cloth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that lasts forever?
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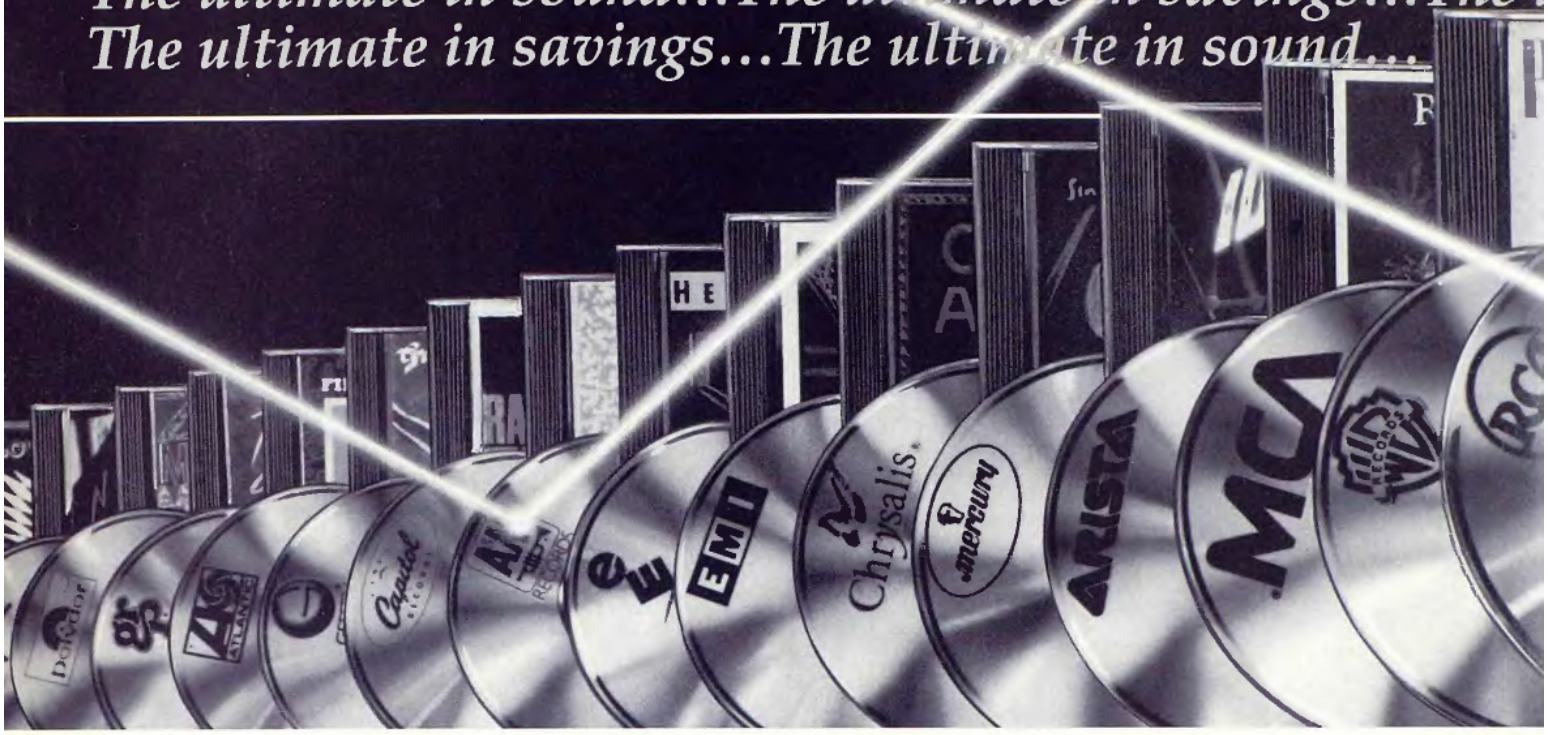

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By STEPHEN RANDALL

BLAME UNCLE WALTER. He's the man who turned being an anchor into being an icon. In fact, he literally became the *first* news anchor, back in 1952, when CBS, grasping for a term to describe Walter Cronkite's role covering the political conventions, went for a nautical metaphor and it stuck. Even with the fancy new title, Cronkite was just a guy in a tie who read the news five nights a week and ad-libbed without embarrassing anyone during election nights and space shots.

Then something happened. Maybe it was something singular about Cronkite; perhaps it was the uneasiness of the times; but Cronkite became more than Walter Cronkite and certainly more than a man who read the news. Starting with the assassination of John F. Kennedy, peaking sometime during the Vietnam war and lasting into the Watergate years, it often appeared that Cronkite was not just anchoring the news, he was somehow anchoring the country. He was, it was said, the most trusted man in America, and when the hawkish Cronkite personally toured Vietnam and came away disillusioned, it had enormous impact. "It was," wrote David Halberstam, "the first time in American history that a war had been declared over by a commentator."

Now meet his successors at the three networks, three men who would have trouble declaring dinner over:

Dan Rather—a tense man with the uneasy smile of a sniper about to open fire on a mall.

Tom Brokaw—an Eagle Scout with intellectual pretensions, not to mention a peculiar speech impediment.

Peter Jennings—an aging Lothario so true to his Canadian roots that there's still a trace of "aboot" in his pronunciation of "about."

Mind you, none of the above is meant to imply that these three men aren't suitable for reading the news. They're just lousy Walter Cronkites. But that doesn't stop the people in charge from trying to remake them in a Cronkite mold.

The attempts have often been downright silly, like trying to avuncularize Dan Rather with a sweater. Sometimes they have a weird kind of TV logic behind them, like dispatching the anchors to different locales in an attempt to make them part of the news as it happens.

Of course, Argyle and a passport do not a Cronkite make. To be truly Walterlike, an anchor has to be respected as someone who knows the score. That may explain why anchors now ask questions of anyone handy, whether it's a fellow reporter or a world leader. The results are sometimes Arsenioesque: Tom Brokaw bragging about his "extensive" interview with dissident Chinese physicist Fang Lizhi—an interview that lasted all of five questions and included Fang's discourse on how he had cooked Chinese food in a microwave oven during his year in the American embassy in Peking.

TV newsmen: Dressed for excess?

How anchors are sinking network newscasts.

It's easy to forget that even Walter Cronkite was not always Walter Cronkite. In 1964, he botched the Republican Convention and CBS yanked him off the air for the Democratic confab a month later. When two CBS executives flew out to find him on vacation, he took it stoically—even thanking them for taking the extra effort to tell him in person. In public, he refused to act like a jilted star, sitting out his temporary exile with dignity.

Compare that with Rather's recent appearance on *Arsenio Hall*, where he got in touch with his funky self and begged rappers—particularly, he said, rappers who might have Nielsen boxes—to watch the *CBS Evening News*. Or Brokaw's nervous defiance when Jane Pauley was mentioned as a potential co-anchor. "In twenty-two minutes, whether it's me or Jane or Willard Scott anchoring the news, I just don't think there's enough time to divide up the news with a co-anchor," he blathered. Hey, Tom, ever hear of Huntley and Brinkley?

It's not just the anchor men who are to blame. The doddering network news departments are so locked in to their star-making machinery that they build entire shows around anyone with a trace of name recognition—usually tightly wound men and icy women. ABC was smart enough to realize that Sam Donaldson and Diane Sawyer were well known but not smart enough to realize that they weren't well liked. The people at NBC didn't have the slightest idea that Jane Pauley was a star until she was in the car heading home. Once it dawned on them, of course, they invented a show for her, too.

The content of each network news show is usually fine. The problem is the host, elbowing his or her way into the foreground, shouting, "Look at me! Look at me!" It's hardly a coincidence that Jennings, the least annoying of the three major anchors, earns the highest Nielsen rating.

Has Jennings been cribbing from old Cronkite video tapes? No, but he has probably learned a bit from the success of CNN and CNN Headline News. Between them, the two networks have 35 mostly anonymous anchors and still manage to broadcast 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The news itself is the star—and it's an effective one. Headline News, for instance, produces a perfectly good sports report twice an hour with no on-camera talent. The unseen narrator might feel slighted, but for viewers, it's like a good light beer—everything you wanted in a sportscast, and less.

The lesson is obvious: Like the men who used to host the afternoon movies on TV, the anchor-as-star is obsolete, gone off to that special place where Mike Douglas, Durward Kirby and Arthur Godfrey play canasta and watch *Bowling for Dollars*.

Cronkite himself might well be an anachronism today. Times have changed, and we're less needy of a kindly old uncle to comfort us through our nightly crises. However, if times changed again and America were searching for a father figure, it's unlikely that we'd draw him from the current crop. Cronkite became Cronkite through years of giving us the news straight, without self-promotion or histrionics. In fact, much as CNN—the Cronkite News Network—does now.

Of course, even dignity has its detractors. Long ago at CBS, a fellow newsman approached Cronkite and asked him to lend his support to a fellowship project. Cronkite was agreeable but had one proviso: "Be careful," he said, "how you use 'the name.'" His colleague was aghast at his inflated sense of importance. "He didn't say 'my' name," the reporter sputtered, "he said *'the'* name."

That was long before Rather walked off the set in a huff and left his network with seven minutes of dead air, before Barbara Walters flirted with Clint Eastwood on the air, before Bryant Gumbel's memo castigating his co-workers was leaked to the press. Now that we've seen what stardom in the news has brought us, protecting "the name" doesn't seem like pomposity at all. It just reminds us that we no longer have anchor men with names worth protecting.

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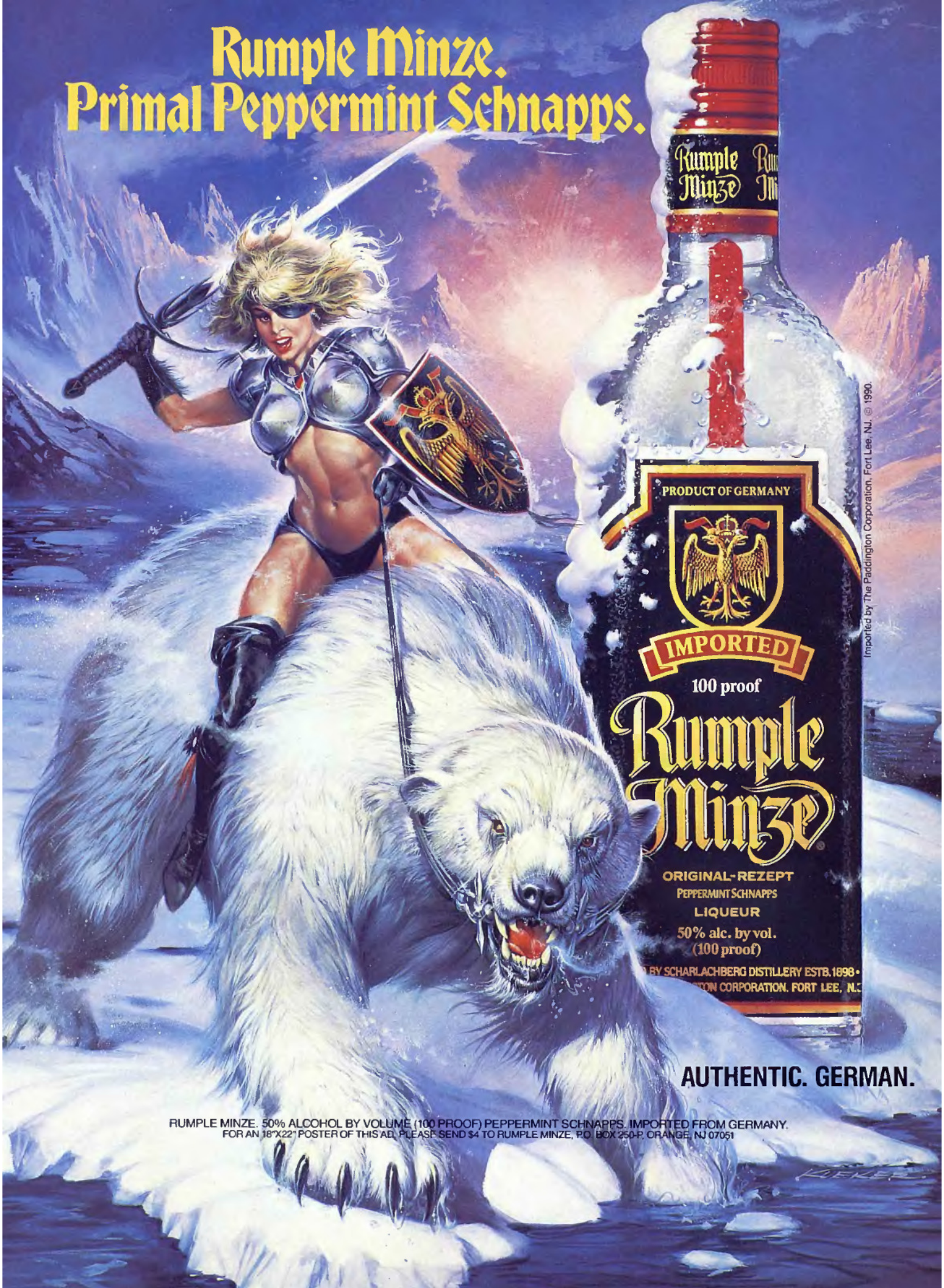

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA'S tenth novel, ***In Praise of the Stepmother*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is literary art of a high order. Written in a richly sensuous vocabulary, this novel flows from idea to idea with ingenious, evocative phrases that stir the imagination and the intellect. His subject here is the erotic content of paintings by Fra Angelico, Titian, François Boucher and others (six paintings are reproduced in full color within the pages of this novel). Symbolically and philosophically, Vargas Llosa then connects the modern life of the body to the historical tradition of Western humanism.

The vehicle for these lofty achievements is the tale of a prepubescent boy who seduces his stepmother and destroys a blissful marriage. Vargas Llosa invites us to savor the intimate joys of Lucrecia and her husband, Rigoberto, a successful businessman, on their "vast triple-width mattress," as he describes their marital pleasures in languorous detail. He also takes us into their vivid fantasies, memories and thoughts as they make love. Vargas Llosa is open and expressive in dealing with this "splendid, original nocturnal world of dreams and desires" filled with nudity, masturbation, homoeroticism and, finally, incest. There is even a rapturous prose poem in praise of defecation.

Unlike some of the lustier passages in Henry Miller's novels, none of this is shocking. Reading *In Praise of the Stepmother* is like floating in a pool on a warm day and having a long erotic daydream, perhaps stimulated by a recent museum visit. You awake from it smiling and reflective, having learned more about yourself and your fellow human beings.

Another literary delight is Lawrence Thornton's ***Under the Gypsy Moon*** (Doubleday). Primarily set in Paris during the Nazi Occupation, this passionate novel about love and politics is a spiritual homage to the great Spanish poet Federico García Lorca. Told in the war-weary voice of the German refugee who becomes his lover, it concerns Joaquín Wolf, a man who meets Lorca in Spain just before Lorca is killed by Franco's Falangists. Inspired by the poet's moral vision, Wolf writes a series of "Letters to Lorca" for the Resistance press that suggest parallels between the Spanish Fascists and the Nazis. Like Thornton's stunning first novel, *Imagining Argentina*, this is a powerful adventure story as well as a moving fictional study in conscience.

By the time you read this column, some stories will undoubtedly have reached the press about A. E. Hotchner's new information on the possible murder of Brian Jones—as related in Hotchner's book ***Blown Away*** (Simon & Schuster), subtitled "The Rolling Stones and the Death of the Sixties." This view of the legendary decade

Stepmother: an erotic daydream.

Vargas Llosa's sensuous tenth novel; blown away by the Rolling Stones.

is also an almost relentless indictment of the violent, drug-ridden life of one of rock and roll's greatest bands. Most of the story is told in the voices of the more than 200 people Hotchner interviewed. Some, such as Marianne Faithfull, sound terribly sad; others sound merely tired and depressed. David and Albert Maysles, who shot the film *Gimme Shelter*, provide a sickening eyewitness description of the Hell's Angels maiming and killing kids at the Altamont concert.

Sally Arnold, the Stones' tour manager in the Seventies, matter-of-factly recalls distributing a mound of cocaine the size of a football and setting out lines of heroin and cocaine on top of the amps so that the group could duck behind the curtains and snort during concerts: "Everybody working the show knew which side was the heroin and which side was the cocaine. The side with the heroin was Keith [Richards] and Woody's [Ron Wood, Mick Taylor's replacement] side, and the side with the cocaine was everybody else's." It is not a pretty picture, and Hotchner paints it with a bleak honesty in his final assessment: "The Stones exemplify both the degradation and the celebration of the Sixties." This book is not about the celebration.

Violence, of course, didn't end with the Sixties, as Ze'ev Chafets reminds us in ***Devil's Night: And Other True Tales of Detroit*** (Random House). Every Halloween, our sixth-largest city erupts in an orgy of self-destruction during which many of its citizens try to burn down their own town. The hundreds of fires they set are treated as a festive tourist attraction akin to Mardi Gras. Chafets, a Michigan native, sees this bizarre event, which has been occurring since 1984, as symptomatic of deeper troubles in the heart of America's most violent city. In search of explanations, he explores Detroit's racism, anger, despair and daily warfare in the streets. This book is a sensitive personal account that puts faces on the crime statistics. But it offers no solutions—and makes you wonder if there are any.

Two additions to the Vietnam shelf this month are personal accounts of heroism and—in one case—of struggles in the aftermath of the war. Captain David A. Christian, the youngest, most decorated officer in Vietnam, tells the story of his courageous leadership and amazing acts of bravery in ***Victor Six*** (McGraw-Hill), with co-author William Hoffer. Christian's Butchers, as his platoon was known, were ferocious, fearless fighters who committed atrocities and even drank enemy blood. They fought valiantly in some of the toughest battles of the war. Wounded and disabled, Christian returned home and became one of the most effective spokesmen for veterans' rights. ***Maverick*** (Putnam's), "The Personal War of a Vietnam Cobra Pilot," by Dennis J. Marvicsin and Jerold A. Greenfield, is an astonishing report of "Maverick" Marvicsin's experiences flying choppers through this horrid, demoralizing war. After a crash, he was captured by the Viet Cong and held as a POW in one of the V.C.'s infamous bamboo tiger cages. Miraculously, he escaped and lived to tell his fascinating, courageous story.

BOOK BAG

The American Medical Association Handbook of First Aid and Emergency Care (Random House): This newly revised book puts everything you need to know about first aid at your finger tips.

Name the Seven Dwarfs and Other Numerical Diversions (Morrow), by Diane Giddis: An essential guide for trivia connoisseurs; entertaining, educational and a great gift.

Reading, Writing and the Hickory Stick (Lexington), by Irwin A. Hyman: Hyman vividly reveals the appalling facts about the history and practice of corporal punishment administered to American students by their educators, and offers alternatives.

Friday Night Lights (Addison-Wesley), by H. G. Bissinger: This chronicle of a season with the Permian Panthers—the hot-shot Odessa, Texas, high school football team—is a revealing chunk of Americana.

An Outside Chance (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence), by Thomas McGuane: Twenty-three eloquent and enthusiastic essays on hunting, fishing, golf, riding and other sports.

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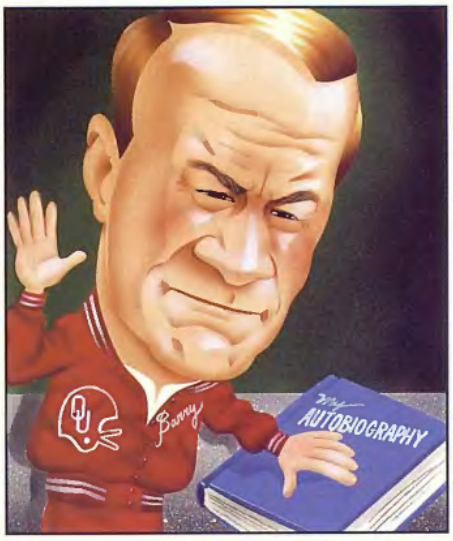
SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS



SWITZER

You may call this an exercise in column as promo, but I call it public service. A book you must go out and buy and read immediately is *Bootlegger's Boy*, Barry Switzer's amazing autobiography, which is on sale as I write and is guaranteed to inform you, entertain you, touch you and shock you like no other book written by a coach, ex-coach, athlete, ex-athlete or semi-immortal in the sports world. I say this assuming you have at least a casual interest in how college football and higher education got all tangled up and went to bed with money.

A confession up front before I continue. Switzer is a friend of mine, and the co-author, Bud Shrake, a gifted journalist, novelist and screenwriter from Texas, is my closest friend. It is Shrake who has captured Switzer's voice, bottled it and organized a wealth of material.

The book might easily have been titled *Feeding the Big Red Monster*, for that is much of what it's all about.

The Big Red Monster, of course, is the University of Oklahoma football machine. Switzer didn't create it, but he fed it better than anyone else, including the sainted Bud Wilkinson, ever had.

For 16 seasons, 1973 through 1988, the "outlaw" Barry Switzer, laughing most of the way and not taking much crap from *anybody*, fed it seven national championships, 12 Big Eight titles, 13 bowl appearances and 27 consensus All-Americans.

But all along, Switzer knew that when you have a monster like this, the son of a bitch can't ever get enough to eat. Therefore, he knew that one day, the nerds would get to be the caretakers, as they have come to be the caretakers of everything else that's successful in this world, and he would have to quit.

The fact that it happened to Switzer a couple of seasons earlier than he had anticipated is also part of what the book's about. You will learn that he was forced to resign for what many people would consider all the wrong reasons.

Thus, the joke in the end is on the nerds and their swell friends in the N.C.A.A., and on Oklahoma football itself, which I dare say is going to suffer much worse than Barry ever will.

Switzer doesn't say this, but I do.

Some of the "Oilys," as he calls them, tried to get him fired in the early Eighties. His crime then was having three "losing" seasons in a row, years when he went 7-4-1, 8–4 and 8–4, which were considered dreadful by Big Red Monster standards.

At the time, Switzer's situation was explained to him by Bill Banowsky, a Church of Christ preacher and legendary fund raiser who was then president of the university.

Switzer quotes Banowsky as saying, "Barry, if you will start going to church every Sunday morning and Sunday night and Wednesday night, and marry that little girl you're dating, you could lose four games next season and still be my coach as long as I'm here, but I can't guarantee how the board of regents will feel. However, if you go 10–2 next season and beat Texas and Nebraska, you don't have to attend church or get married, and we won't fire you. But if you win the national championship, the regents won't fire you even if they catch you smoking dope."

Banowsky was joking but also speaking the truth, and it confirmed everything Switzer had thought about the hypocrisy of big-time college athletics.

Other items of more than routine interest in the book:

• Switzer confesses to giving $1500 to Billy Sims, his Heisman Trophy winner in 1978, so that Sims, who was married and in a financial bind, could stay in school. The N.C.A.A. never found out about it, and Switzer doesn't apologize for this violation of the rules. By God, *his* Heisman Trophy winner graduated.

• Dr. George Cross, president of the university during the Bud Wilkinson era, acknowledges to Switzer that he created the Big Red Monster. He did it by hiring Jim Tatum as the head coach and Wilkinson as assistant in 1946 and instructing them to build winning teams—to help the state overcome a vast inferiority complex that went back to the *Grapes of Wrath* days. Tatum took that '46 team to the Gator Bowl.

Cross, of course, is the man who once said of Oklahoma, "We want a university the football team can be proud of." He claims he said it to wake up a state senator in a budget meeting.

• Switzer still thinks the media made it sound as if his whole squad of more than 100 football players were running around like a blood-crazed horde, plundering the countryside, when it was only four players who were variously charged with raping, shooting and doping. He says, "These were crimes, violations against the very rules of our society, but I never thought I needed to post rules against committing felonies. No university is totally safe. For example, back in 1974, coach Ara Parseghian at Notre Dame—the most sacred cow in the N.C.A.A.—kicked six players off his team for a year after they were accused of raping a professor's daughter on campus, though no formal charges were ever filed. Do you think Ara should have had a sign in the locker room at South Bend that said, RAPING IS NOT ALLOWED?"

A ladyfriend has read this book and I can't resist passing along her reaction to some of its human-interest elements:

"I especially love the part about Switzer's tragic early life. I don't know how he handled his mother committing suicide or his father being shot to death by his black mistress. I love the fact that he gave so many underprivileged kids a chance to get exposed to college, the way football gave him a chance. The stories of him helping so many students even when it was against the rules touched me. I cried when he bought the girl track star a plane ticket home for Christmas when she was stuck in Norman. The book sure makes me look at college sports differently."

It will you, too, I think.

Saturday Nights
just haven't been the same since...
Chevrolet
All photos depict the replica — not the actual car.
Replica shown smaller than 8½" actual length.
The 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air
(continued on next page)

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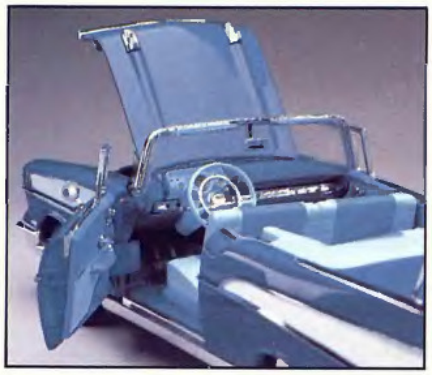

Interior: *The doors and hood of your model open and close with precision and the steering wheel actually turns the front wheels. Each detail of the dramatic, concave "command post" dashboard is correct — the tiny dials and gauges are actually readable.*

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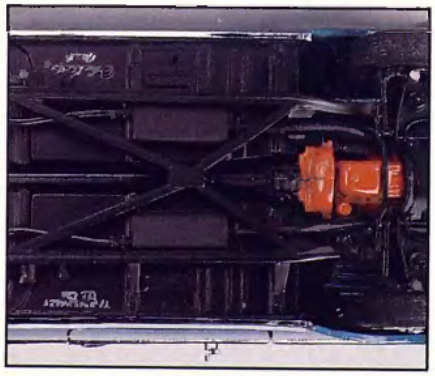

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MEN

By ASA BABER

I was on Cable News Network's *Crossfire* some time ago, and I learned something interesting about myself and the world during that half hour.

Michael Kinsley and Pat Buchanan, the show's commentators, were trying to get things stirred up between me and their other guest, Gloria Allred, a feminist attorney from Los Angeles. As the show progressed, Gloria did a lot of the talking and seemed ready with an answer for everything. While I have no idea what she thinks personally of men, her public posture on the subject seems distinctly unappreciative. In the Public Gospel According to Gloria, men were at fault for most of the problems in the universe. We were selfish, we were uncaring, we had no issues of our own—and if we argued with Gloria's perception of us, we were crybabies and bad guys.

Suddenly, in the midst of the debate, it hit me: Ace, I said to myself, there are only two types of women in the world—sisters or shrews, menu A or menu B.

Allred was definitely a menu-B item, her brain trapped in some kind of feminist lock step that showed no hint of kindness or compromise, no desire to understand men and their problems in this culture. We have seen a lot of that attitude in the past few decades, and most of us are quite tired of it.

I was also thinking about the many women I know who do not share Allred's seeming self-righteousness and self-absorption. They are not dyed-in-the-muff feminists, do not see men as oppressors and tyrants—they are women who like men and respect them and enjoy their company, and who acknowledge that much feminist rhetoric these days is sexist and excessive.

There in the CNN studio, while I stared at the television camera and listened to Allred's shrill voice through the ear piece, I remembered the many good sisters I have in my life, and I was especially grateful for them at that moment.

My luck with sisters has been outstanding, starting with—you guessed it—my very own sister.

Ducky Baber came into my life when I was three years old. I remember the day she came home from the hospital in her white bassinet. I was left alone in a room with her, and while psychologists will tell you that all siblings are jealous of new arrivals, I am evidence to the contrary. I remember looking at Ducky and feeling a great surge of love and protectiveness. To this day, Ducky and I have a wonderful relationship that is filled with laughter and affection.

THE TRUE SISTER PROFILE

Sisters? I have dozens of them across the country, from Laurie Ingraham in Milwaukee (a psychotherapist who often lectures, believe it or not, about women's prejudices toward men) to Barbara Dority in Seattle (who heads a group called The Northwest Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force and is one of those rare feminists who support the publication of magazines such as *Playboy*). The list goes on, but you get the idea.

So, men, let me make a modest proposal: The time has come in this very strange and divisive age for us to reach out and support our sisters, to thank them for their support, to remember that they are out there.

How do we find and identify the sisters in our lives? What follows is a True Sister Profile. If a woman has the qualities listed here, it means she is probably a stand-up, back-to-back, no-bullshit sister. Which means she is invaluable.

A. *She has a sense of sexual humor.* No joke, guys, this is the acid test of sisterhood. One of the finest sisters in my life demands a minimum of one dirty joke a day from me. She loves to laugh about sex. She is no prude, and in that sense, I say with complete pride that she is one of the boys—which is what all good sisters are from time to time.

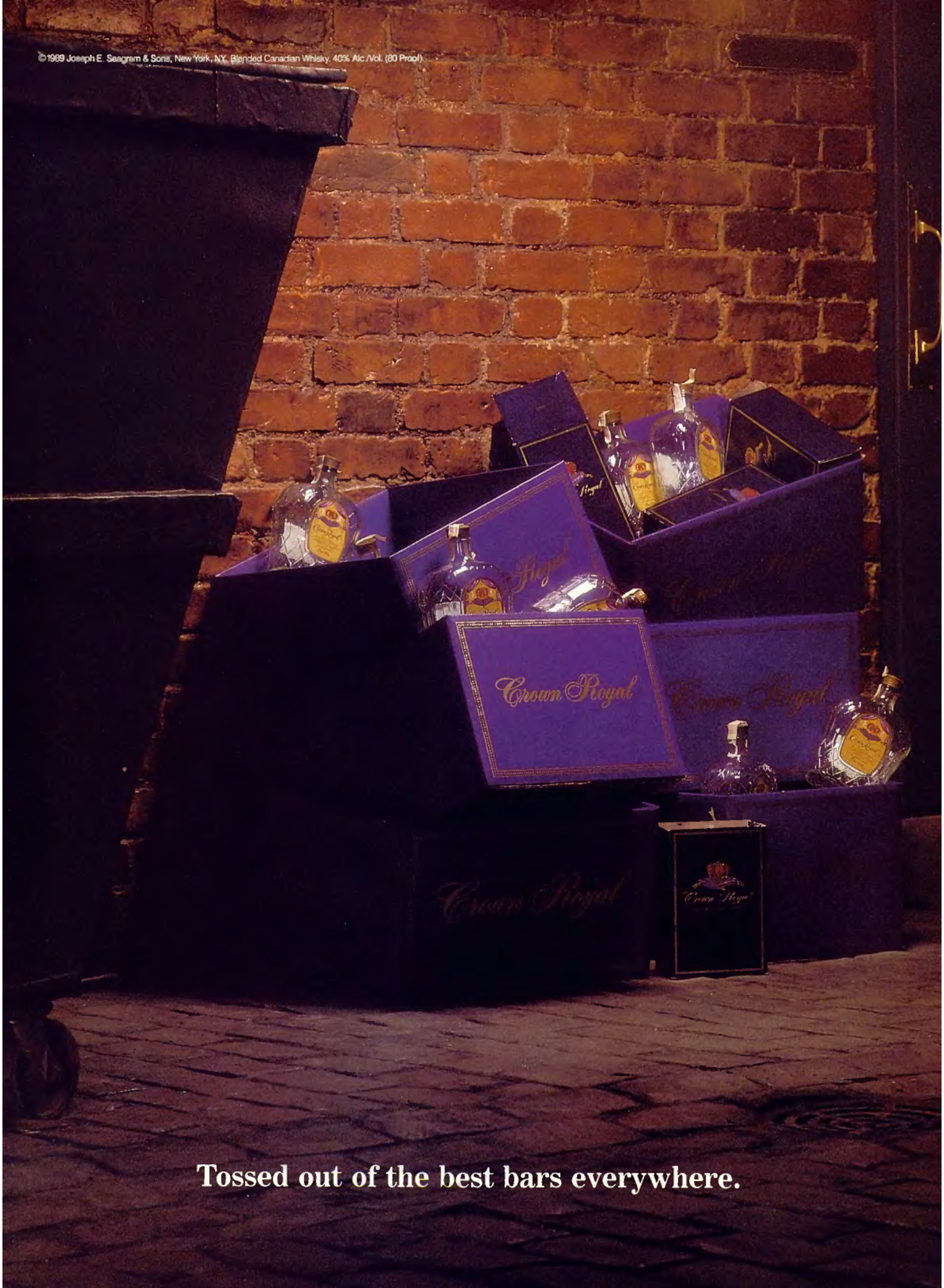
B. *She likes men.* Unlike the shrew, most of whom basically dislike men and would have them banished (or at least under her complete domination), the True Sister is a lecherous, loving, excitable, responsive wench who loves to do what I call comparative shopping. Her motto is "I get to look all I want." Her coat of arms pictures lace panties on a field of Chippendale. Her fantasies are as illicit as yours, and she finds herself continually amused at how much she loves life and sex. She was one of the first females to wear a SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME button. When the time comes, she wants the button buried with her.

C. *She listens to and respects men.* The True Sister, even in the midst of all her raunchiness, is looking for more than a pretty face and body. She is curious about men and male thought. She likes to converse with men, to hang out with them, to enjoy their company. She understands and accepts certain differences in expression between the sexes, and those differences interest her. The True Sister empathizes with men, can identify with them. In so doing, she breaks through certain sexual barriers.

D. *She distrusts feminist rhetoric.* The True Sister may be an old-fashioned feminist, a woman who works for equal rights. That's OK. Most men want equal rights for all citizens. But the True Sister is suspicious of most of today's feminist propagandists, especially the ones who bash men and blame them for all of the world's problems.

E. *She specifically supports fathers' rights in this culture.* This listing comes under the "last but not least" label. The True Sister understands that children need to be connected with their fathers as often as possible, whether or not there has been a divorce. She campaigns for things such as joint custody, and she has no respect for those mothers who alienate children from their fathers. The True Sister is true to the idea of the family (father *always* included) in any of its possible forms.

The True Sister is more than a dream. She exists. Let's love her and thank her.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How can you tell if you are obsessed with sex? I think about it fairly frequently and masturbate at least once a day. Am I addicted to sex?—F. R., Detroit, Michigan.

It depends on whom you ask. Researchers have studied how often sexual thoughts cross our minds. One study found that teenagers think about it every five minutes, while middle-aged men (40–49) think about it every half hour. An article in Archives of Sexual Behavior *breaks down our sexual thoughts into types that produce arousal, types that occur without arousal and types that accompany masturbation. Men have more frequent sexual urges: 71.4 percent said they got turned on daily, compared with 34 percent of the women. The rest of the men reported urges twice a week or so, while 44.7 percent of the women reported urges twice a week. When it came to sexual thoughts without arousal, 72.9 percent of the men had one to five sexual thoughts daily, while only 30.4 percent of the women were so occupied. And when it came to running erotic fantasies while masturbating, again the men were more visual: 58.5 percent of them said they always masturbated to a fantasy, compared with 12 percent of the women. The study suggests that the more sex a man has, the more he thinks of it. Alas, the more sex a woman has, the less she thinks of it.*

I'm planning to spend this winter in Wyoming. The only drawback is the lack of creature comforts—most notably, a good video store. How can I keep myself supplied with interesting videos when the only store is a Blockbuster two states away?—J. P., New York, New York.

Try Home Film Festival (P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18501, or call 800-258-3456). It regularly mails videos to obscure locations (one of H.F.F.'s clients runs the Phantom dude ranch at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. His videos arrive by burro). The company has an inventory of more than 1200 hard-to-find films (we rented the cult classic "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo"—OK, it's a cult of one, but great samurai movies are a taste worth acquiring). You pay a $25 membership fee, rental fee (from $3.50) and round-trip postage ($2.50 to $4). Keep the film three nights, then drop it into the mail. You'll get a catalog, a newsletter and a discount on purchases. Even if you live near 20 video stores that stock only Hollywood hits, this is worth joining for the variety.

This question is more of a concern to my girlfriend than it is to me. She and I live 7000 miles apart—so far, I have managed to visit her once a month for eight to ten days per visit. Needless to say, by the time I arrive, my sexual anticipation has reached its peak. There is never a problem with either of us pleasing the other until the third or fourth day of my visit. Then I am sometimes unable to ejaculate, though I never have a problem achieving an erection. I have assured my girlfriend that this has nothing to do with the pleasure I am experiencing; however, I can't provide her with a satisfactory explanation. I have always told her that my main concern was pleasing her. She also wants to make sure that I am pleased. Is this an uncommon problem?—D. P., Gaithersburg, Maryland.

Pace yourself. Abstinence makes the hard grow harder; but don't let that be the only source of anticipation. Save a fantasy for halfway through your visit. Trying to show how much you miss someone by having heroic sex can turn lovemaking into a chore. Also, you may just need to give your body a rest.

Last summer, a friend saw a marquee for the movie *My Left Foot* and said that it could be the story of a driving-school instructor. He said that most people don't know how to use their left foot when they drive. Any idea what he was talking about?—D. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Henry Watts addresses the left foot in his book "Secrets of Solo Racing." According to Watts, "Your hands and feet are both important to driving effectively. You touch the car through your hands, your feet and your entire seating position. . . . If you can find a solid resting place for your left foot and press down firmly, you will notice that this tends to force your butt solidly into the seat. Doing this while driving will help you remain stable in your seat. It will therefore also help you avoid grabbing the steering wheel tightly, which some people do to try to maintain their position in the seat when cornering aggressively. You want to have 'light hands' as much as possible. Try to drive with some pressure on the left foot (unless you have to use it for the clutch or for left-foot braking). It takes a bit of practice to keep some tension in that left leg without letting your whole body get tense, but it can be done." Some cars have foot rests designed to balance the driving position (they put your left foot about the same angle as your right foot on the gas pedal—a surprisingly comfortable position on long hauls). The whole point of this seems to be to ease your death grip on the steering wheel. Of course, if you are driving an old clunker with a rusted-out floor plate, you may put your left foot right through to the concrete.

I certainly hope you can help me with my unique problem. I can ejaculate only when I see a picture of myself or see myself in a mirror. I can get hard—there's no doubt about that—but I simply cannot have an orgasm unless I see myself. Needless to say, this has caused a few problems during lovemaking. My girlfriend and I have to have sex leaning against a wall mirror or on the bathroom sink. No amount of coaxing will bring me to climax. Not blow jobs, not vaginal sex, not masturbating, nothing! Am I having latent homosexual fantasies or am I just incredibly vain?—N. P., Boulder, Colorado.

Things could be worse. You could be Donald Trump. The rule is that when you can climax only one way, you have a problem. And, obviously, you have a problem (your reflection, on the other hand, seems to be having a great time). Therapists can help patients overcome spectatoring. Find one.

This may sound uncomplicated, but what do you use the PAUSE button on a cassette deck for?—O. U., Wichita, Kansas.

Next time you make a music tape from different tracks, push the PAUSE button between songs. Stopping the tape at the end of each selection results in something that sounds like an M-16 being shifted to rock and roll. By pressing the PAUSE, you eliminate the click. Also, if you are shifting from the greatest hits of John Philip Sousa to the slightly less militant musings of Tracy Chapman, press the PAUSE, then compare the sound levels. You may have to adjust the recording input level to avoid dramatic lurches in sound.

My former girlfriend used to go nuts when I bit her neck and/or kissed with a lot of suction during sex. Actually, I could pinch or bite any part of her anatomy—she would draw me to her whenever she reached a certain state of excitement and I would graze. The problem? I tried this on my new girlfriend and she'd have no part of it. One of my nibbles left a hickey and she treated me as if I were some kind of sadist. Is this S/M?—M. J., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A hickey's a sign of S/M? Maybe that's why high schools are frequently mistaken for leather bars. We happen to think that love

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bites are accent marks in the language of love. Suction equals passion. Isn't that one of Newton's laws? But not everyone agrees. One study found that 44 percent of men and 41 percent of women found the exchange of teeth marks (gentle biting) arousing. The rest seemed to side with your new girlfriend. Find what turns her on: If it's boring, move on.

In the past two decades, the interest in wine among Americans has soared. So has consumption. How does our intake compare with that of other wine-drinking countries and where does our wine come from?—A. S., Manhattan Beach, California.

According to Nicolas Furlotte, editor of Jobson's "Wine Marketing Handbook," Americans put away 520,000,000 gallons of wine in 1989. That breaks down to 2.1 gallons per capita, which ranks us 29th in per-capita consumption world-wide. By contrast, the French gulp 19.6 gallons and the Italian per-head figure is 16.4 gallons annually. Some of us, it seems, aren't pulling our oars. What's the source for the wine we drink here? The entire world, virtually, though the major portion is home-grown, and California contributes the lion's share—75 percent. Other wine-producing states, in order of contributions, are New York, with 6.9 percent, followed by Washington, Virginia, Oregon and Ohio. Of the over-all 520,000,000-gallon consumption in the States, 76,000,000 gallons are imports. The largest quantity comes from Italy (6.2 percent), followed by France (4.2 percent), Spain (1.2 percent), West Germany (one percent) and Portugal (.5 percent). You can also find wines from Australia, Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary, Chile and many other countries on liquor shelves.

My boyfriend is a weight lifter who takes steroids. If I perform oral sex and swallow his semen, am I also swallowing synthetic hormones?—Miss D. Q., Columbus, Ohio.

Probably not. There is a slight chance that trace amounts of steroids or, for that matter, some other medications might be found in semen. The quantity would be too small to affect your system; since the drug has already been metabolized by your partner's body, its effect would be negligible. We'd be more concerned about the possible effect of the steroids on your boyfriend. We're not talking muscles here. Tell him to see a sports-medicine doctor for a lecture on the down side of synthetic hormones.

For quite some time, it has been virtually impossible to find a wrist watch that is advertised as waterproof. That claim has been supplanted by water resistant. My dictionary defines waterproof as "impenetrable to or unaffected by water" and water resistant as "resistant to wetting but not waterproof." Seems like something is being put over on us. What gives?—D. C., Flagler Beach, Florida.

Under FTC rulings issued a few years ago, watchmakers can no longer use the term waterproof. Watches labeled water resistant should be unharmed in ordinary use—surface swimming, showering, hand washing. Sportsmen who deep dive should look for watches specified water resistant to particular depths, usually 100 to 300 feet. When a watch is repaired, the factory agent should furnish written assurance that it is still water resistant.

We are looking for a special gift for my father's 65th birthday. We'd like to buy him a copy of the first edition of *Playboy*. Any idea where we might locate one?—D. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Try the Centerfold Shop (1220 23rd Street, Suite 200, San Diego, California 92102). Doug Tracy, the owner, has more than three dozen Vol. 1, No. 1s in stock. Conditions and prices of the magazines vary. Buy now, before Japanese businessmen get into the market and drive the prices into the millions.

I am working at keeping my marriage strong. Our sex life has been great and I've made sure we keep it alive. We watch porno films together, admire *Playboy* women together and share fantasies (I more so than my husband; he has a hard time verbalizing his sexual desires). As a matter of fact, for his 26th birthday, I am planning to rent a hotel room, get a bottle of champagne and surprise him with a woman from a peel-a-gram place, who, for a fee, has agreed to do a slow, erotic strip. She will dance for 15 minutes, bare her breasts (but keep her G string on) and then leave. There will be absolutely no touching—even if my husband and I are touching each other under the covers. My best friend, however, feels that I am playing with fire, that it is too much temptation for my husband to put him in a room with a young, gorgeous woman who is dancing half naked and touching herself. Looking at porno films and magazines is one thing, but involving another woman in our sex life is another. I'm afraid his desire and curiosity will get the better of him and I'll have a cheating husband on my hands. Am I playing with fire?—Mrs. L. Z., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We think you are worrying needlessly about staging this birthday treat for your husband. Given the fantasies you've already shared, there's no reason your little celebration should throw him. You'll be right there to soothe him on the night in question, as well as on subsequent nights when the memory of your gift keeps on giving. Go for it.

One of my friends, an experienced world traveler, claims that most Americans are backward when it comes to bargaining. Why is it, he asks, that we are excited by the process of haggling when we are overseas but timidly pay the suggested retail price when it comes to domestic travel? To make his point, he says that he never pays full price for a hotel room. Is he kidding? Is it possible to wheel and deal a better

There's something to be said for wrestling a ton of screaming metal through an inside turn at 110 miles an hour.

Namely, that it's insane.

That's why I never did it—and why I always dreamed about it.

As a kid, I'd race cars with my friends on a bright orange track in the kitchen. There was always at least one '67 Camaro missing in action under the refrigerator by the time we got bored and decided to go for the real thing: Bikes.

Riding around the neighborhood with cards stuck in our wheel spokes for the noise effect, we'd imagine it was LeMans. And it could have been, except the cards sounded like seals clapping. And we were only 9 years old. But it was real enough for me; some day *I* was going to be a racer.

I couldn't imagine anything else. Racers were my idols. They were heroes who risked their lives in hairpin turns and high speed passes and laughed about it. They were larger than life and twice as fast. That's what I wanted to be.

Even after I realized that wasn't going to happen, after I had become a doctor, I still wished I had been a racer. Sometimes I wished so desperately I would wake up wondering if that last lap was a memory or a dream.

Jimmy Lyons changed that. They brought him into the Emergency room midway through my third month there. He was six years old, and napping in the backseat as his father drove when a drunk driver plowed into them. His father escaped with scratches; the driver was DOA.

And Jimmy was in trouble. In fact, we didn't think he was going to make it. But after 7 hours in surgery, things had turned around. I was in his room when they moved him out of intensive care. The sun was casting those slatted shadows through the blinds. It must have been around 11:00.

I remember because he blinked a couple of times, and giggled. It was the giggle that struck me—you don't expect a kid with tubes running in and out of him to laugh. But Jimmy did.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he said, "The sun jumped into my eyes and tickled me." And he added, "I like the sun."

That's when I realized you don't have to risk your life to be a hero.

You just have to love it.

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rate?—T. P., Austin, Texas.

You bet. Hotels have adopted the same pricing policy as airlines—an empty hotel room earns as much money as an empty airline seat. When you call for a reservation, don't swing at the first pitch. Ask if there is a lower rate for weekends, for business travelers, for rooms with no view, for students or for military personnel. Check to see if your company qualifies for corporate rates or if there is a tie-in with your frequent-flier program (we assume that you are enrolled in one). At many hotels, you can get between a ten- and a 50-percent discount. One travel columnist recently suggested bargaining at the front desk upon arrival—asking the desk clerk if there is a cheaper room or if you can upgrade to a larger room for the agreed-upon price. It never hurts to ask.

My wife and I have a very active sex life and we have done some wild things in the past, including a threesome with one of my male friends. What I have always wanted is a threesome with another woman, who would introduce my wife to bisexual love-making. I thought this was just going to be another fantasy until I placed an ad in a local paper and received a response from a woman who was interested in meeting us. She turned out to be beautiful, well spoken and very mature for her age. Mine was the first ad she had answered, but we hit it off pretty well and she seemed to like me and the potential situation. Now comes the problem: My wife does not know about the ad or the fact that this woman would like to be sexually involved with us. We have an excellent cover by saying that she will be our baby sitter for the next few months. I would like some advice as to how to get my wife to go along with the sexual part.—C. E., Richmond, Virginia.

What's going on with all these extras? Has someone spiked the water supply? We think you've done fine so far in setting up a potential ménage à trois. *Perhaps the best route to introducing your wife to this idea is to be open and honest. Find an appropriate time and place and run the idea by her. Her reaction will tell you all you need to know. If she balks, don't force the issue. You can try again later. (Of course, you may have to find another baby sitter—and we've heard that's harder than finding a third for a* ménage.*) If she's agreeable, you're one lucky man.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Advisor on the Air and hear Playmates answer questions. Or record your own question! Call ***1-900-740-3311****; only two dollars per minute.*

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ALL ABOUT MEN

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WHAT KIND OF MAN

HATES SEX?

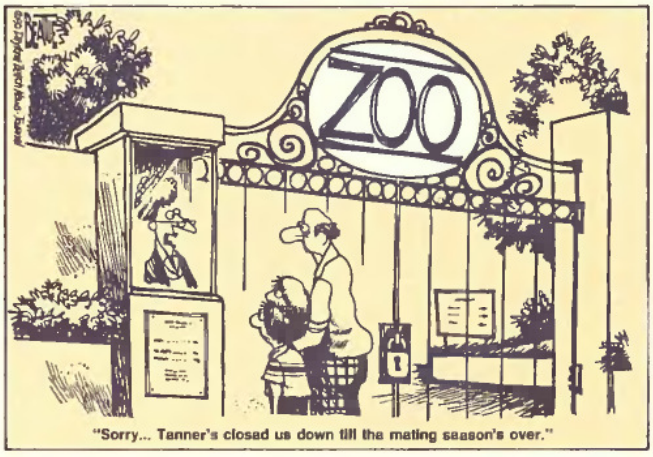
a john tanner sampler

Thanks to Florida state attorney John Tanner, adults in central Florida may have a hard time renting some X-rated videos and listening to rap music. Tanner persuaded rubber-stamp grand juries in Florida's Seventh Circuit to declare a number of videos and records obscene under Florida law.

Tanner has a history of hating what he terms pornography. As a college freshman, he saw his first adult film: "I was truthfully shocked and disgusted. The ladies were all fat and wearing black garters and stockings. There was penetration and masturbation and ejaculation. It was disgusting. It turned me off totally. It offended the basic core of my being. It was not something of interest to a normal, healthy male."

In 1979, he became a born-again Christian. In 1986, he prayed with convicted serial killer Ted Bundy and fell under the murderer's "Pornography made me do it" spell (see "The Making of a Monster," *The Playboy Forum*, July 1989).

Tanner is known for taking liberties with the truth. He assures the public that he is not on a religious crusade. Yet during a service at a Baptist church, he said he was motivated to "move against pornography and obscenity on every level" by a belief that pornography "is just one more area in which the world and Satan himself are eating away the fabric of America—the family." He attends antiporn rallies and declares, "Those who would continue to lead this community and this nation into everlasting darkness have wakened a sleeping giant—God's army." He distributes the Christian-oriented American Family Association's pamphlet on pornography—at public expense and in state attorney's office envelopes.



"Sorry... Tanner's closed us down till the mating season's over."

He says that "one hundred percent of pedophile cases involve the use of pornography," yet a former prosecutor who worked under Tanner says that "I looked at hundreds of child-molestation cases and three had pornography involved in them. And one of those was pictures of children in underwear from a [department-store catalog]. That is pornography to you if you are a pedophile."

Tanner claims that porno films promote bestiality, citing one movie that, he says, shows a man having sex with a turkey. What he doesn't say is that the movie is humorous, with everyone having sex around and on a Thanksgiving table. The actors invent a comic way of stuffing a turkey—it may be gross, but bestiality it's not.

The Florida town of Volusia, which has banned pornography, has twice the number of sex offenses as the neighboring town of Seminole. Tanner explains that "Volusians are going to Seminole County and getting all fired up [at adult stores] and coming back to rape our women and children."

Tanner says, "The fact is, we now are beginning to reap the harvest of a totally unregulated entertainment media. Slowly and surely, the slime is creeping over our knees and approaching our waist. If someone doesn't turn up the heat, the cesspool will come over our nose and mouth and consume us."

When a man confronted him and told him that he disagreed with his views, Tanner said, "I feel so sorry for that man. I think he is addicted to pornography."

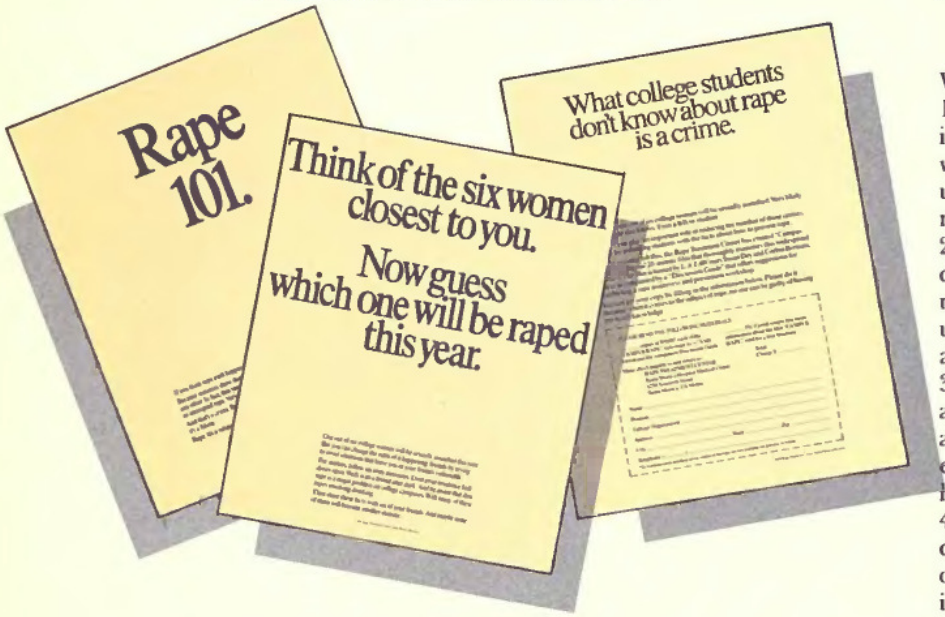
Tanner is apparently addicted to porn prosecutions—and the publicity they bring him.

Chris Bridges, a freelance reporter, contributed to this article.

DATE RAPE: PART II

the making of a crisis

THE FEAR


Rape 101.
Think of the six women closest to you.
Now guess which one will be raped this year.
What college students don't know about rape is a crime.

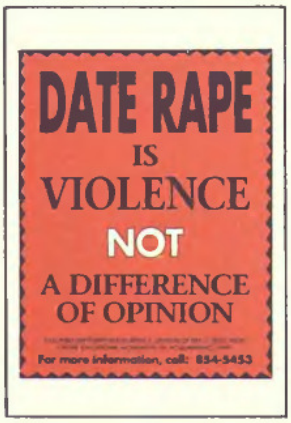
THE FACTS

Mary P. Koss, Christine A. Gidycz and Nadine Wisniewski surveyed 3187 women and 2972 men enrolled in 32 colleges and universities and came up with enough statistics to alarm a nation and start the recent flood of stories announcing an epidemic of date rape.

Koss used a flawed questionnaire and an overly broad definition of rape (see "Date Rape on Campus," *The Playboy Forum*, October) that generated headline-grabbing figures. She found that in a 12-month period:

- 53.7 percent of women revealed some form of "sexual victimization."
- 11.9 percent had experienced sexual coercion.
- 12.1 percent had experienced attempted rape.
- 15.4 percent had experienced rape.

Those statistics became the ammunition for the date-rape campaign. One poster declared: THINK OF THE SIX WOMEN CLOSEST TO YOU. NOW GUESS WHICH ONE WILL BE RAPED THIS YEAR.



But does the Koss study actually support this charge? If we use the commonly accepted definition of rape and not Koss's broad one, only 1.9 percent of the women had had intercourse "because a man threatened or used some degree of physical force." Only 1.6 percent had been forced to have oral or anal sex for this reason.

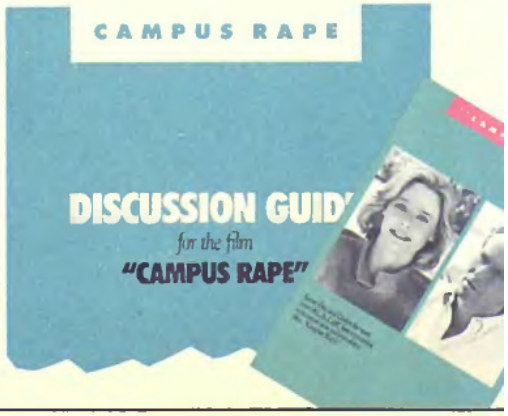
These are tragic figures, but the difference between one out of 28 and one out of six is more than a difference of opinion.

THE ADVICE

sex ed from the santa monica rape crisis center

WOMEN:

1. Know your sexual intentions and limits. You have the right to say no to any unwanted sexual contact. If you are uncertain about what you want, ask the man to respect your feelings.
2. Communicate your limits firmly and directly. If you say no, say it like you mean it. Don't give mixed messages. Back up your words with a firm tone of voice and clear body language.
3. Don't rely on ESP to get your message across. Don't assume that your date will automatically know how you feel or will eventually get the message without your having to tell him.
4. Remember that some men think that drinking heavily, dressing provocatively or going to a man's room indicates a willingness to have sex. Be especially careful to communicate your limits and intentions clearly in such situations.
5. Listen to your gut feelings. If you feel uncomfortable or think you may be at risk, leave the situation immediately and go to a safe place.
6. Don't be afraid to make waves if you feel threatened. If you feel you are being pressured or coerced into sexual activity against your will, don't hesitate to state your feelings and get out of the situation. Better a few minutes of social awkwardness or embarrassment than the trauma of sexual assault.
7. Attend large parties with friends you can trust. Agree to look out for one another. Try to leave with a group, rather than alone or with someone you don't know very well.



MEN:

1. Listen carefully. Take the time to hear what the woman is saying. If you feel she is not being direct or is giving you a mixed message, ask for clarification.
2. Don't fall for the common stereotype that when a woman says no she really means yes. No means no. If a woman says no to sexual contact, believe her and stop.
3. Remember that date rape is a crime. It is never acceptable to use force in sexual situations, no matter what the circumstances.
4. Don't make assumptions about a woman's behavior. Don't automatically assume that a woman wants to have sex just because she drinks heavily, dresses provocatively or agrees to go to your room. Don't assume that just because a woman has had sex with you previously she is willing to have sex with you again. Also don't assume that just because a woman consents to kissing or other sexual intimacies she is willing to have sexual intercourse.
5. Be aware that having sex with someone who is mentally or physically incapable of giving consent is rape. If you have sex with a woman who is drugged, intoxicated, passed out, incapable of saying no or unaware of what is happening around her, you may be guilty of rape.
6. Be especially careful in group situations. Be prepared to resist pressure from friends to participate in violent or criminal acts.
7. Get involved if you believe someone is at risk. If you see a woman in trouble at a party or a male friend using force or pressuring a woman, don't be afraid to intervene. You may save the woman from the trauma of sexual assault and your friend from the ordeal of criminal prosecution.

Both men and women should be especially careful in situations involving the use of alcohol or drugs. Alcohol and drugs can interfere with your ability to assess situations and to communicate effectively.

THE PARADOX

the double standard is alive

In the late Eighties, three researchers—Sarah Murnen, Ph.D., Annette Perot and Donn Byrne, Ph.D.—questioned 130 women about "their most recent encounter with unwanted sexual activity." Based on written replies, the researchers conclude that 55.3 percent of the women felt that they had experienced unwanted sex.

The language in the authors' report of the survey reveals their bias. They call males "coercers," sexual initiative "attack," resistance to sex "a thwarted attack" and unwanted intercourse "rape." However, the women's responses to the questionnaires conveyed a different sense of what had happened. Almost 90 percent felt that they had had moderate to total control of the situation. And, the researchers report, "Women also indicated satisfaction dealing with unwanted attempts: Only one quarter indicated any dissatisfaction."

Fifty percent of the women who said they had had unwanted intercourse indicated subsequent contact with the attacker: Twenty-five percent stayed friends, 13.9 percent continued dating and 11.1 percent maintained a sexual relationship. More than half accepted some responsibility for the event. None of the women had reported an attack to authorities, "due to a belief that the event was not important." The women clearly made a distinction between unwanted sex and rape.

In 1988, Charlene L. Muehlenhard, Ph.D., and Stephen W. Cook reported the results of a survey in which they questioned 486 women *and* 507 men—all college students—about unwanted sexual activity. The results are surprising:

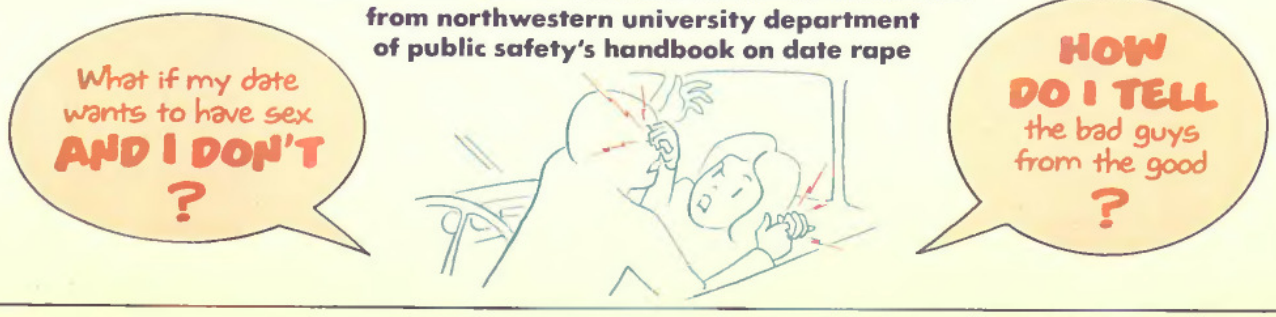
- 93.5 percent of the men and 97.5 percent of the women had experienced some form of unwanted sexual activity. Of those, 62.7 percent of the men and 46.3 percent of the women reported that they had had unwanted intercourse.
- 22.7 percent of the men and 31.3 percent of the women had engaged in the unwanted sexual activity as a result of nonviolent coercion (for example, psychological pressure); for 5.7 percent of those men and 5.4 percent of those women, the unwanted activity included intercourse.
- 89.9 percent of the men and 93.2 percent of the women had engaged in unwanted sexual activity as a result of enticement (for example, flirtation); for 57.4 percent of those men and 38.7 percent of those women, the unwanted activity included intercourse.
- 72.4 percent of the men and 86.6 percent of the women cited altruistic motives for unwanted sex; for 34.9 percent of those men and 29.2 percent of those women, the unwanted activity included intercourse.
- 65.7 percent of the men and 61.9 percent of the women cited inexperience for participating in unwanted sex; for 33.5 percent of those men and 11.9 percent of those women, the unwanted activity included intercourse.
- 52.1 percent of the men and 44.9 percent of the women had had sexual activity as a result of peer pressure; for 10.9 percent of those men and .6 percent of those women, the activity included intercourse.

Although Muehlenhard and Cook found that 2.2 percent of the men and 3.9 percent of the women had been forced to have unwanted sexual activity, legally defined as sexual assault, and 1.4 percent of the men and 2.7 percent of the women had been violently coerced into unwanted intercourse, legally defined as rape, their statistics generally provide a picture of college students experimenting with sex. The study treats men and women as equal, if amateur, partners in sex—unlike the Murnen report, which reduces men to coercers and women to victims.

This tale of two studies suggests that when you tell only half the story, unwanted sex can sound like date rape. The double standard is alive—for some researchers.

THE CARICATURE

from northwestern university department of public safety's handbook on date rape



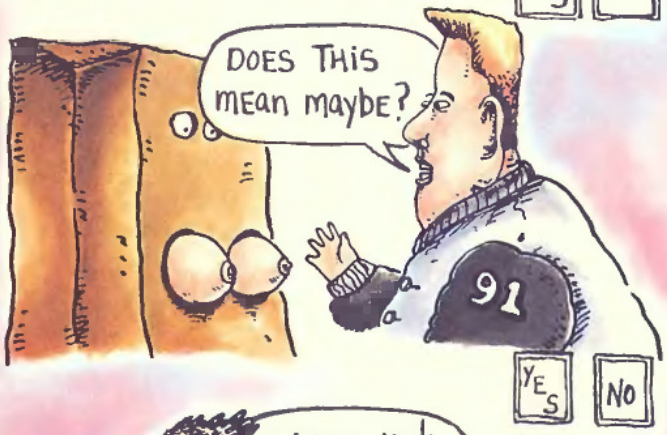
POLITICALLY

if the date-rape theorists have their way,

Lover, May I?

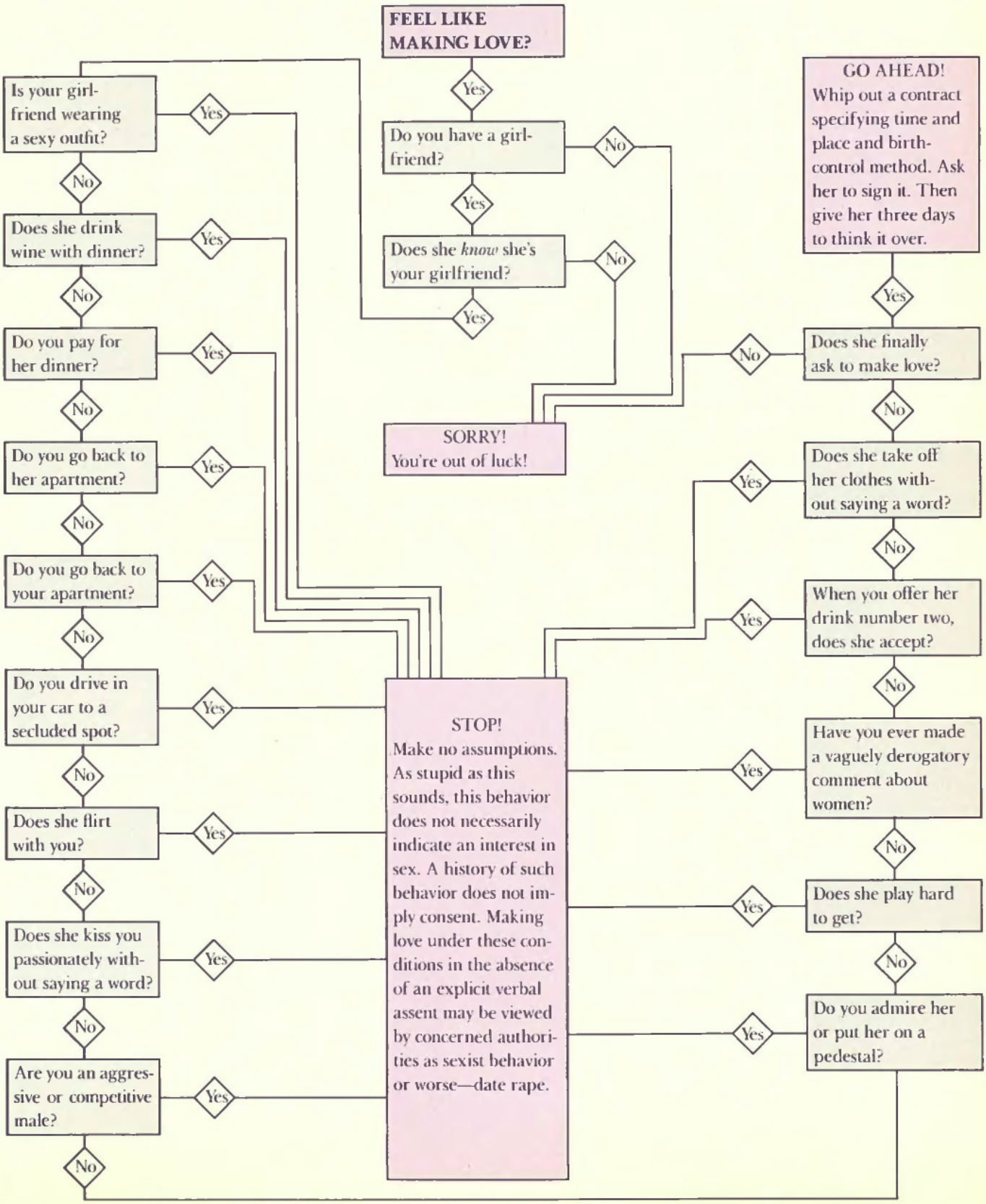
CHECK ONE

YES | NO



CORRECT SEX

this is how sex will happen in the year 2000


FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE?
Yes
Do you have a girlfriend?
No
Yes
Does she *know* she's your girlfriend?
No
Yes
SORRY! You're out of luck!
Is your girlfriend wearing a sexy outfit?
Yes
No
Does she drink wine with dinner?
Yes
No
Do you pay for her dinner?
Yes
No
Do you go back to her apartment?
Yes
No
Do you go back to your apartment?
Yes
No
Do you drive in your car to a secluded spot?
Yes
No
Does she flirt with you?
Yes
No
Does she kiss you passionately without saying a word?
Yes
No
Are you an aggressive or competitive male?
Yes
No
STOP! Make no assumptions. As stupid as this sounds, this behavior does not necessarily indicate an interest in sex. A history of such behavior does not imply consent. Making love under these conditions in the absence of an explicit verbal assent may be viewed by concerned authorities as sexist behavior or worse—date rape.
GO AHEAD! Whip out a contract specifying time and place and birth-control method. Ask her to sign it. Then give her three days to think it over.
Yes
Does she finally ask to make love?
No
No
Does she take off her clothes without saying a word?
Yes
No
When you offer her drink number two, does she accept?
Yes
No
Have you ever made a vaguely derogatory comment about women?
Yes
No
Does she play hard to get?
Yes
No
Do you admire her or put her on a pedestal?
Yes

READER

LUMBERING LOGIC

I am employed by Roseburg Forest Products Company, the largest privately held lumber company in the United States. I've always been proud to tell people that I work for the timber industry. But lately, lumber companies have been getting the short stick in the court system. Large tracts of timber are being put out of reach due to environmentalists' efforts.

I understand that Playboy Enterprises has a program that matches employees' charitable contributions. I request that Playboy stop matching its employees' contributions to The Wilderness Society, an environmental organization that values flora and fauna more than it does humans. The Wilderness Society uses political power against the timber industry.

The timber industry's inability to do business will undoubtedly have a deleterious effect on Playboy's ability to purchase the paper products essential to its operation.

Barbara A. Jacobs
Roseburg, Oregon

Playboy Enterprises does have an Employee Matching Gifts Program; the Playboy Foundation matches dollar for dollar employee-initiated contributions to organizations determined by the Internal Revenue Service to be charitable ones operating in the public good. Playboy cannot deny employees the right to make a contribution to a worthy cause—even if Playboy itself doesn't endorse it.

The Wilderness Society is a national organization working to protect national parks, national wildlife refuges and wilderness land from being overused commercially. The U.S. Forest Service aids the timber business by selling it trees from our national forests; The Wilderness Society acts as a lobbying group to rebut this practice of overcutting old-growth national forests. The logging industry has its lobbyists—let the environmentalists have theirs.

ZOOLOGY 101

Members of Incurably Ill for Animal Research are disgusted by what they perceive as the prorat/antihuman attitude of those who oppose using animals in research ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, April). I am disgusted by their arrogance in not apprising themselves of the bad science that has resulted in the deforming and crippling of thousands of people who took drugs tested on animals.

Rocky Leplin
Toluca Lake, California

Are you saying we should deform and cripple thousands more people by testing drugs on them?

Justifying experiments on animals is just a short way from justifying medical experiments on prisoners, as the Nazis did. I cannot accept that it is morally right to experiment on anything that has feelings and a right to life, be it human or animal.

Jerry Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Last April, Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis Sullivan declared war on the animal-rights movement, blasting "terrorists who have impeded life-enhancing research." Sullivan's remarks followed a decade of increasingly numerous raids on labs and threats against researchers.

Animal-interest organizations such as the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Humane Society have long fought for cleaner and more humane conditions for laboratory animals—and they have had a significant effect. The new animal activists, however, don't talk of animal welfare; they talk of animal *rights*.

Animals may have a higher moral standing than trees or rocks, but do they have rights? Arthur Caplan, director of the Center for Biomedical Ethics at the University of Minnesota, says, "Rights are a natural result of the unique way that humans have come together to form societies. We depend upon each other for survival; therefore, we must respect each other's rights." Caplan worries that the animal-rights activists are unwittingly debasing the meaning of rights: "Some people will agree that animals have rights—but not important rights. We could end up with people arguing that women or homosexuals or Native Americans have rights—but not important rights, not rights that we really have to respect."

When Ingrid Newkirk, cofounder of

FOR THE RECORD

LOVE'S THEME

Barry White, musician and all-round sensitive guy, in answer to the question What happened to the romantic love song?

It became more explicit, more blatant, but it's coming back now to songs about communication, one on one, because women never change, man. Most women still get indignant when a man whistles or yells out sexual suggestions. Today, a lot of young men are angry and they're cuttin' to the chase. Cuttin' out the bullshit and going straight to *I Want Your Sex*.

But women have gotten tired of that. Between the ages of seven and twenty-one, a female goes through a lot of ways of relating to a male. But by the time that girl becomes a woman, she wants a man with class, a man who treats her with respect, who tries to communicate and *doesn't* just want her sex.

A guy who really understands romance finds it impossible to make love to a woman one night and then act like he doesn't know her the next day. If you don't want to deal with her the next day, don't deal with her the night before.

RESPONSE

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), says, "Six million people died in concentration camps, but six billion broiler chickens will die this year in slaughterhouses," she apparently means to make us more sensitive to the plight of barnyard fowl. But she also denigrates the Jews who suffered and died as a result of genocide.

Lurking behind much of the animal-rights rhetoric is a profound contempt for humanity. "[At its core,] the animal-rights thesis is a degradation of what it means to be human," says Dr. Frederick Goodwin of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration. And Dr. Goodwin is correct. If you want misanthropy, talk to an animal-rights activist. "We humans have grown like a cancer. We're the biggest blight on the face of the earth," says Newkirk.

Many animal rightists seem to think that some intrinsic moral flaw makes us worse than animals. The frightening thing is that so many people seem prepared to believe them.

Charles Oliver
Santa Monica, California

Perhaps the motivation for members of Incurably Ill for Animal Research is selfishness. What else can explain slaughtering another species for the well-being of a few humans?

John A. Velling
Brooklyn, New York

What members of the animal-rights movement don't consider is that animals themselves have a peculiar tendency to use one another as resources. Lions dine on antelopes, tigers feed on deer, even the kitten that PETA uses in its ad campaign consumes fish, fowl and rodents. How dare these animals use one another as resources? This is speciesism at its worst! It's time for legislation prohibiting cats from catching mice. I wish the animal rightists luck in trying to persuade felines of the errors of their ways. It's as rational as trying to prevent man from using animals for research.

John W. Beason
San Antonio, Texas

HYSTERIA AND JUSTICE

Child abuse is a horrendous crime (*The Playboy Forum*, June), but when a nation gets hysterical, look at what can happen: In Italy, the parents of a little girl who was suffering from a hematoma on her buttocks took their daughter to a hospital. The father was accused of having molested her. The media condemned the man for abuse and then his wife for promoting a cover-up. The girl was hospitalized and her parents were not allowed to see her. By the time it was discovered that the hematoma was a rare form of anal cancer, it was too late. The little girl died a painful death. What needless suffering for both the child and her parents.

T. Feller
New York, New York

CALLING AT&T

We let AT&T know of our displeasure at its withdrawing support from Planned Parenthood ("Boycott Box Score," *The Playboy Forum*, August). We shredded our AT&T credit cards and returned them—in the future, we will use one of AT&T competitors' calling cards for long-distance calls.

Marc and Janelle Utheim
Auberry, California

COPS AND ARTISTS

Art and obscenity are politically hot buttons. Push them and you get your name in headlines and eight-second sound bites. Congressmen can debate Federal funding for the arts, a vision of a clean America filled with nice images, and rack up the votes back home.

But symbolic posturing eventually leads to concrete acts; this past year, we saw the attack dogs of the right arrest a Cincinnati museum director for exhibiting photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe. And in San Francisco, the FBI raided photographer Jock Sturges' studio and took cameras, hundreds of negatives and prints, files, address books, records and computer and darkroom equipment—in short, Sturges' life's work and the tools of his trade. In a separate raid, FBI agents arrested Joe Semien, a photo processor who had picked up some prints for Sturges done by a local lab. The accusation? Kid porn. (The charges against Semien were later suspended.)

Sturges' work is part of the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art. Now it gathers dust in some evidence folder. For 15 years, Sturges has photographed nude young women and girls. The prints that called down the law were shots taken at a nude beach near San Francisco. A photo technician called the Feds.

Even the politicians thought the FBI had gone too far: The City Services Committee of the Board of Supervisors drafted a resolution protesting the case: "There is a dangerous state of hysteria and repression over freedom of expression of artists in the United States."

In a way, we can understand why the FBI is so gung-ho about artists—so few of them are armed with Uzis and assault rifles. Pictures don't shoot back.

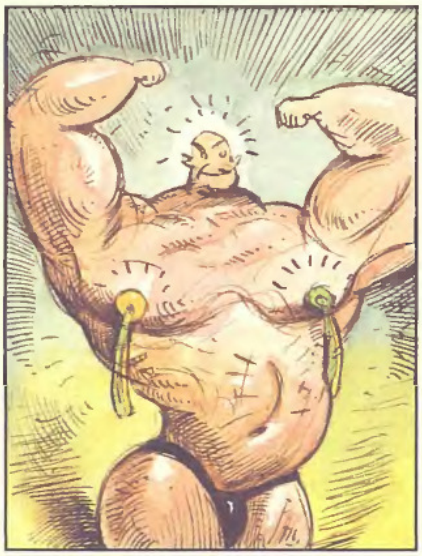
The Congressional debate is about funding; this case is about freedom—and on the line are the lives of artists ruined by overzealous cops turned art critics.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AND EQUALITY FOR ALL

LYNNWOOD, WASHINGTON—*Contestants in the 1990 Mr. Male pageant had to cover their nipples to comply with a gender-neutral city ordinance that bans all*



topless adult entertainment. Police commander Larry Abbott assigned three officers to observe the contest, explaining that if men were allowed to show their nipples, women entertainers might file discrimination suits. Although most of the males hid their nipples under small pieces of flesh-toned adhesive, one creative contestant used miniature American flags to disguise his.

TAXI!

BUDAPEST—*One day after Hungary's newly elected parliament swore in the country's first post-Communist government, a local businessman announced plans to open two brothels and a chain of massage parlors and operate a fleet of 50 yellow "sex taxis." Prostitutes will chauffeur their customers by cab to hotels for services costing $46 for Hungarians and $120 for foreigners. At a press conference, the entrepreneur declared that "human rights and democracy [also] express themselves in the field of sexuality."*

TRIALS AT HOME

DENVER—*A jury has awarded $1,200,000 to each of two sisters who were beaten and sexually abused as children and young adults by their father, Edward Rodgers, a former FBI agent and nationally known child-abuse expert. Both women, now in their 40s, said their experiences prevented them from having normal sexual relationships with their husbands.*

HOMO TRIVIA

HAMILTON, ONTARIO—*Researchers at McMaster University have found that about 75 percent of female and 45 percent of male homosexuals perform at least one of 12 common tasks with their left hand, compared with 35 percent of the general population. Since right- and left-handedness are determined by which side of the brain is dominant, this discovery suggests that homosexuality may have a biological basis.*

NEATNESS COUNTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled six to three that police can set up temporary roadblocks to screen for drunken drivers without violating motorists' Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable search and seizure. Writing the majority opinion, Chief Justice William Rehnquist held that a state's interest in preventing drunken driving outweighs the invasion of privacy. Dissenting Justices argued that the practice invites harassment by police, grants virtually unlimited discretion to detain drivers and creates a burden of proving sobriety for anyone with "a ruddy complexion, an unbuttoned shirt, bloodshot eyes or a speech impairment."*

RU READY?

PARIS—*The abortion pill RU 486 has survived condemnation by French anti-abortionists and is now venturing abroad ("The Playboy Forum," March 1989). The pharmaceutical firm Roussel Uclaf will introduce the drug in Britain and Scandinavia, raising hopes that it will eventually make its way to the United States despite threats by the National Right to Life Committee to subject any company that markets the drug in the U.S. to a "very intense boycott." One factor that could help the drug gain acceptance is its potential use in treating breast cancer, brain tumors and certain life-threatening hormone disorders.*

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

OMAHA—*A 24-year-old woman has been sentenced to six months in jail for perjury and ordered by a district judge to buy ten radio spots and half-page ads in each newspaper in the county apologizing to a house painter whom she falsely accused of rape. She admitted to accusing the painter in order to get her husband's attention. The house painter, who lost his job and whose children were taunted, thought her sentence was too light.*

HOLD THE PRESSES

NEW YORK—*Printers are joining the ranks of self-appointed censors and stopping the presses on material they either find objectionable themselves or think others may find objectionable. Controversial subjects include AIDS, marijuana horticulture and almost anything having to do with sex.*

STRIPPED TO THE ESSENTIALS

WEST PALM BEACH—*Florida Park Service officers arrested their first violator of the state regulation prohibiting skimpy bathing suits ("Newsfront," "The Playboy*

Forum," October). The woman, dressed only in a copy of the Bill of Rights, was leading a dozen demonstrators in a protest of the law. A spokesman for the Department of Natural Resources said that the parchment barely covered her chest and abdomen.

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TO HEAL AND FORGIVE

our tortured history in vietnam still poisons our spirit. let's make peace with the communists—and our own vets

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Ed Greene figures he shot more than 20 children 22 years ago, when he was in Vietnam, reported the *Los Angeles Times*. No crime. The kids were thought to be carrying explosives, and no one in the U.S. Government seemed to mind. The only one who minded was Marine Greene, who had attempted suicide and had sheet-tearing nightmares until this year, when he decided to return to Vietnam for a healing visit. And that was a crime, according to the United States Government.

Government officials pronounced themselves morally outraged at the trip, claiming that Greene and the 160 other vets who went on Vietnam Veterans of America tours were violating the Trading with the Enemy Act. Beating swords into plowshares may be the calling of just men, but it can also get you a $50,000 fine and ten years' hard time.

The enemy? Do we still have any enemies in this day of cuddling up to Commies from Moscow to Peking? Yes, for reasons buried deep in our national psyche, we require them. And Vietnam, the one country most deserving of our compassion, ironically remains highest on our hate list.

The mission of the returning vets was troubling to their Government precisely for the reason it was restorative to the men. The vets were seeking to end the state of war with Vietnam. Fifteen years after the debacle, however, influential policy makers still refuse to make amends, even though for the hundreds of thousands of vets like Greene, who still bear the scars of that war, closure may be the essential therapy.

Los Angeles Times reporter Alan Miller recounted Greene's return: "For the first time since his tour of duty, Greene said, he felt his emotions welling up. He realized that he had suppressed his feelings to survive Vietnam and its long aftermath. Day by day, he found that the open arms and smiling faces of the Vietnamese were restoring his sense of self-worth. 'If they could forgive,' he said, 'then we could forgive ourselves.'"

But we don't want to forgive Vietnam. You would think from our determination to punish that country by cutting it off from international trade and aid that it was the Vietnamese—not we—who dropped more bombs than were exploded in all of World War Two. Instead of offering war reparations to atone for our destruction of their country, however, we pursue a vendetta that contradicts the main thrust of our foreign policy.

"Make peace not war" is the theme of the day as the Cold War world dissolves. Good will abounds, particularly in the hearts of Republican hard-liners led by George Bush, who are suddenly buddies with the remnants of the evil empire. But while they cast a kind eye toward Soviet requests for economic aid and Chinese repression, these same hard-liners cannot summon the charity to finally bury the bloody hatchet of Vietnam. Really weird, given that we went to Vietnam ostensibly to stop the expansion of Soviet and Chinese Communists, who were supposedly Hanoi's sponsors.

The breakup of international communism into competing nationalisms gives the lie to the Vietnam war, which was based on the always-erroneous assumption of a monolithic enemy. The domino theory dictated that we had to protect the countries of Southeast Asia from Vietnamese expansion. Now it's those very countries—Thailand, Malaysia, Taiwan, South Korea—that are rushing to cut joint ventures with a Vietnam that has its own *perestroika*. Our major allies, including France, Japan, the Netherlands, Sweden and England, are all committed to major economic undertakings with a people whom we alone still call the enemy.

Strangely enough, we keep the war with Vietnam alive because Hanoi and Peking are at odds, as they have been for 4000 years, and the U.S. has climbed into bed with the Chinese Communists. It is only in the past few months that the Bush Administration has dared to irk China by withdrawing aid from its puppets, the dreaded Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, and making tentative approaches to the Vietnamese, who stopped the genocide.

Once again, the fortunes of the Vietnamese turn on the preoccupations of foreign powers. The main reason offered for punishing Vietnam with economic and diplomatic isolation is that the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia when they overthrew the Khmer Rouge back in 1978 and halted the killing fields. Instead of rewarding them for ending a genocide that had claimed 1,000,000 Cambodian lives, the Carter Administration made them the villains of the piece.

The reasoning of the Carterites, who were led by National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski, is a classic of great-power cynicism. Zbig, ever eager to play the China card against the Soviets, bought the Chinese line that the Khmer Rouge, allied in defeat with Prince Norodom Sihanouk, were the true defenders of Cambodian freedom, even as the stench of the Cambodian dead hung heavy in the air.

This sorry chapter in American diplomacy has been well documented by former *Washington Post* correspondent Elizabeth Becker in her book *When the War Was Over*. She quotes Brzezinski as being proud of his role in helping reorganize the Khmer Rouge terrorists: "I encouraged the Chinese to support Pol Pot. . . . The question was how to help the Cambodian people. Pol Pot was an abomination. We could never support him, but China could."

Woody Woodpecker was the name that the Carter boys—Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell—used to refer contemptuously to Zbig and his cartoonish forelock. Despite the fact that he may have known little, if anything, about Indochina, Brzezinski's obsessions with the Soviets carried the day. Normalization of relations with Vietnam, favored initially by Carter and his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, which would have prevented at least some of the harrowing exodus of boat people, was shelved. Instead, the U.S. became a coconspirator with China in the reincarnation of the Hitlerite Khmer Rouge.

Becker concluded, "The result was a policy that the United States continued to follow during the subsequent Republican Administration. The United States 'winked, semipublicly,' in Brzezinski's words, while encouraging China and Thailand to give the Khmer Rouge direct aid to fight against the Vietnamese occupation."

The cover for this absurdly immoral policy was that we were backing not the Khmer Rouge but "democratic forces" led by Sihanouk, who were their coalition allies. Sihanouk, ever the political chameleon, provided *(concluded on page 152)*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LEONA HELMSLEY

a candid conversation with the besieged billionaire hotel queen about her tax troubles, bad blood with trump and life as a bitch

The outdoor orchestra kicks up Eubie Blake's "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and she whirls onto the dance floor in white palazzo pants and a jungle-red organza blouse, her red-white-and-blue ostrich boa beckoning forward the kingpin of Manhattan real estate.

Harry Helmsley, rail-straight at 6'3", takes the birthday girl's hand and gamely shuffles his feet, though his once-agile dance form has succumbed to the torpor of the July Fourth heat and a history of small strokes.

With 80 guests settled onto the manicured back lawn of the couple's lavish Connecticut estate, Dunnellen Hall, the hostess sways, whispering into Harry's ear, "And Harry's wild about me . . . the heavenly blisses of his kisses, fill me with ecstasy. . . ."

Tears fill her eyes.

Alas, the night—aglow with grandchildren, balloons and guest of honor Saudi financier Adnan Khashoggi, celebrating his recent acquittal—is bittersweet for a 70-year-old woman coming out of hibernation after five years of legal entanglements and personal misery. Harry, 81, returns to a festively decorated dinner table as Leona stands alone. "I love you. I love you," she whispers to him across the lawn, still crying. She turns away. The dance has ended.

The nightmare hasn't.

The "Queen of the Palace"—as she nicknamed herself in kitschy *ads for the two dozen—plus Helmsley hotels still under her thumb—was guillotined on December 12, 1989: Found guilty on 32 counts of tax fraud, she was sentenced by Federal judge John M. Walker, Jr., to a four-year prison term, a $7,100,000 fine and 250 hours of community service. She'd been charged with masterminding a scheme that allegedly billed Helmsley businesses for more than $3,000,000 in furnishings for Dunnellen Hall—including a $220,000 jade water buffalo, a $130,000 stereo system, a $1,200,000 pool enclosure, an $800,000 red Spanish-marble dance floor, butlers' vests and servants' uniforms for $11,055 and china and silver worth $44,982—as well as personal items and services such as leg waxing, fur repair, hair rollers and a $10.12 bra from Macy's. From 1983 to 1985, prosecutors claim, the Helmsleys had ducked close to $1,700,000 in taxes.*

During a ten-week trial, a parade of maids, contractors, disgruntled secretaries and former Helmsley executives told tales of a venomous sovereign—rude, arrogant and heartless. Symphonic headlines hyped the trial: "QUEEN KONG," "DRAGON LADY," "GREEDY, GREEDY, GREEDY" *and* "RHYMES WITH RICH." *Vitriolic gloater Donald Trump took swipes, calling Helmsley "a vicious woman who destroyed the Helmsley name." ("I can't wait to read Trump's new book," she cracked in a return salvo, "especially chapter eleven!")*

Helmsley herself, even with 120 accountants in her employ, begs incredulousness—not ignorance—of her crime. She handed all purchase invoices over to her accountants, she says, and trusted them to do their jobs. Furthermore, she adds almost in reflex, she and her husband paid close to half a billion dollars in taxes and have given $143,000,000 to charity within fifteen years. Those figures, unfortunately, did not sway Judge Walker, who, at Helmsley's sentencing, ascribed her actions to "naked greed."

"Pleeease . . ." counters Helmsley bitterly. "Why would I try to cheat the Government? A million dollars to Harry Helmsley is like a dollar to anybody else."

Believe it. Perched on the mountaintop of her husband's five-billion-dollar real-estate-and-hotel kingdom—27 hotels in ten states still run by Leona, plus several hundred skyscrapers in Manhattan, including the Empire State Building—the Helmsleys bathe each month in a geyser of $100,000,000, cash. To date, more than $20,000,000 has been spent on legal fees.

Presently free on a whopping $25,000,000 bail ("I pulled it out of my stocking"), Helmsley says she is fighting for her life. She has fired her defense attorney, Gerald A. Feffer, who called her "a tough bitch" in court, and hired Harvard celebrity lawyer Alan Dershowitz to

"There is a double standard: When a man loses his temper, he is aggressive; I'm a pushy bitch. A man is confident and authoritative; I'm conceited and power-mad. Were I a man, I would be termed an excellent executive."

"Donald Trump is a snake. He blew his horn so much everybody was waiting for this—because when things were good, he hit everybody. Now he doesn't have any money. If Ivana gets one million dollars, she'll be lucky."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'RDURKE

"At first, I wanted to model, but they told me I was too flat-chested. So I went to Woolworth's for a special bra, stuffed some cotton into it and went back a few weeks later. I got the job—twenty-five dollars a week."

draw up and execute the blueprint for her state case and pending Federal appeal. Startling new evidence, Dershowitz promises, "includes unimpeachable documented proof that the Government's theory—namely, that Mrs. Helmsley fooled her accountants—was not true and that the accountants simply failed to do their job." [According to Dershowitz, this evidence is included in a motion for a new trial to be filed at the end of September 1990.]

"And there's more," adds Helmsley, ticking off her prize charges:

• Her books were cooked by employees, including some who forged her initials on spurious invoices.

• Former Federal prosecutor U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani—who'd previously chased the likes of Bess Myerson, Andy Capasso, John Gotti, Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken and Mario Biaggi—went after Helmsley without even doing an appropriate tax audit on vital partnerships within her empire in order to further his campaign for New York City mayor.

• Crooked employees guzzled down kickbacks on items charged to her businesses.

• Frank J. Turco, a former financial officer of the Helmsley businesses and now in jail, was inept at his job.

• The Helmsleys actually overpaid their taxes in amounts ranging from $21,000 to $477,000 annually.

The once-vibrant hostess—who dazzled the likes of Barbara Walters, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Rockefeller and Gregory Peck each year with her extravagant "I'm Just Wild About Harry" birthday parties—has already paid a devastating price: She is now socially bankrupt; her reputation is in tatters.

"I have no friends," she admits nonchalantly. "But I have my Harry"—a man browbeaten by Leona, according to the scathing account served up by New York Post *reporter Ransdell Pierson in his book "The Queen of Mean."*

"Lies, lies, lies—sick lies," Helmsley says of Pierson's accounts. "What does he know about my life?"

It has been quite a life, landscaped with valleys of poverty and tragedy as well as summits of accomplishment and staggering wealth. Born to Russian Aneuta Pupko and Polish immigrant hatmaker Morris Rosenthal on July 4, 1920, Leona Mindy Rosenthal was a poor girl raised in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, where she sold Eskimo Pies at the family's candy stand.

When the Depression hit and Rosenthal lost his job, daughters Sondra and Sylvia and the plump baby, Alvin, made do at home, while ten-year-old Leona—athletic and razor-sharp in school—was sent to an uncle's house to live, where, some say, she was traumatized by the six-month separation. At the age of 14, the pretty brunette—now street smart and determined to earn her own way—quit high school and modeled for four years until she met a 28-year-old lawyer, Leo Panzirer, whom she married in 1940. The couple moved to Flatbush, where Helmsley gave birth to her first and only child, Jay Robert Panzirer, on November 8, 1941. Thereafter, the marriage slowly soured as Panzirer, according to Helmsley, became more interested in law books and money than he was in his wife.

The couple divorced in 1950 and, according to Helmsley, she settled for a paltry $25 per week. In 1953, she married businessman Joe Lubin and moved up the social ladder—to a six-room apartment in Riverdale, New York. But this marriage, too, proved disastrous: Lubin claims that Helmsley "didn't give a damn about me . . . only about getting to the top. Money was her god." In 1960, she divorced once again and moved back home with her mother, penniless and depressed.

From this nadir sprung the drive to seek salvation, not in marriage but in hard work. After earning her real-estate license under the less ethnic name Leona Roberts, Helmsley funneled her ambition into converting Manhattan rentals into co-ops. Her self-esteem soared. By the late Sixties, the canny broker was earning a very comfortable living.

That's when she met legendary real-estate wizard Harry Helmsley—then 60 and married for 32 years to his Quaker wife, Eve.

> *"Startling new evidence, Dershowitz promises, 'includes . . . documented proof that the Government's theory . . . was not true and that the accountants simply failed to do their job.'"*

Harry asked Leona to work for him, but she turned him down; then, in April 1969, the two danced together at a real-estate ball, and the dapper tycoon won her over. Three years later, they were married. At the age of 52, Leona Rosenthal from Coney Island was a billionairess.

She soon became indispensable to her husband and his businesses: pampering him, offering advice on conversions and decorating their mountaintop hideaway in Phoenix, their Palm Beach apartment, their Park Lane duplex in New York and, eventually, Dunnellen Hall. On June 10, 1980, she took over Harry's entire hotel chain as president and chief operating officer.

Over the next five years, aided by a brilliant ad campaign and Hollywood chutzpah, *Helmsley became an advertising icon, stamping her photo on decks of playing cards, marshaling to perfection her flagship hotel, The Helmsley Palace ("The only palace in the world where the Queen stands guard"), and gaining a reputation as a picky, demanding tyrant, heady with position and power.*

Her world was "utopia," admits Helmsley, until tragedy struck on March 31, 1982, when her son, Jay—three times married and in poor health—died of a heart attack. Devastated, she blamed her son's third wife, Mimi, for his death and embarked on a lengthy vendetta against her—eventually ensuring that the woman received nothing from Jay's estate. Four years later, in 1986, tax-fraud charges were leveled against Helmsley and, by then, she had lost trust in nearly everyone around her and had grown hostile and suspicious.

Given that cynicism—and a gag order imposed on her during her trial—Helmsley has granted only a few print interviews, one of them earlier this year to New York Daily News *writer and syndicated columnist* **Glenn Plaskin**. *We asked Plaskin to return to The Helmsley Palace for an extended audience with the Queen; his report:*

"Although I'd met the reputed Wicked Witch of the West before, I was nervous at the prospect of seeing her again—that is, until she came to her door to receive me. As I handed her flowers, I couldn't help but be mesmerized; she was a vision in pink: perfect skin, no wrinkles, ropes of gold around her neck, a soldier's posture—and a disarming demeanor that allowed almost instant intimacy.

"At that session on the balcony of the Park Lane Hotel, we taped 40 minutes of conversation, only to discover that the machine hadn't recorded a word. Red-faced, I wanted to jump. Helmsley walked me from room to room, holding my hand, insisting it didn't matter. We'd start all over again, she told me. I'd get all the time with her I needed.

"Part brass-horn comedienne, Jewish mother and tragic heroine, Helmsley was soon pouring out her heart to me—one moment infuriated over the injustice of her conviction, the next crying over Harry's failing health (the judge deemed him physically incompetent to stand trial in the Federal case), the death of her son and the terror of her jail sentence.

"Our sessions included seven lunches at Helmsley hotels, poolside chats at the Park Lane and pastoral tours of Dunnellen on a golf cart. We'd often be joined by Harry, invigorated from his daily ballroom dancing, massage and weight training.

"'Hi, dreamboat, hi, lover . . .' Leona cooed. Then: 'Monkey, push your chair in.'

"No response.

"'Push it in.' The chair moved.

"Then the playful banter would begin:

"Leona: 'Darling, do you love me?'

"Harry: 'Well. . . .'

"Leona: 'I think you're beautiful.'

"Harry: 'That's not surprising.'

"Leona was also quick with the solo one-liners. To wit: when Harry entered the breakfast room, zipping his pants: 'Don't brag, darling!'; when I told Leona she had beautiful green eyes: 'They get that way when I'm thinking about money, honey'; as Leona bid farewell to me and cast her gaze on my dog, Katie: 'She'd make a nice coat.'

"During one session, I asked her my toughest questions: about the death of her

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son, the allegedly cooked books, the contractors who despised her, the possibility of going to jail. Not once did she dodge a question.

"In the end, I sensed in Helmsley a craving for acceptance from a public that had once loved her. 'The tide is turning,' she'd say hopefully, reading her fan mail curled up on a zebra-patterned couch in the family room.

"I began our first session by telling Helmsley that she was my first interview with a criminal."

PLAYBOY: They say you're a dangerous woman.

HELMSLEY: Very. I'm a real gangster—no, I'm the gun moll. [*Laughs*] I'm dangerous, I cheat, I do a million things. That's why I'm out on twenty-five million dollars' bail. They think I'm going to pull a heist—tuck the Empire State Building in my left pocket, the Helmsley Building in my right.

PLAYBOY: How did you pay the seven-point-one-million-dollar fine?

HELMSLEY: Cash. They wouldn't take a bond. It's disgusting. They're spending millions trying to convict me over a bra!

PLAYBOY: We'll get to your bra in a minute.

HELMSLEY: Do you know how long it took the IRS to cash my 1989 tax payment of sixty-five million dollars, or the state to cash my thirty-million-dollar check? *Three weeks!* They lost at least two hundred thousand dollars in interest. Foolish, stupid. Then they tax people for the same dollars.

PLAYBOY: This is going to be an angry conversation, isn't it?

HELMSLEY: Angry? My God, I'm *in-no-cent*!

PLAYBOY: But pronounced guilty so far in Federal court. What was your crime?

HELMSLEY: Breathing. Our crime was the name Helmsley.

PLAYBOY: Let's put it another way: Given the humiliation you've endured and the five years of scrutiny you've undergone, you've learned that——

HELMSLEY: That you shouldn't go into business, you shouldn't be a woman and, certainly, you should not be successful. You also shouldn't marry a very wealthy man. Have they said I married him for his money yet? They must have.

PLAYBOY: They have. If you were a man, how would you be treated differently?

HELMSLEY: There is definitely a double standard for men and women: When a man loses his temper, he is aggressive; I'm a pushy bitch. A man is confident and authoritative; I'm conceited and power-mad. Men don't want women getting to the top. Period. Were I a man, I would be termed an excellent executive.

Take the CBS executive who went in and fired a thousand people; he's a good businessman. I fire fifty people in eighteen years and I'm a rotten bitch.

And look at the difference in sentencing from a man to a woman. One of my neighbors in Connecticut charged off one million dollars in personal expenses to his companies. He got three years and probation. I got four years. Look at [Ivan] Boesky. He cheated. He stole from people. He got three years and was let out way before. But there isn't any Christmas spirit for me. I'm Mrs. Bonfire of the Lost Vanities. Mrs. Bonfire—that's my title. They want to put me in jail for a bra.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's elaborate on that: An IRS agent testified that your hair rollers and pins, a twelve-dollar-and-ninety-nine-cent girdle from Bloomingdale's and a ten-dollar-and-twelve-cent bra from Macy's were all billed to the Park Lane Hotel between 1983 and 1986—this along with three hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of personal goods and services, including a twenty-one-dollar subscription to a crossword-puzzle club and a fifty-eight-dollar Itty Bitty Book Light.

HELMSLEY: That was insane. I don't wear a girdle and that kind of information should have been disallowed. I don't know if those items were inadvertently charged to the business. I had three secretaries and I'm pretty busy running twenty-seven hotels, six of them in New York.

PLAYBOY: You were found guilty of evading nearly one point seven million dollars in taxes.

HELMSLEY: But I wasn't tried on the evidence; I was tried on what they think is my personality.

PLAYBOY: A malicious, devilish personality.

HELMSLEY: I'm not malicious. I may be devilish, but I'm not malicious.

PLAYBOY: Then perhaps it was your advertising campaign as "Queen of the Palace" that helped create that reputation.

HELMSLEY: I didn't think so at first; now I do. What was meant to be a tongue-in-cheek ad campaign backfired—a *joke* turned into a nightmare. People thought, Some queen. That helped set the tone of the trial.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that you believed your own hype.

HELMSLEY: I was the queen to my mother and *that's it*. I'm not a queen. Why would I deem myself one?

PLAYBOY: Power.

HELMSLEY: That's sheer nonsense. I worked as hard as anybody, if not harder. Queens don't work.

PLAYBOY: And the diamond tiara?

HELMSLEY: That was rented—for parties—and even if I owned one, it would be my husband's prerogative to give it to me. I'm not ashamed of anything I've ever done in my entire life.

PLAYBOY: So Leona Helmsley—often portrayed as a victimizer of employees—is actually a woman betrayed and victimized.

HELMSLEY: Both. And if you can find other adjectives that mean the same thing, please, that, too. I was betrayed, vilified, whatever horror you can imagine. I wouldn't have been in that courtroom had I not been a woman. There are no women in the hotel business.

PLAYBOY: Other than Ivana Trump.

HELMSLEY: Please, Ivana Trump came later. And she does not run a chain—I don't think she's running *anything*. I run these hotels, and they're good. Every one of them. They're like children. They're beautiful. I love people. I love what I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: So where did the reputation come from? You were called "the Lady Macbeth of the lodging industry" by *The New York Times* and "the Wicked Witch of the West" by [former New York mayor] Ed Koch.

HELMSLEY: Ah, yes, the wicked, wicked witch. I don't see anything wrong with firing people who aren't doing their jobs. When I caught a security guard sleeping on the job—not once but twice—I fired him. Suddenly, everyone's saying what a cruel lady I am.

PLAYBOY: And then came the famous *Newsweek* cover from August twenty-first, 1989: a picture of you alongside the three-word cover line "RHYMES WITH RICH." How did that make you feel?

HELMSLEY: I wanted to cut my wrists. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Did you find humor in that?

HELMSLEY: No. No. As a matter of fact, I didn't read it.

PLAYBOY: Then you didn't see the caricature inside the magazine of a plump queen squashing one of her subjects beneath her foot. [*Shows her the cartoon*]

HELMSLEY: I never saw that. [*Proudly*] They certainly gave me big bazooms.

PLAYBOY: And a pretty bad image.

HELMSLEY: OK, it was a mistake going high-profile as a queen in the ads. It was all taken out of context. I know I'm not royalty, except to my husband. An executive's attitude is, Do it my way or get out! This is not a queen's attitude. Nobody bowed to me.

PLAYBOY: But many were fearful of you. Do you have a temper?

HELMSLEY: Yes, I have a temper! Why wouldn't I have a temper? I'm normal. You scratch me, you bet I scratch back.

PLAYBOY: It's alleged to be a killing temper.

HELMSLEY: Do you see any dead bodies lying around? If my employees are not doing their jobs, they *should* be afraid, because they're going to be fired. My hotels are immaculate—and with all the nonsense thrown at me, never once did anybody knock my hotels.

My hotels shine. Would you like dirty ashtrays and the smell of smoke when you walk into my lobbies? Do you want to sleep in a dirty bed? If that takes making my employees fearful, then, yes, I'm mean. It's their job to mop the floors, to serve in the dining room, to clean the kitchen. If they don't want to, they don't have to take the job. This is the United States of America.

PLAYBOY: Why did Joyce Beber of Beber-Silverstein, your former ad agency, say, "Good luck to whoever takes on her case"?

HELMSLEY: Beber's an animal. I made those broads rich.

PLAYBOY: But they did a great job on those "Queen of the Palace" ads.

HELMSLEY: [*Shouts*] It was not her brain! It was me. I fired her! Yes, sir, if I *were* the queen, you could say I gave her the *royal flush*!

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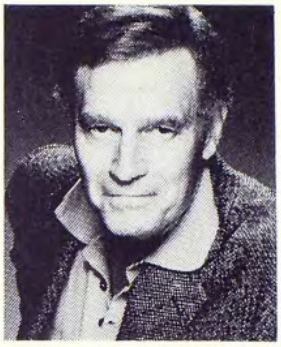

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PLAYBOY: Final chapter.

HELMSLEY: She went to work for Trump and he fired her, too!

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the sexism issue. You've said that being a woman makes you an easy target. For what?

HELMSLEY: For being maligned. Anything and everything. And the women's movement really is so negligible—I never believed in it.

PLAYBOY: You're not a feminist, then?

HELMSLEY: I never thought of myself that way—always felt you earned what you deserved. But this case sure has changed my mind. Now I'm a big feminist. I think women are getting it in the neck. Would the banks dealing with Donald Trump give me a break on the interest on a two-billion-dollar loan? A woman? I don't think so. If a woman is successful, she'd better duck, because they'll be out to get her. I was the first, the *only* woman, to be the president of a major hotel chain, running more than two dozen top-grade hotels. Well, that did it. [*Angrily*] I was *framed*!

PLAYBOY: Framed?

HELMSLEY: I was framed, honey—framed, baby. And now we're going to *prove* it.

PLAYBOY: Why would someone frame you?

HELMSLEY: Because *I'm Leona Helmsley*! [Former Federal prosecutor] Rudolph Giuliani needed a political steppingstone to run for mayor, so he chose me! And [New York State attorney general] Robert Abrams helped him along. They returned practically identical indictments—one for the Federal Government, one for the state—on the same day. Wasn't that a coincidence? I'd like to have an investigation of Giuliani's life. He's weird. There's something very evil about this man. Thank God he's lost his power base.

Also, the Government never did an appropriate audit before indicting me. Can you believe that? Ask a hundred tax auditors whether they've ever heard of a case in which a criminal prosecution was brought for tax evasion without an audit. But that would have taken one year and Giuliani didn't have a year. When my own lawyers finally did the audit, we discovered an overpayment. Had Giuliani not insisted on bringing the indictment before his decision to run for mayor, there would have been no indictment!

PLAYBOY: New York State judge John A. K. Bradley threw out a hundred and eighty of the original charges against you.

HELMSLEY: Right. But after making such a hoopla, how are they going to save face? The whole thing is crazy. They are out to destroy the Helmsley name!

PLAYBOY: Your husband, Harry, is better liked than you, true?

HELMSLEY: There's no question about that. But he's married to me. And now look what they've done to him.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you blame Harry's physical condition on the courts?

HELMSLEY: There's no question that Harry would never, ever have had a stroke if they hadn't been hounding us for five years. All from stress. Throughout the entire summer, the Government insisted Harry could still stand trial. Please.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible he could testify?

HELMSLEY: He is not capable of aiding in his own defense. First of all, the man is eighty-one years old, God love him. To go to trial would kill him. It almost killed *me* and I haven't had a ministroke. Harry has a dangerous level of labile hypertension. As soon as he has the slightest stress, his pressure goes way up. Another stroke could kill him. Leave the man alone!

PLAYBOY: Does Harry know what's going on, does he read the newspapers?

HELMSLEY: I rip out the pages that say anything about me. Wherever there's a hole, that's where my name was. I rip to protect him. Still, the prosecution knows I love Harry, so they're trying to hold him hostage.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HELMSLEY: The government prosecutor wanted me to plea bargain—plead guilty to two felonies in exchange for leaving Harry alone. I said, "What's a felony? I'm not guilty and I will *not* plead guilty to something I didn't do."

"Would the banks dealing with Donald Trump give me a break on the interest on a two-billion-dollar loan? A woman? I don't think so."

PLAYBOY: But you *were* found guilty for cheating the government out of the one point seven million dollars.

HELMSLEY: Ludicrous. We paid three hundred and fifty million dollars during the period in question. I'd like to find five other people in the country paying those kinds of taxes. Harry Helmsley has a hundred and twenty accountants! They work on tax returns that can fill up a building. I get cramps signing them. I stink in math; I run hotels.

Do you think I'm capable of doing an income-tax return for income of half a billion dollars? My lawyers can now prove—I said *prove*—that all invoices, including the so-called dummied ones, were turned over to our accountants. The Government claims our accountants never knew. In fact, my lawyers have proved that I *overpaid* my taxes for the years in question. There's a refund due of between twenty-one thousand dollars and four hundred seventy-seven thousand dollars annually for each of those years. If it's a crime to overpay on your taxes, that's my crime: I overpaid.

PLAYBOY: But let's face it: You must have known something about the way your finances were organized; you're not a stupid woman.

HELMSLEY: Do you think that I do the income-tax returns? The out-of-house accountants were supposed to sort out the personal from the business, and my lawyers will prove they didn't do it properly.

PLAYBOY: Would you gladly correct any mistakes, if any were made?

HELMSLEY: Of course.

PLAYBOY: Before her acquittal, Imelda Marcos spoke passionately about her vindication, suggesting that life without honor or a good name is empty. True?

HELMSLEY: Very true—Asian mentality, but it's also the way I think. But even if I were acquitted, I think I would appeal the entire thing.

PLAYBOY: But can you ever really get back your good name?

HELMSLEY: Yes. Of course. I've been vilified for no reason. I walk down the street and every head turns wherever I go. I think I'm the best-known face in the world. It's ridiculous. They know me in Australia, in Tahiti, every place in the world. Now they're going to know the truth.

PLAYBOY: *Newsweek* conjectured that the IRS is exploiting your case as a warning for would-be tax cheats.

HELMSLEY: Baloney! Baloney! I am not a would-be tax cheat, or any other kind. Show me how I cheated when I paid close to one hundred million dollars in taxes this year alone. I'm a cheat? If everybody paid their taxes that way, the national debt would be wiped out!

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's run down some of the details of your case. In *The Queen of Mean*, Ransdell Pierson outlines a complex money-laundering and invoice-signing scheme that enabled you to charge personal items to your New York properties.

HELMSLEY: He thinks he's Dick Tracy. It's a lie. Ransdell Pierson, Pierson Ransdell, whatever. Never trust anybody with two first names. Here's a sleazy little reporter who didn't have a quarter to his name, couldn't rub two nickels together and never interviewed me. You know, this little boy wore a sweater originally. He made millions on me.

PLAYBOY: According to Pierson, you're a vindictive bitch, a criminal, a woman disloyal to her own family and a liar.

HELMSLEY: How dare such a piece of slime concoct all these lies? Just to make money? He had the temerity to say that I'm insecure because of my childhood. Is he a psychiatrist now? He harassed and hounded people. He had a good time. And all you suckers—all you suckers went along with him. Just to hear lies. This lowlife took the tragedy of my son's dying and made money from it. How dare you do this? You disgusting piece of garbage! That's what you are!

PLAYBOY: But it wasn't only Pierson who leveled charges against you: *New York Newsday* crucified you as "QUEEN OF THE JEWS," *New York* magazine called you "QUEEN KONG," *People* dubbed you "DRAGON LADY" and *Manhattan, Inc.* ran the headline, "GREEDY, GREEDY, GREEDY." If you're such a sweetheart, how did you get such a rotten reputation?

HELMSLEY: I got that reputation by hiring a lawyer [Gerald A. Feffer of Williams & Connolly] who called me a bitch himself—in court! What kind of bitch was I when he collected all that money from me for his fee?

PLAYBOY: What did Feffer do to earn that fee?

HELMSLEY: I'd like to know, too. And he not only called me a bitch but also shouted my *age* in court; I've been lying about my age and he blew it in one second. I didn't know that was coming, either. Suddenly, everyone's calling his defense of me the "bitch defense." I'd call it "the worst defense of all time."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you insist on testifying for yourself?

HELMSLEY: [*Shouts*] I have never been in this position before! I was *ignorant*, not stupid. I'd never been indicted before; I'd never even had a parking ticket.

PLAYBOY: New York State supreme court judge Bradley said, "It has long been a concern of the public that white-collar criminals not be coddled by the criminal-justice system." Were you coddled?

HELMSLEY: [*Laughs*] What do you think? I'm a hot potato. It's difficult for me to get justice done, because so much has been written about me.

PLAYBOY: Difficult, but not impossible.

HELMSLEY: Look: Horrible publicity, prosecutors using the case for their own political motives and a lawyer who did not defend me strongly enough—all of that made it difficult, OK?

PLAYBOY: All right, let's back up a bit. Much of your trouble began when *The New York Times* published your immunized 1985 testimony about your alleged tax evasion. According to the *Times* report, you purchased at least four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry from Van Cleef & Arpels, which then sent empty boxes to your Florida home while you walked out with the jewelry to avoid paying the sales tax, which would have amounted to approximately forty thousand dollars.

HELMSLEY: That is not true. I was promised immunity, which means that that testimony was sacrosanct. Violating that testimony was a disgrace; it should not have been leaked. But it was.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

HELMSLEY: The Government—for the purpose of indicting me so that Mr. Giuliani could run for mayor.

PLAYBOY: But let's move beyond that. Doesn't the testimony itself show that, perhaps, you're a little bit of a crook?

HELMSLEY: I am not a little bit of a crook in any shape, manner or form. To start with, I did nothing wrong with Van Cleef & Arpels. Let's say I go into a jewelry store and I see a ten-thousand-dollar ring and I say, "I don't want to pay ten thousand dollars. I want a special price." He says, "OK, I'll give it to you for eight." I say, "You have a deal." Well, the invoice says, SPECIAL PRICE: EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS. Am I supposed to say to this man, "You know, you forgot to put on sales tax"? I'm not supposed to say that.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you——

HELMSLEY: The special price includes sales tax. In my hotels, if I don't put sales tax on, I'm responsible for it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you find it odd when empty jewelry boxes were mailed to your Palm Beach home?

HELMSLEY: Absolutely not. I never educated them on how to send empty boxes. But suddenly, I read the front page of the *New York Post*: "HELMSLEY SCAM BARED."

PLAYBOY: That was the story in which Pierson trumpeted his findings, which led directly to——

"It's absolutely absurd to think that I was the mastermind of a tax-fraud scheme. I'm not a mathematician; I can't even add!"

HELMSLEY: The whole thing.

PLAYBOY: So you're not a crook?

HELMSLEY: No, I am not a crook. I'm an honest, honorable person. My constitutional rights were usurped. Tomorrow, yours may be. Or yours or yours or yours.

PLAYBOY: Among those testifying against you in court was Milton Meckler, executive vice-president of Deco Purchasing and Distributing Company, a Helmsley subsidiary that did all the purchasing for your hotels. He says that at one point, you ordered six hundred RCA TVs for your hotels and demanded that three free ones be delivered to your Connecticut home, Dunnellen Hall.

HELMSLEY: Ridiculous! There was no extortion.

PLAYBOY: Yet Meckler also says that Deco became your own little store, that you ordered anything you needed personally for your house—one point one million dollars' worth of merchandise in all.

HELMSLEY: What is it to him? I can order from my own firm. And I paid hotel prices. Yes, I ordered through Deco. But I had nothing to do with how the merchandise was charged.

PLAYBOY: So how does that explain the elaborate description in Pierson's book of the way in which the books were allegedly cooked with this Deco merchandise?

HELMSLEY: Oh, come off it. I didn't do any of that. If I wanted to do something devious, I wouldn't order it through Deco, would I? No, darling. I would have gone directly to a supplier and said, "Listen, I want this or that. . . ." But I don't need the money. Don't you understand, all of you? They had me down as greedy. Naked greed. Do you know what a million dollars is to a Harry Helmsley? Like a dollar to you.

PLAYBOY: You're saying you never charged personal merchandise and furnishings to Harry's company—on the sly?

HELMSLEY: Never. Frank Turco [Harry Helmsley's former chief financial officer] would say, "We have to pay for this chair." I would say, "Did we get the chair?" "Yes." "Sure, sign it." Now what *happened* with the invoice afterward I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What about the testimony that white-out was used on invoices initialed by you?

HELMSLEY: I had never heard of a white-out in my life. A white-out? A green-out? A brown-out? I don't know of these things. I wasn't brought up that way.

PLAYBOY: Frank Turco and Joseph Licari [another former chief financial officer] eventually went to jail. If they were guilty, and they were working for you——

HELMSLEY: That does not make me guilty at all, just because they went to jail. I did not know what Mr. Turco was doing. But I'm sure if you checked the bank accounts of those who worked for me, you'd find they did very well by us.

Oh, yes, yes. Turco is not a nice man. We are the aggrieved party. We are the victims.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever forgive Turco?

HELMSLEY: [*Sighs*] I forgive everybody, but I don't want him near me, OK?

PLAYBOY: Some say that you were at the center of the scam.

HELMSLEY: That's ridiculous. My employees used an autopen machine programed to sign my name on dummy invoices. In other words, somebody was signing my name to a lot of things. In fact, someone in one of the offices was bragging that he could sign my name better than I could! And they say I was at the core of the conspiracy? The Helmsley empire is a large and very complex group of entities. It's absolutely absurd to think that I was the mastermind of a tax-fraud scheme. I'm not a mathematician; I can't even *add*! And why would I be greedy? I have enough money for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Moving on, please tell us about the forty-five-thousand-six-hundred-and-eighty-one-dollar Helmsley Building clock that was given to your husband as a birthday present. That's an expensive clock.

HELMSLEY: It was a gift.

PLAYBOY: But taken as a tax deduction.

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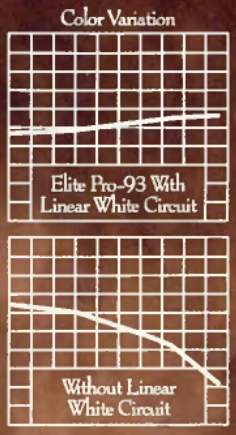

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HELMSLEY: How do *I* know? I just bought the clock.

PLAYBOY: And somebody paid the bill.

HELMSLEY: Yeah, I paid it. I don't know what happened to it from there. Do you think I follow a trail of paper? It's a big company. Harry had pay checks for thirty-eight thousand people every single month, and I'm going to say, "Who paid for this clock? Did you take a tax deduction?" This is nonsense!

PLAYBOY: What was your former secretary doing during all of this?

HELMSLEY: Ahhhh. There were two checking accounts in my office: household and business. When I ordered the Itty Bitty Book Light, for example, my secretary should have known to use the household account.

PLAYBOY: But it was more than the book light: Also charged to the business were tens of thousands of dollars' worth of Ferragamo shoes and designer clothing, a seventeen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fox stole, twenty-nine-hundred-dollar cuff links, fourteen hundred and thirty-six dollars for swimwear, pricey underwear from Saks and, of course, the ten-dollar-and-twelve-cent bra from Macy's.

HELMSLEY: I'm entitled to buy what I want.

PLAYBOY: So what you're really saying is, "Look, I bought the stuff, but don't blame me for who charged it."

HELMSLEY: Exactly right. You happen to have hit on it. Mr. Helmsley would get the bills at the end of the year and he would send his personal check to cover all such expenses.

PLAYBOY: Your secretary was a witness for the prosecution. Do you feel betrayed when people you've been kind to testify against you?

HELMSLEY: No, I don't. I walk away from people who hurt me. It's like the world stops, I get off and walk away. Leave me alone. That's it.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the allegedly cooked invoices, there were dresses costing two thousand dollars charged to the Park Lane Hotel as "uniforms"; there was five hundred thousand dollars' worth of jade figurines decorating Dunnellen and charged to four of your Manhattan hotels as "antique furniture"; there was a one-hundred-thirty-thousand-dollar stereo system for Dunnellen, written off as a security system for the Helmsley Building. The list goes on.

HELMSLEY: [The public] is mad at the numbers. But I think I've earned it. I don't have paintings in my home for ten million dollars. I was simply furnishing a home. I love music, wanted a good stereo system and, for our income, I don't think a one-hundred-thirty-thousand-dollar indoor-outdoor stereo system is extravagant. Our income is enormous.

Harry paid eleven million dollars *cash* for Dunnellen and, because we do business in the house, fifty percent of that purchase price was deductible, and fifty percent of *all renovations and furnishings* were also deductible—including that infamous jade water buffalo.

PLAYBOY: But one could argue that although you didn't need to save the money, you wanted to, anyway.

HELMSLEY: [*Shouts*] No! We're *good citizens*! We have given a hundred and forty-three million dollars to charities over the past fifteen years. We are not sitting on our money! Take a look at the Helmsley Medical Tower, at the Harry B. Helmsley Medical Research Building, at a floor at Roosevelt Hospital, at the Helmsley Cardiovascular Center, you name it.

PLAYBOY: If you skimmed even one penny, even inadvertently, does the Government have a right to put you in jail?

HELMSLEY: No. The Government has a right to say they disallow it and I should pay it.

PLAYBOY: But they can put you in jail if they can prove that you purposely planned the whole caper.

HELMSLEY: Do you think that with a hundred and twenty accountants, I have the kind of mind to conspire?

PLAYBOY: Presiding over your Federal case was Judge John M. Walker, Jr., who happens to be the first cousin of President George Bush. After your trial was over, Bush promoted Walker to the Second Circuit Court, right?

"I was simply furnishing a home. I love music . . . and, for our income, I don't think a one-hundred-thirty-thousand-dollar indoor-outdoor stereo system is extravagant."

HELMSLEY: I was a good steppingstone.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your sentencing.

HELMSLEY: All they needed was knitting needles in that courtroom. Walker had a typewritten speech all prepared the day I was sentenced.

PLAYBOY: Like a political candidate.

HELMSLEY: Exactly right. He made me demean myself.

PLAYBOY: How?

HELMSLEY: By making me beg for mercy for my Harry. I told him that I'd lost my son, that Harry needed me and to please, please not make me lose Harry, too.

PLAYBOY: Was he sympathetic?

HELMSLEY: No. He had his speech all prepared. He talked about naked greed. I'm not greedy, I'm philanthropic. People talk about Donald Trump giving the city of New York jobs, but in 1989, did he pay sixty-five million dollars in Federal taxes, plus thirty million dollars in state tax? That's mostly personal tax—not corporate. It's mind-boggling.

PLAYBOY: Still, Judge Walker fumed that you were not repentant, that you "persisted in the arrogant belief that you were above the law."

HELMSLEY: What should I repent? I haven't done anything wrong. I'm in the middle of a nightmare. I did not have a fair trial.

PLAYBOY: To complicate matters, your jury had to comprise New Yorkers who knew nothing about Leona and Harry Helmsley.

HELMSLEY: Which was impossible. They'd have to be literally dead or illiterates without televisions.

PLAYBOY: So your jury was brain-dead?

HELMSLEY: They were ignorant, not stupid. There's a difference. An ignorant jury is suicide. Had they understood the overpayment-of-tax issue, there would have been an acquittal. But the jury didn't understand it.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your sentencing and Walker's use of the term naked greed.

HELMSLEY: Spare me the psychiatry.

PLAYBOY: Are you greedy?

HELMSLEY: How could I be greedy? In food? I'm not that fat. In charity? Look at the donations we've made.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it was a simple matter of personality. Even your present attorneys admit that one reason your sentence was so tough was that nobody likes you.

HELMSLEY: Nobody *liked* me—past tense. The press detested me because I wasn't letting them do their job; the judge put out a gag order, I followed it and then the press said I was arrogant for not talking to them. And after the gag order was lifted, I opened my mouth and had thousands upon thousands of supportive letters.

PLAYBOY: The most devastating blow delivered at your trial was the testimony of your former housekeeper Elizabeth Baum, who claimed that you said, "We don't pay taxes; only the little people pay taxes."

HELMSLEY: That doesn't sound like anything I would say. Can you imagine me sitting down with all my help and asking, "What do you pay in taxes?" And them saying, "What do *you* pay?" Let me tell you about Elizabeth Baum: She came to Dunnellen to work as a housekeeper, asked if her daughter could stay for dinner, and the girl never left—that is, until I fired her mother. The daughter lived in my house with her stinky cats. I finally kicked her out; enough was enough. So I guess Elizabeth Baum didn't like me very much. She testified like the Statue of Liberty, with one arm extended. It was a joke.

PLAYBOY: According to Gerald Kadish, former vice-president of your Harley Hotel chain, "Leona always suspected that everyone was screwing her, that there wasn't one honest person out there." True or false?

HELMSLEY: Huh! I like to be kissed if I'm being screwed.

PLAYBOY: He also claimed that you'd brag, "I'm so wealthy and beautiful."

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HELMSLEY: I never said I was beautiful in my life. I don't feel that I'm that beautiful today. I'm not beautiful.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't require that twelve pictures of you be in every hotel room?

HELMSLEY: That's the biggest lie. I hate extra things in the room.

PLAYBOY: How about the charge that you brandish the vocabulary of a stevedore, using four-letter words with your employees?

HELMSLEY: Never.

PLAYBOY: Never? You didn't typically call employees idiots?

HELMSLEY: Never. I have different words. . . .

PLAYBOY: Like what?

HELMSLEY: [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Are you pushy, arrogant?

HELMSLEY: I don't think I'm arrogant. Pushy? A businesswoman is pushy. I'm a businesswoman.

PLAYBOY: So you're pushy.

HELMSLEY: I guess I'm pushy.

PLAYBOY: According to one report, you would become enraged when you saw water droplets on lettuce in your hotels, and that on one occasion, you nearly went into a convulsion, spraying the faces of waiters with the lettuce in hand. True?

HELMSLEY: Oh, please, the waiters had nothing to do with the lettuce; if there was anything wrong with the lettuce, I would talk to the chefs in the kitchen. And, no, lettuce isn't supposed to be wet in a good restaurant; it should be dry and crisp and perfectly clean.

PLAYBOY: Like your homes.

HELMSLEY: I don't see anything wrong with people being neat and clean.

PLAYBOY: So you're a clean queen?

HELMSLEY: Well, I have a system, but I don't think it's a crime to be clean.

PLAYBOY: Are you picky?

HELMSLEY: No! Absolutely not!

PLAYBOY: Compulsive?

HELMSLEY: I'm not compulsive, but I watch details. I'm always paying attention to them. Details, details, details: A mirror should be placed perfectly; a piece of soap is where it should be; a towel is where it should be; A-one food. I'm in that kitchen to see what they're doing, and we're always experimenting. That's what we're good at. If somebody is allergic to feathers, you can bet your bottom dollar he will never get that feather pillow again—even if he comes back a hundred times.

PLAYBOY: Let's continue with some of your former employees' charges. From your former butler Carlos Bedoya: "She wanted everyone to work all the time. She would inspect every room every day. If she saw a spot or a wrinkle, she'd scream, 'This is dirty! You stupid!'"

HELMSLEY: Please! He called me recently. "Hello, Mrs. Helmsley," he said. "I always thought you were so beautiful. . . ." He was trying to make out with me on the phone! He must think I'm a jerk.

PLAYBOY: Bedoya said that in his six months of employment, he trained at least fifteen employees and none stayed because you screamed all the time.

HELMSLEY: Maybe sometimes I scream. Is that enough to put me in jail for four years?

PLAYBOY: There was also the comment, "When she was away, all we ate was rice and pizza, because she didn't leave any food for us."

HELMSLEY: Oh, my God! I would *never* stint on food! Never! Go look at their freezer. They make a list every week and a truck delivers whatever they concoct—not what I like, what they like. Ask them. Ask them.

PLAYBOY: How about the story of those four little lambs that you sent off to slaughter after they were pictured grazing at Dunnellen in Mike Wallace's 1985 *60 Minutes* profile of you?

HELMSLEY: First, lamb is high cholesterol, and I'm on a low-cholesterol diet. [*Laughs*] I gave them to a contractor on the premises and said, "Please, will you take care of them?" He said, "OK." What eventually happened to them I don't know.

PLAYBOY: And the story about your daily laps in the swimming pool, in which you allegedly instructed your butler to pop a shrimp into your mouth as a reward for every lap you swam?

HELMSLEY: [*Angrily*] Oh, please, it's a total lie. My God, look at the stories concocted about me. Why am I so important? What have I done?

PLAYBOY: It has also been said that you have a long history of stiffing contractors—that

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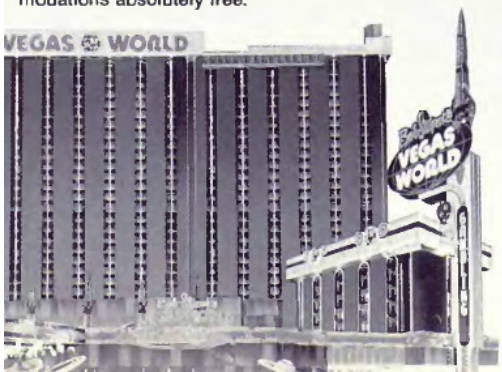

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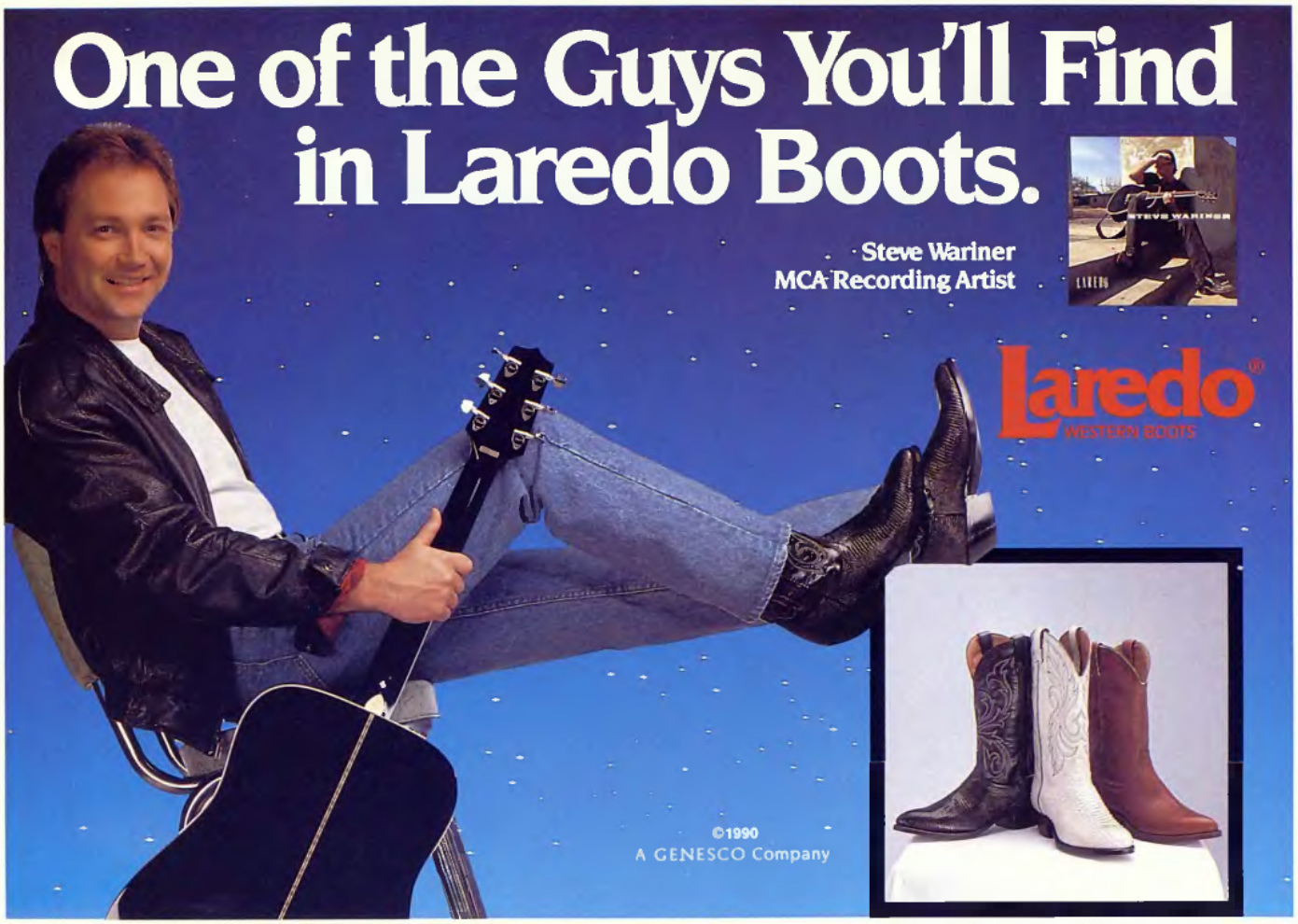


you're impossible to please and you don't like to pay up.

HELMSLEY: That's a lie. I overpaid on every one of the goddamn jobs.

PLAYBOY: The renovations at Dunnellen, for instance, cost more than three million dollars. They included the stereo system, a one-point-two-million-dollar swimming-pool enclosure and an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar Spanish-marble dance floor.

HELMSLEY: Listen to me. For the taxes he pays, Harry Helmsley is entitled to a very nice home. We don't flash. We worked very hard for it. We've earned it. We don't have yachts. We don't have a big summer home.

PLAYBOY: But Pierson says you thrive on materialistic pursuits.

HELMSLEY: Please! He's no journalist. He's a sleaze.

PLAYBOY: A sleaze?

HELMSLEY: A real sleaze, yes. He's a sleaze.

PLAYBOY: He says you're not easy to please. For instance, there was a problem with your former painting contractor, Jay Nickberger?

HELMSLEY: Mr. Nickberger is a filthy little worm! Ask anybody about him. I kept warning him about his outrageous prices. I said, "The diamond pinkie ring and the watch are going to go unless you straighten out." He was just a house painter and I gave him millions in contracts to paint every room in my hotels. I'm good to people, then they get too big for their breeches.

PLAYBOY: According to Jerry McCarthy, former vice-president of engineering at Helmsley-Spear, you hired another contractor to build a barbecue pit but refused to pay his bill. When told he had six kids to feed, you answered, "Why doesn't he keep his pants on?"

HELMSLEY: I'll tell you why the contractor didn't get paid. He charged thirteen thousand dollars for work on a barbecue pit and, no, I didn't want to pay those prices; I want to pay what everybody else pays. As for the six kids, let's stop the bull: All I said was, "Tell him to keep his fly zipped." So what?

PLAYBOY: All of this brings us back to Gerald Kadish's charge that perhaps you really do believe everyone is out to screw you.

HELMSLEY: Well, wouldn't you say that I'm justified? I'm a very firm believer that a liar is a cheat and a thief and a crook. I don't like liars. I never lie. I always told my own child, "If you murder somebody, tell me. I'll help you hide the body. But don't you lie to me."

PLAYBOY: So whom do you trust now?

HELMSLEY: Harry Helmsley.

PLAYBOY: Anybody else?

HELMSLEY: Edward Brady, director of security; my lawyers; my secretary Hubie; and Barbara, my housekeeper. They've proven themselves to me.

PLAYBOY: And beyond those few, you're a woman betrayed.

HELMSLEY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you getting any special treatment because you happen to be rich?

HELMSLEY: Yes, I absolutely am. They're *crucifying* me.

PLAYBOY: Like Marie Antoinette.

HELMSLEY: Yes. Except they're not using a very sharp blade.

PLAYBOY: You know, you're not the only billionaire having problems these days. Look at Donald Trump.

HELMSLEY: I won't say anything bad about him. If somebody's down, you don't kick him.

PLAYBOY: A nice sentiment, but one that's not being returned: Donald Trump has called you "a disgrace to humanity" and "a vicious, horrible woman who systematically destroyed the Helmsley name."

HELMSLEY: Oh, and I'm sure that his father, a respectable man in real estate, is enthralled with what his son has done to *his* name. He's smeared it. I wouldn't believe Donald Trump if his tongue was notarized. I don't know what he wants from me. He's obsessed with me—crazy—and yet he modeled his wife on me. When Ivana came into my bedroom, she called Scalamandre Silks and told them she wanted *everything* exactly the way I had it. And the Trumps were always the first to R.S.V.P. to my "Wild About Harry" parties.

PLAYBOY: How did they act at those parties?

HELMSLEY: I noticed that Ivana would not stay near me for any length of time—

though Donald would. I think Ivana felt insignificant.

PLAYBOY: Donald Trump said that you had "brought businesswomen twenty years backward" and some say that the difference between you and Ivana is that she charms employees and that you badger them.

HELMSLEY: Then why does she try to imitate me?

PLAYBOY: Does she? After all, you look completely different.

HELMSLEY: I don't mean her looks, thank God. Ivana's not a Leona, Trump's not a Harry. But they tried. We have a Palace, he opened the Castle; we bought Dunnellen, he bought Mar-a-Lago; Harry made me president, Donald made Ivana president. Now he says she was just a figurehead.

Ivana tries hard, she gets an A for effort. But I don't think she knows what she's doing. I'm constantly getting letters from people who stayed at the Plaza, telling me it's awful. Meanwhile, my hotels are impeccable. And what Donald Trump says doesn't hurt me.

PLAYBOY: Not even his comment "She's a living nightmare, and to be married to her must be like living in hell"?

HELMSLEY: Well, that's real sweet. But true to nature, isn't it? He's a sick, sick, sick, sick boy. He lies—for his own benefit, of course. He paid Harry seventy-eight million for the St. Moritz Hotel but claimed to have paid only thirty million dollars! The nerve of this s.o.b., the skunk. His wife was in London last summer shopping for antiques; is he going to deduct that trip from his taxes? I bought a bra and got four years.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take so long for anyone to look into his books?

HELMSLEY: Good connections, I guess. Meanwhile, I've never given a quarter in political contributions and won't. He says he employs fifteen thousand people in the city of New York; I doubt it. But now he's in court on charges that he had undocumented Polish immigrants working for him and sleeping on the cement floors of Trump Tower. That's a horror! [In court, Trump denied knowledge of undocumented workers.]

PLAYBOY: Trump has often been referred to as the next Harry Helmsley.

HELMSLEY: Oh, please! Donald Trump is no Harry Helmsley. Can you imagine Harry assuming two billion dollars in debt and guaranteeing five hundred million dollars of it personally? Egomaniac. Just plain stupid. All so he could have his little airplane, his little hotel and his little boat. He's great at playing O.P.M.—other people's money. Why not? It's not his. Then the egomaniac has the nerve to think that putting his name on everything makes it better. You watch: He's going to be left flat on his can and it couldn't happen to a nicer person.

PLAYBOY: Precisely how are Donald Trump and Harry Helmsley different?

HELMSLEY: No comparison. One is night, one is day. One is gorgeous—my Harry—and one isn't. And Harry has humility, which is a thousand light-years away from Trump's ego.

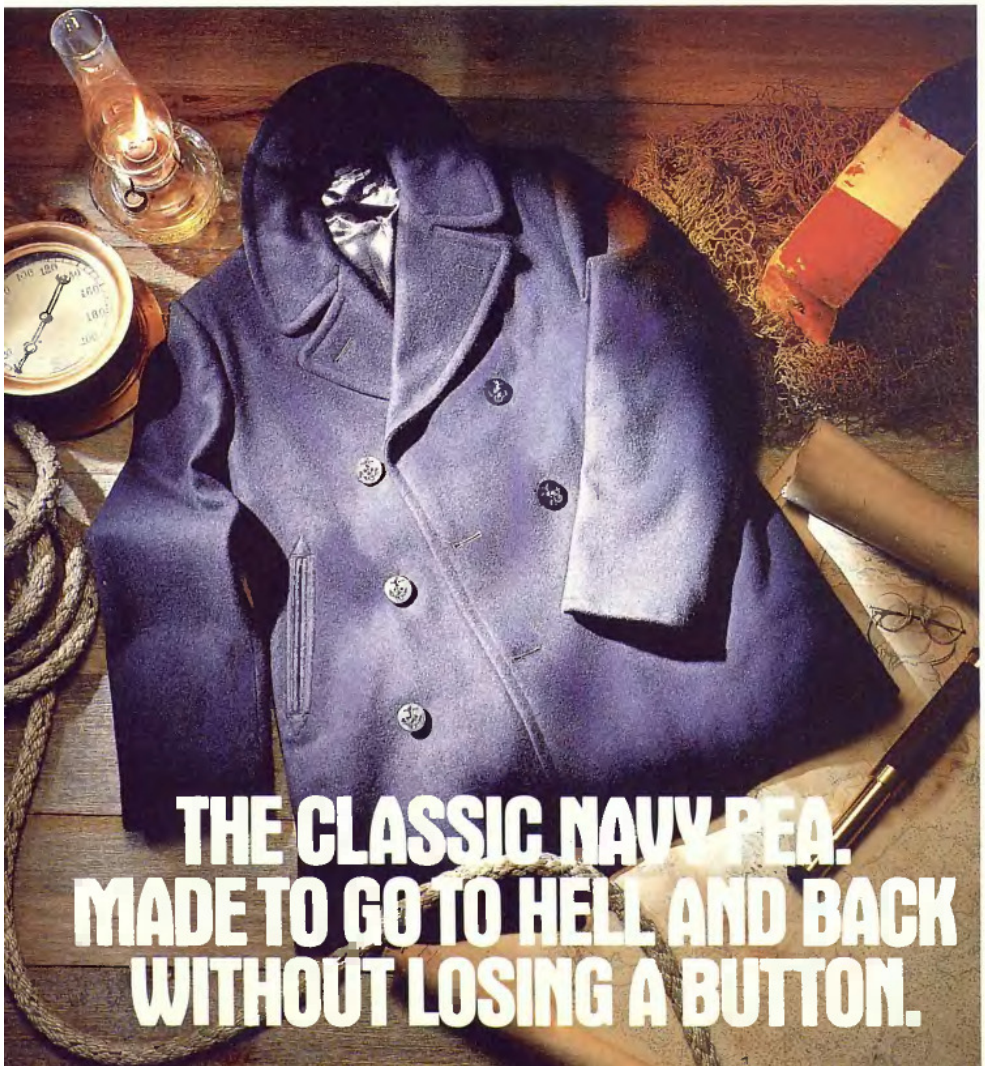
Whatever we did, Trump tried to imitate us. Every time we'd go to a function, Trump would try to sidle up to Harry so he would have an air of respectability. He thought of himself as a young Harry Helmsley. I finally told him that could never happen. He couldn't be a Harry Helmsley in ten trillion years.

PLAYBOY: What doesn't he know about being a businessman?

HELMSLEY: How to be a gentleman, that's for certain. His style is to scare people into doing things. Harry, meanwhile, did everything quietly and with class—he's a Quaker. He always said, "I will try to outsmart thee, but I will not cheat thee." And that's what he practiced. You don't see any banks running after *us*, do you? Why doesn't someone start checking into *Trump's* finances? That would be a real pip, because he's been supporting Marpa Meeple, Marlo Mipple, whatever her name is.

PLAYBOY: Some analysts predict that as real-estate values rise, so will Trump.

HELMSLEY: Please, he's gotta go down. He's gotta be so leveraged out it isn't even funny. He created a myth with other people's money. Now he has no control over anything and the banks are probably going to



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make him sell the Plaza and the [Trump] Shuttle. In fact, he tried to sell forty-nine percent of one of his properties, but what kind of jerk is going to put up all that money and let him be the boss? He still believes in the tooth fairy.

No, he'll never come out of it. Everybody knows he's in trouble. And they're rubbing they're hands with glee.

PLAYBOY: Why is everyone so delighted at his troubles?

HELMSLEY: Because he's a snake, that's why. He blew his horn so much everybody was just waiting for this—because when things were good, he hit everybody. Well, now he doesn't have any money. If Ivana gets *one* million dollars, she'll be lucky.

But Ivana is having a good time—buying. She spent thirty-five thousand dollars on a Lacroix gown. Holy cow, it was ugly. I wouldn't wear it. She's a mess. The most I've spent on a gown is three thousand dollars—and *that* dress came with a coat!

PLAYBOY: Still, Trump gives millions each year to charity.

HELMSLEY: That miserable s.o.b., that little bastard. He gives away air; ice in the wintertime is what he gives away. Meanwhile, we just gave a hundred thousand dollars to the city for park benches—and they asked for only five thousand. We also lit the Empire State Building for gays this year; we did it in lavender. That cost us a lot of money, because we had to buy lavender lights, install them, the whole thing. But they called, they wanted it and, of course, I did it. Why not?

PLAYBOY: Last December, Ivana said her husband has to hold on to his money, that he can't give away more than two million dollars a year, because he's still young and growing in business.

HELMSLEY: Oh, stop it. Do you think that Harry Helmsley waited till he was eighty to give away money? That's ridiculous. And now Trump's *favorite* charity is Marble Maple, Maple Marble, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Should Ivana have settled for the twenty-five million dollars guaranteed in the prenuptial agreement?

HELMSLEY: I doubt that Trump ever had the twenty-five million dollars to give her—and he won't be able to get rid of her! I don't blame her; she's not going to settle. After twelve years of marriage—twelve years of her being business partner, wife and mother—he certainly owes her much more than twenty-five million dollars.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in prenuptial agreements?

HELMSLEY: No. My Harry tried that—said I would get two million dollars if we divorced—and I handed him back the engagement ring. I wouldn't accept his calls for fourteen days. It broke my heart to do it, but why get married? Fourteen days later, he came back. I made him get on his knees and he proposed. Marriage doesn't come with an insurance policy.

PLAYBOY: What are your objections?

HELMSLEY: The reasons are twofold: First, I think it gives a woman an incentive to be insincere—for example, because she knows she ain't going to get more than the bottom line, she will squirrel money away. Second, you don't have a business arrangement in an emotional relationship.

PLAYBOY: Not even when billions of dollars are involved?

HELMSLEY: What difference does it make?

PLAYBOY: So let's say in the second year of your marriage, Harry had wanted to divorce you. Would he have had to give you half his money?

HELMSLEY: Why would he want to divorce me? And, no, I wouldn't expect half for two years of marriage. I would expect to get my million dollars back that I gave him when we married. That's it.

PLAYBOY: And as for Donald and Ivana?

HELMSLEY: There's nothing deader than a dead love.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

HELMSLEY: Meaning Trump should have left Ivana if he didn't love her. But the way it was done—publicly—was disgusting. I mean locking her out of the Plaza was just unfair. I think she's really tried to be a very good wife to him.

PLAYBOY: Still, you have to give him credit for honesty in leaving his wife for the woman he loves.

HELMSLEY: Isn't that touching? Maypo Marla, Marla Mipple. Last year, she earned next to nothing and spent a fortune. She

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sure makes a buck stretch, huh? I wonder who paid the rest. Her suite at the St. Moritz was paid for by you-know-who. I also hear that she goes crazy over seafood, so he put an oyster bar in the Taj Mahal for her; that he's now fixing up an apartment for her at the Regency in Atlantic City; and that he's been picking up her credit-card bills. All of that is more expensive than a bra!

This girl's smart, but now he's probably going to lose her.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any compassion for Ivana?

HELMSLEY: I wouldn't have done what Ivana's done. I wouldn't leave a young, good-looking, very rich husband [alone] to work in Atlantic City four days a week. Gorgeous girls go after a cripple if they hear he's got billions. He was fair game. And she was foolish—she permitted him the freedom. People get lonely. Look, I run twenty-seven hotels and don't visit any of them unless Harry goes with me.

PLAYBOY: Who's in charge in your relationship, you or Harry?

HELMSLEY: Harry's word is always final—*always*. Though I'll present my case, yes.

PLAYBOY: How's your sex life with Harry?

HELMSLEY: The very finest. I wish it on my grandchildren, that's how good it is. Any marriage has to have good sex. And we always sleep naked. We like the touch of our bodies. I like to reach out in the night and touch this man. He's beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Some have said you pamper your husband to the point of nausea—that you have made him so dependent on you that he wouldn't so much as get a haircut without your supervision.

HELMSLEY: Right. What's wrong with that? I'm interested in him. He's a beautiful-looking man, so why should somebody ruin his looks with a bad haircut? I don't think that's being bossy. He asks me to go with him, so why wouldn't I go? I pick his clothing, too. A lot of wives do that, but when I'm doing it, I'm a bossy bitch.

PLAYBOY: According to Louis Hautzig, former general manager of the New York Harley, Harry stood by meekly while you fired executives without cause. Hautzig said Harry "was a wimp first class."

HELMSLEY: That's not true. Harry would never butt in the hotels and I would never butt in his business. Harry does not like the nitty-gritty. Never did.

PLAYBOY: And in the course of your work, you never told him, "Shut up, Harry"?

HELMSLEY: "Shut up, Harry"? You must be fooling. I respect this man. I could never marry someone I did not respect. His word was always law.

PLAYBOY: Before Harry, had you ever found true love?

HELMSLEY: Of course not. Harry has given me the only happiness I've known in my entire life.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that when you met him, you went after him like——

HELMSLEY: Listen: They've had me seducing my husband, going after him for his money. . . .

PLAYBOY: The story goes: It was 1969, you set your sights on this Quaker who had been with the same woman, Eve Helmsley, for thirty-three years——

HELMSLEY: Thirty-two years.

PLAYBOY: And that you were a home wrecker—a divorced real-estate broker going after a very rich married man.

HELMSLEY: Oh, that's ridiculous. I had one million dollars of my own! I was a successful broker converting rentals into co-ops on a Helmsley-Spear property and Leon Spear, Harry's partner, liked me and asked me home to dinner one night—I had an apartment he was interested in. "I want you to come meet Harry Helmsley." I said, "I don't want to meet Harry Helmsley." He said, "Then I'm not signing for the apartment." I said, "If I meet him, will you sign?"

I meet Harry Helmsley. I say, "Good afternoon." He says, "Come work for me." I say, "I can't work for you." He says, "Why?" I say, "I'm in a bad tax bracket now. Goodbye." He says, "I'm going to Barbados. Call me when I get back." A few weeks later, I'm at a real-estate ball and Harry Helmsley is headed toward me.

"Any marriage has to have good sex. And we always sleep naked. We like the touch of our bodies. I like to reach out and touch this man. He's beautiful."

PLAYBOY: For what?

HELMSLEY: For me. Again he says, "Come work for me." I was good. And maybe I was pretty, maybe he was attracted to me. I'm not gorgeous, but I'm not that ugly. But I turned him down again.

PLAYBOY: What eventually changed your mind about working for him?

HELMSLEY: Harry told me, "I'm buying Imperial House. Come work for me and I'll give you part of the commercial space," a guaranteed salary, which meant I would be set for life. So I took the job as senior vice-president at Brown Harris Stevens. I was not near Harry. I was on Forty-seventh Street, he was on Forty-second Street.

PLAYBOY: But somehow, you found your way five blocks downtown.

HELMSLEY: Right. I liked Harry. At first, I didn't know if he was married or not. There wasn't a picture of his wife in the office—I *looked*. At business meetings, I'd always put on more mascara.

PLAYBOY: So you did slowly move in on his marriage.

HELMSLEY: I did not. I never saw his wife. I never met her. I never spoke to her. Big difference. One night, Harry just called and said, "Would you have a cocktail with me?" During drinks, he asked, "Would you date me?" And I said, "No. First, you're married. Second, you're a Quaker. Third, you're my boss." He said, "I'm getting a divorce." And I said, "Oh, are you, now? Swear with your eyes." And he blinked three times. He was adorable.

PLAYBOY: Did he love you?

HELMSLEY: [*Long pause*] I don't know if he loved me. His first wife was four years older than he was and had announced that she was going to an old-age home and wanted Harry to go, too. Harry was sixty years old! He wouldn't go. That's where she went——

PLAYBOY: And that's where you came in.

HELMSLEY: I found him very attractive. I still do, darling.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that his status as a businessman was part of the attraction?

HELMSLEY: Of course! Let me ask you something: If a man sees a woman and says, "Ahh, she's pretty," does that stop him from marrying her? No, it's an asset. Well, a man who has money is an asset, too. What's wrong with that? Money enhances a man, yes, as beauty enhances a woman. No question about it. So what if I fell in love with a wealthy man? Is that a sin? I didn't take the money and run to Venezuela. I'm right here—for eighteen years. I work with him side by side. I take care of him when he needs me.

PLAYBOY: But if you *were* a gold-digging opportunist, then you've certainly gotten more notoriety——

HELMSLEY: Comeuppance—yes, dear, more than I bargained for. Much more.

PLAYBOY: Suddenly, Harry Helmsley was a different man—having giggly lunches in his office with you on his lap, dancing the nights away.

HELMSLEY: [*Shouts*] He was happy! I took better care of him than his other wife. I went out and bought him loads of clothes. He used to wear one black suit with black shoes and a white shirt every single day. He used to eat in restaurants by himself every night. I cooked for this man, I catered to him, I cleaned.

PLAYBOY: Had you always been such a hard worker?

HELMSLEY: I sure wasn't a callgirl. I put my son through school and got twenty-five dollars a week from my first husband; from the second one I got nothing. So I had to work. See, we'd gotten into this bad habit: We ate.

PLAYBOY: Do you appreciate the money you have now?

HELMSLEY: I could always make money. Today, even, if I started from scratch.

PLAYBOY: But what were the chances that Leona Mindy Rosenthal would become a billionairess?

HELMSLEY: Ten billion to one.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your parents. What was your father like?

HELMSLEY: He was a hatmaker, a milliner. He was a sick man. He had a heart

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condition for fourteen years before he died.

PLAYBOY: What about your mother?

HELMSLEY: My mother was a *real* mother. When I came home from school and yelled, "Hey, Ma," she was there with the cookies and the milk and the how-was-everything and the go-out-and-play.

PLAYBOY: But you were not particularly close to your two sisters, Sondra and Sylvia. Not much of a family person.

HELMSLEY: My foot! Who says that—my niece Diane? As far as I'm concerned, she's a sick child.

PLAYBOY: Her version of it is that her mother, Sondra, was the family beauty, with a porcelain complexion and blonde hair. Gorgeous.

HELMSLEY: She was. Sondra was beautiful.

PLAYBOY: And that Leona sat in her sister's shadow.

HELMSLEY: How would she know? She wasn't even born. My family, especially the girls, were very, very close—until everybody got married.

PLAYBOY: According to Pierson's book, when Sondra died in 1987, you didn't so much as go to the funeral, let alone visit her in the hospital before her death.

HELMSLEY: Wait a minute. I didn't go to her funeral because I was *forbidden* to go! They forgot to tell you that, huh? Shucks. Sondra had had a heart attack while we were in Barbados. I didn't know she had died; they didn't call me. Shame on them. Shame on them.

PLAYBOY: Sondra's son Mark had worked for you at Deco. The two of you didn't get along, right?

HELMSLEY: Right. Maybe he thought he was the heir apparent to the Helmsley fortune. Maybe he didn't like having a boss. Maybe he wanted the whole ball of wax, how do I know?

PLAYBOY: He was just a nephew, after all.

HELMSLEY: And not a very close one.

PLAYBOY: So this friction between you and Mark was the reason you were kept from attending your sister's funeral?

HELMSLEY: [*Shouts*] How the hell do I know? It's a disgrace, it's a bad scene. I don't even know where my sister is buried. That hurts me very much. I'd be a real stinker not to go to my sister's funeral. Listen, God knows I haven't done everything right in my life. But what I am telling you is so.

PLAYBOY: Early in your childhood, you were separated from your family. How did that affect you?

HELMSLEY: I was heartbroken. It was the Depression, I was about ten, my father couldn't find full-time work, we didn't have enough food and one of us had to go. It was me. I was always amenable. Wherever you threw me, it was all right. So I went to live with my mother's brother. I missed everybody and wanted desperately to go home. But I knew that they hadn't sent me away because they disliked me; they loved me. When I finally went home, six months later, I slept in the kitchen on a cot. It was better than anyplace else in the world.

PLAYBOY: In his book, Pierson insists that this poverty led, much later, to your thirst for money and security.

HELMSLEY: Oh, this sleaze thinks he's a psychiatrist. I think he needs one. Desperately. I never *knew* I was poor. I cut my hair in a boy's bob one summer and caddied at a golf course—I made a good-looking boy. I was saving for skates, but Momma needed the money, so I gave it to her.

Then, we had a candy stand when I was about thirteen and we all worked. I sold Eskimo Pies. At nights, we'd listen to the radio. I'd sit on the floor and write these crazy, funny limericks about everybody's shortcomings. None of this was terrible.

PLAYBOY: By the time you were a teenager, impeccable grooming was your trademark.

HELMSLEY: I was always clean. And if you're clean and put together and have good posture, there's hope. I was also a very good student, especially in English, and I wanted to be a lawyer. [*Laughs*] But when I was fourteen, I had to drop out of high school because we needed money.

At first, I wanted to model, but they told me I was too flat-chested. So I went to Woolworth's for a special bra, stuffed some cotton into it and went back a few weeks later. They said, "Weren't you here before?" I said, "No, that was my twin sister." I got the job—twenty-five dollars a week; a lot of money then.

But that summer, it got hot and I kept pulling the cotton out of my bra. One day, my boss screamed, "*You're the twin! You're fired!*" I wouldn't go home and tell Momma I had no job. The next day, I went through all the ads and got another job modeling.

PLAYBOY: Did you have boyfriends?

HELMSLEY: Yeah, there was a kid named Iggy. He used to push a laundry wagon. And every time I knew he was coming by—I could hear the wheels of the wagon over cobblestones—I ran upstairs, got into my gym suit and crossed my legs real nice.

PLAYBOY: When you were seventeen, you met a young lawyer, Leo Panzirer, ten years your senior, who was supposedly your ticket out of poverty.

HELMSLEY: Oh, that's nuts. I was not poverty-stricken anymore. I was working. I was a model for the Ceil Chapman dress company. Leo was a blind date. We went up to somebody's penthouse and they played *Deep Purple*. He was a nice-looking man.

PLAYBOY: Why did you marry Leo?

HELMSLEY: All my friends were getting married. I had my son, Jay, almost right away. I didn't have to have a child so soon, but I thought it was the right thing to do: It kept Leo out of the Army.

But we were incompatible. I loved music—could spend the night in a record store—and he was tone deaf. His clients were first, second and third, and that wasn't for me. I have to be loved. I was not getting the kind of attention I needed. He had no capacity for love—loved the almighty buck more than he loved me. So I went to him and told him I wanted a divorce because I didn't love him.

PLAYBOY: He said you were obsessed with money.

HELMSLEY: Yeah? And ask him how much money he gave me in alimony—twenty-five dollars a week for my son and me! That's all I got!

PLAYBOY: You met Joe Lubin, husband number two, during your marriage to Leo, and you married him almost immediately after your divorce.

HELMSLEY: Yes, I did. Let me tell you why. I was scared. I had no money and I had a son to bring up. So, yes, I married him as soon as I could.

PLAYBOY: For quite a while now, you've kept the nine years you spent with Joe Lubin out of your official biography. Why?

HELMSLEY: I'm ashamed even today.

PLAYBOY: Lubin has been quoted as saying, "Leona was an opportunist and knew I was rich. Money was her god . . . she didn't give a damn about me . . . only about getting to the top. [After] Panzirer and me . . . Harry Helmsley would be her bonanza."

HELMSLEY: He is ill, ill, ill, ill, ill. Sick. And I'm not very proud of staying with him for as long as I did. That's why I was single for twelve long years after him.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't there at least more love in that marriage than in your first?

HELMSLEY: Maybe. I'll tell you why. He was a very homely man. Very homely. And I had a need—not a desire—to be loved. I thought he would love me because he was so homely.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you think you were good enough to be loved by a good-looking guy?

HELMSLEY: I don't know. Perhaps I was insecure, especially because Leo didn't love me, all right? Anyway, I eventually divorced Lubin and went home to my mother.

PLAYBOY: At the age of forty, you were broke and living with your mother. What was that like?

HELMSLEY: Hell. She would get up at five A.M. to make me oatmeal. I hate oatmeal, but she wanted me to eat. My mother loved me and I loved her, but I'm telling you, it was hell. She'd say, "Why don't you go out, Leona?" So, one night, somebody invited me out to a country club and I went. I got home at one in the morning and there's my mother holding a blanket across the windows. "What are you doing, Momma?" I asked. She said, "I don't want my neighbors to see what time my daughter gets in." Eventually, I got myself out.

PLAYBOY: How?

HELMSLEY: I got my first job in real estate. It was 1962, and I worked as a secretary at Pease and Ellman, earning seventy-five dollars a week—sixty after taxes. And I earned every single quarter.

PLAYBOY: And then you went on your own as a real-estate broker specializing in the conversion of rentals. How good were you?

HELMSLEY: I was the best, darling. But I wasn't out to make a career. What I wanted was the money—and to be left alone. I wasn't getting married again, so I would sit until nine at night typing the same letter

(concluded on page 184)

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I WAS A MEAT EATER; SHE WAS A VEGAN ECOTERRORIST. DID WE HAVE A FUTURE?

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

FICTION

By T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

I'D NEVER really thought much about meat. It was there in the supermarket in a plastic wrapper; it came between slices of bread with mayo and mustard and a dill pickle on the side; it sputtered and smoked on the grill till somebody flipped it over, and then it appeared on the plate, between the baked potato and the julienned carrots, neatly crosshatched and floating in a puddle of red juice. Beef, mutton, pork, venison, dripping burgers and greasy ribs, it was all the same to me—food, the body's fuel, something to savor a moment on the tongue before the digestive system went to work on it. Which is not to say I was totally unconscious of the deeper implications: Every once in a while, I'd eat at home—a quartered chicken, a package of Shake 'N Bake, Stove Top Stuffing and frozen peas, and as I hacked away at the stippled yellow skin and pink flesh of the sanitized bird, I'd wonder at the darkish bits of organ clinging to the ribs—what was that, liver? Kidney?—but in the end, it didn't make me any less fond of Kentucky Fried or Chicken McNuggets. I'd seen those ads in the magazines, too, the ones that showed the veal calves penned up in their own waste, their limbs atrophied and their veins so pumped full of antibiotics they couldn't control their bowels, but when I took a date to Anna Maria's, I could never resist the veal scaloppine.

And then I met Alena Jorgensen.

It was a year ago, two weeks before Thanksgiving—I remember the date because it was my birthday, my 30th, and I'd called in sick and gone to the beach to warm my face, read a book and feel a little sorry for myself. The Santa Anas were blowing and it was clear all the way to Catalina, but there was an edge to the air, a scent of winter, and as far as I could

PAINTING BY BRUCE WOLFE

see in either direction, I had the beach pretty much to myself. I found a sheltered spot in a tumble of boulders, spread a blanket and settled down to attack a pastrami on rye I'd brought along for nourishment. Then I turned to my book—a comfortingly apocalyptic tract about the demise of the planet—and let the sun warm me as I read about the denuding of the rain forest, the poisoning of the atmosphere and the swift, silent eradication of species. Gulls coasted by overhead. I saw the distant glint of jetliners.

I must have dozed, my head thrown back, the book spread open in my lap, because the next thing I remember, a strange dog was hovering over me and the sun had dipped behind the rocks. The dog was big, wild-haired, with one staring blue eye, and it just looked at me, ears slightly cocked, as if it expected a Milk-Bone or something. I was startled—not that I don't like dogs, but here was this woolly thing poking its snout in my face—and I guess I must have made some sort of defensive gesture, because the dog staggered back a step and froze. Even in the confusion of the moment, I could see that there was something wrong with this dog, an unsteadiness, a gimp, a wobble to its legs. I felt a mixture of pity and revulsion—it had been hit by a car, was that it?—when all at once, I became aware of a wetness on the breast of my windbreaker and an unmistakable odor rose to my nostrils: I'd been pissed on.

Pissed on. As I lay there unsuspecting, enjoying the sun, the beach, the solitude, this stupid beast had lifted its leg and used me as a *pissoir*—and now it was poised there on the edge of the blanket as if it expected a reward. A sudden rage seized me. I came up off the blanket with a curse, and it was only then that a dim apprehension seemed to seep into the dog's other eye, the brown one, and it lurched back and fell on its face, just out of reach. And then it lurched and fell again, bobbing and weaving across the sand like a seal out of water. I was on my feet now, murderous, glad to see that the thing was hobbled—it would simplify my task of running it down and beating it to death.

•

"Alf!" a voice called, and as the dog floundered in the sand, I turned and saw Alena Jorgensen poised on the boulder behind me. I don't want to make too much of the moment, don't want to mythologize it or clutter the scene with allusions to Aphrodite rising from the waves or accepting the golden apple from Paris, but she was a pretty impressive sight. Bare-legged, fluid, as tall and uncompromising as her Nordic ancestors and dressed in a Gore-Tex bikini and hooded sweat shirt unzipped to the waist, she blew me away. Piss-spattered and stupefied, I could only gape up at her.

"You bad boy," she said, scolding, "you get out of there." She glanced from the dog to me and back again. "Oh, you bad boy, what have you done?" she demanded, and I was ready to admit to anything, but it was the dog she was addressing, and it flopped over in the sand as if it had been shot. Alena skipped lightly down from the rock, and in the next moment, before I could protest, she was rubbing at the stain on my windbreaker with the wadded-up hem of her sweat shirt.

I tried to stop her—"It's all right," I said. "It's nothing," as if dogs routinely pissed on my wardrobe—but she wouldn't hear of it.

"No," she said, rubbing, her hair flying in my face, the naked skin of her thigh pressed unself-consciously to my own, "no, this is terrible, I'm so embarrassed. Alf, you bad boy. I'll clean it for you, I will, it's the least—oh, look at that, it's stained right through to your T-shirt——"

I could smell her, the mousse she used in her hair, a lilac soap or perfume, the salt-sweet odor of her sweat—she'd been jogging, that was it. I murmured something about taking it to the cleaner's myself.

She stopped rubbing and straightened up. She was my height, maybe even a fraction taller, and her eyes were slightly mismatched, like the dog's: a deep earnest blue in the right iris, shading to sea-green and turquoise in the left. We were so close we might have been dancing. "Tell you what," she said, and her face lit up with a smile. "Since you're so nice about the whole thing, and most people wouldn't be, even if they knew what poor Alf had been through, why don't you let me wash it for you—and the T-shirt, too?"

I was a little disconcerted at this point—I was the one who'd been pissed on, after all—but my anger was gone. I felt weightless, adrift, like a piece of fluff floating on the breeze. "Listen," I said, and for the moment, I couldn't look her in the eye, "I don't want to put you to any trouble. . . ."

"I'm ten minutes up the beach, and I've got a washer and drier. Come on, it's no trouble at all. Or do you have plans? I mean, I could just pay for the cleaner's, if you want. . . ."

I was between relationships—the person I'd been seeing off and on for the past year wouldn't even return my calls—and my plans consisted of taking in a solitary late-afternoon movie as a birthday treat, then heading over to my mother's for dinner and the cake with the candles. My aunt Irene would be there, and so would my grandmother. They would exclaim over how big I was and how handsome, and then they would begin to contrast my present self with my previous, more diminutive incarnations and finally work themselves up to a spate of reminiscence that would continue unabated till my mother drove them home. And then, if I was lucky, I'd go out to a singles bar and make the acquaintance of a divorced computer programmer in her mid-30s with three kids and bad breath.

I shrugged. "Plans? No, not really. I mean, nothing in particular."

•

Alena was house-sitting a one-room bungalow that rose stumplike from the sand, no more than 50 feet from the tide line. There were trees in the yard behind it and the place was sandwiched between glass fortresses with crenelated decks, whipping flags and great hulking concrete pylons. Sitting on the couch inside, you could feel the full reverberation of each wave hitting the shore, a slow, steady pulse that forever defined the place for me. Alena gave me a faded UC Davis sweat shirt that nearly fit, sprayed stain remover on my T-shirt and windbreaker and in a single fluid motion flipped down the lid of the washer and extracted two beers from the refrigerator beside it.

There was an awkward moment as she settled into the chair opposite me and we concentrated on our beers. I didn't know what to say. I was disoriented, giddy, still struggling to grasp what had happened. Fifteen minutes earlier, I'd been dozing on the beach, alone on my birthday, feeling sorry for myself, and now I was ensconced in a cozy beach house, in the presence of Alena Jorgensen and her spill of naked leg, drinking a beer. "So what do you do?" she said, setting her beer down on the coffee table.

I was grateful for the question; too grateful, maybe. I described to her at length how dull my job was, nearly ten years with the same agency, writing ad copy, my brain gone numb with disuse. I was somewhere in the middle of a blow-by-blow account of our current campaign for a Ghanian vodka distilled from calabash husks when she said, "I know what you mean," and told me she'd dropped out of veterinary school herself. "After I saw what they did to the animals. I mean, can

(continued on page 110)

"Let's go out in the woods and see if we can find something to be thankful for."

with an increasingly busy career and a stunning *playboy* pictorial, she's got it made

TERI COPLEY

HER BLONDE MANE frames sea-green eyes and painted lips. Her whispery, girlish voice sounds a bit incongruous coming from a body that's clearly all woman. Immediately, you know why comparisons to Marilyn Monroe have followed Teri Copley throughout her adult life. In fact, she's about to start a feature film, *The White Rose*, in which she plays a beautiful MM type. By now, Teri has learned to appreciate the comparison. "There was an innocence and intelligence to Marilyn," she says, "that I think I have, too. I would hate to be looked at as just another blonde with big breasts and a pouty mouth." Copley, of course, is best known as Mickey MacKenzie—the bubbly housekeeper who lived, quite chastely, with two young New York City bachelors in the TV sitcom *We Got It Made*. The show has had two incarnations, debuting on NBC in 1983 and rising again, with Teri and one new bachelor, in syndication four years later. For Teri, this appearance in *Playboy* is also a return engagement. She graced these pages in July 1984 as the focus of a fashion spread titled *Blonde on Blonde*. But that was then, and this is hotter. Her photo shoot with Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley marked the first time that the actress bared all for the camera, and she was nervous. "I'm not shy about my breasts," says Teri, "but I've never showed them off before. It took a while for Richard to coax me out of my shell." Strangely, though, her *Playboy* shooting parallels a situation Teri acted out in the TV movie *I Married a Centerfold*, in which she played a character who shied away from a men's-magazine photo session until she was encouraged by her mother. "It's funny," says Teri. "When I was eighteen, someone asked my mom if I would pose nude. She wanted me to, but I said, 'No way.' I was way too shy." California-born Teri remembers her early years as difficult. She was skinny and buck-toothed. Like many an "ugly duckling," she had few friends—classmates always seemed to mistake her timidity for conceit. "In grade school, girls would want to fight with me because they thought I was stuck up. But I was just *painfully* shy." Finally, her body blossomed—along with her self-confidence—and Teri entertained the notion of becoming an actress. Her first break came while she was working as a waitress in a San Fernando Valley pizza joint. After reading a newspaper article about a producer who was seeking new faces for a movie, her mother phoned the producer's office, pretending to be an old friend. Amazingly, the gambit worked, and Mom managed to talk the exec into meeting with her daughter. Teri didn't get

As Mickey MacKenzie, the gorgeous live-in maid on the long-running television series *We Got It Made*, Teri won the hearts of her employers, Tom Villard and John Hillner (top)—and of legions of other red-blooded American men. One of her several recent movie outings is *Down the Drain*, starring Andrew Stevens (above), now on video.

the part, but while waiting by the elevator outside the producer's office, she was spotted by an associate of Hollywood talent agent Meyer Mishkin, who signed her. That bit of kismet led to her first acting job, a small part on *Fantasy Island*. Next came a starring role opposite Rock Hudson in the 1981 miniseries *The Star Maker*, in which Hudson played a Hollywood director who molded starlets into superstars. One of them was Teri. "I loved working with Rock Hudson," she says. "He taught me about old Hollywood, offered me acting tips and even corrected my grammar! I was only nineteen and it meant a lot—he became like a father to me." Teri graduated to bigger roles in TV movies such as *In the Line of Duty: The FBI Murders* and did

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

guest shots on *Quantum Leap* and *Monsters*. Her feature films include *Down the Drain*, a bank-robbery comedy, and *Transylvania Twist*, a horror send-up. She fell in love with the stage during a stint with a touring company of William Inge's *Bus Stop*. So enamored was she with the playwright's work that she hopes to produce a version of his play *Loss of Roses* early next year. "It's about a woman who believes in, and wants very much, the fairy-tale life of being loved by a good man and living in a house surrounded by a white picket fence—a house filled with children. I think the play fulfills the fantasies I have about my own life." In the meantime, Teri is filming an action/adventure film with Ken Wahl called *Final Cause*. At 29, she lives in

Los Angeles with her two little girls, Ashley, seven, and Anastasia, three. Between her two marriages, Teri was linked in a much-publicized romance with then-single sitcom stud Tony Danza. She describes her current beau, a professional hockey player with the Montreal Canadiens, as "my best friend." It's too early to tell if he will be the man with whom she moves to a kid-filled house behind a white picket fence. But Teri knows that if this relationship doesn't last, her ideal man *is* out there somewhere. "I want a man who has a lot of heart," she says, "who can be giving and compassionate, yet very strong." Most of all, she wants a man who will make her the center of his universe, "who will love me unconditionally."—BILL BRAUNSTEIN

THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO TRAVELING WITH WOMEN

how to handle the curves on the high road to romance

article **By DENIS BOYLES**

A MAN'S best place is on the road.

On the road, you give life to those myths that once made men's lives bearable: You are protector and pioneer, pilot and navigator; you wield responsibility easily and shrug off danger. On the road, you can make real the vagabond dream of your youth and become the prince for whom your sweetie has been waiting.

On the road, you seduce yourself and thereby become the great seducer.

WHY TRAVEL WITH WOMEN?

Life, to paraphrase Chaucer, is nought but a thoroughfare of woe. Well, nothing like a little feminine company to brighten the view. A woman, after all, is a kind of portable tourist attraction; every roadside rest becomes a scenic overlook.

Still, traveling for romance is a trip fraught with peril, albeit one with great potential rewards. For a mature romance, a journey of any

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

sort can be a watershed event in which everything either comes together or falls apart completely. A journey for two is a sort of minimarriage, a microlife in which you must confront the worst in each other without respite or distraction. If you think your toothpaste-tube trials were annoying at home, just wait till you take your petty quarrels on the road.

Indeed, the passing planet outside your car, train or plane will never be as compelling as the person sitting next to you—if the person sitting next to you is the person who should be sitting next to you. When it comes to travel, people in love—as well as those who discover that they aren't—quickly realize that where they go isn't nearly as important as the person with whom they are going.

THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS

You've seen *It Happened One Night*. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert are stuck by the side of the road and she flags down a ride with the flash of a limb. There's a lesson in that for all male travelers who set out with women at their sides.

Your natural predilections, and those of the woman in your life, are especially complementary for life on the road. When you leave your home turf, you take advantage of your superior abilities as a planner, escort and righteous protector of innocents. Likewise, your companion will tap her innate ability to connect with the world and the people around her, to bring it, them and you out of your shells. It's another example of how mother nature is the ultimate travel agent, providing nomadic peoples with the means to thrive during arduous journeys. The thinking man plans a trip to maximize that teamwork.

One way to do that is to make sure you plan for breaks in togetherness on the trip. If you split for an afternoon, your girl is likely to come back with the names of half the town—including a guy whose grandfather knew Picasso—and an invitation to a gallery opening, a cocktail party or a ritual goat sacrifice. In a strange place, you may be the hardy explorer, but she's the one who will give you entree to the picturesque, the colorful, the personal. When the trip's over, the best stories may be the ones that start with her solo adventures.

THE LONG-DISTANCE DATE

Triple-A gives no road maps for romance. But you'll know when you've arrived at a stage where you will want to test your courtship by taking it out of town. The signs will be obvious: The dramatic opening act of a romance, after all, requires a giant stage. One morning, you'll wake up and realize there just isn't room in your town for the two of you, that local distractions are preventing you from somehow consummating your relationship. You'll want to go someplace else—anyplace else—and find the isolation that is the most salient characteristic of any form of travel. Only there, where you are both strangers, will your companion feel familiar.

Someplace Strange: When you select an itinerary with your love, pick someplace neither of you has ever been before. The knowledge that it's just the two of you against the great unknown is often just enough to invest the most mundane city with a remarkably romantic atmosphere.

It follows, of course, that one great reason for traveling with the woman you love is that you can have sex with her. Better, you can have sex with her in strange places—in cheap motels or in swank resorts, on slammer-quality mattresses with broken Magic Fingers machines or on down-filled quilts on the edge of the continent, with the wild, wet sea out the back door.

Your new surroundings will add an extra dimension to your romance. Novelty is an aphrodisiac, which is not to say your babe will be turned on by palm buzzers or whoopee cushions. There's just some weird mojo about being alone in a strange town in a strange bed. And even if the town is familiar, sometimes a new bedroom alone is enough to transport your companion to someplace romantically different.

THE FUN OF FLYING

This is a true story: Once there was a man who was in love and determined to marry. His fiancée was the girl of his dreams. She was bright, pretty, cheerful and rich.

One spring day, he drove his girl to the airport so she could fly across the continent to see her dying grandmother. "Call me when you get there," he said, "so I'll know you've arrived safely." They kissed; she left.

Five or six hours later, the phone rang. "I've arrived safely," she said.

"Good. Are you at your grandmother's?"

"No. I'm with the man I sat next to on the airplane. We talked all the way across the country. We just connected, you know? And we're in love and we're getting married and I can never see you again. So long."

He never got over it.

Obviously, the way to a woman's heart is through the airport. Perhaps it's the claustrophobia of the plane cabin, the lack of oxygen in the air, the disaster drills, the dehydration and the bad food that remind them of matrimony. In fact, when you and your lover head down the jetway, you're walking down the aisle toward your own little bout of married life: you and her against the world, for the weekend. The partnership can be exhilarating or stifling; either way, it will help you learn a lot about the health of your romance.

To make it all work out for the best, remember a few things:

• Take charge. You have to plan your plane date or you'll find yourself at the mercy of the scalawags who can sniff out—and profit from—desperation in a traveler. Set a simple itinerary and get reservations. You can always diverge from the plan later, as opportunities present themselves.

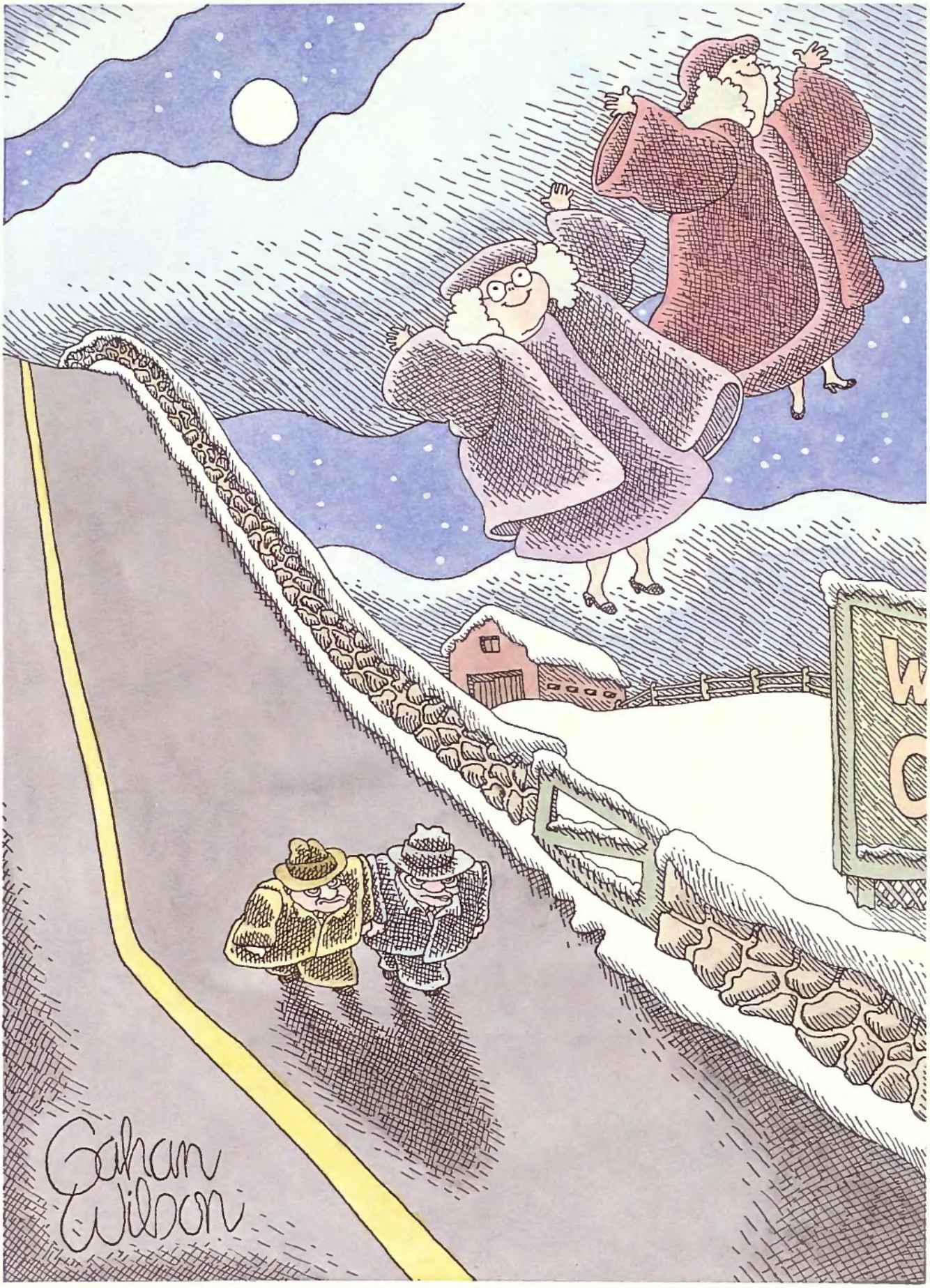
• Arrive like a conquering hero. When dealing with foreign locals, you have to be flexible enough to fight the thieves and bastards while remaining open to the guileless and accommodating. So be at your sharpest and most outgoing when on strange turf. Ask the question, use the phrase book, extend the hand; the rewards will be manifold.

• Be a team. The two of you should push each other on to grander adventures and wider experiences than either of you could have alone. That's why you travel together in the first place.

High-Flown Ambition: If you live in New York and you ask a girl to dinner in Brussels, it'll set you back around $1500. But plan far enough ahead to qualify for a discount fare, choose a city closer to home and you may get away with a more reasonable tab. For instance, at the beginning of every off season, one or more of the transatlantic carriers will announce giveaway fares to whatever new destination they're trying to market. Last year, for example, the two of you could have traveled to Nantes, spent a long weekend exploring the ancient Breton town, eaten dinner in virtually any of the old creperies in the university district, stayed in a romantic pension and flown back for something less than $650.

I'll be down to getcha in a taxi, honey: Plane dates make great surprise getaways. Call the object of your ostentatious affection, ask her to meet you at the airport and tell her to bring a warm coat (or a bikini) and a toothbrush. Tell her she'll find out your

(continued on page 160)



"Women!"

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

want a suit that looks like a million but won't cost more than your monthly car payment? have we got a deal for you

fashion **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

YOUR NAME may have gone up on the office door, but that doesn't mean you have to cash in a six-month CD to look smart. Moderately priced $395-to-$500 suits have come of age—savvy executives are discovering that they don't have to flaunt megabuck three-piecers or double-breasteds to be taken as serious corporate players. True, you may not get hand-constructed jackets, authentic horn buttons or fabrics as luxurious as cashmere, but the mostly wool and wool-blend suits feel right at home power-lunching with the status imports. Look for designer labels in cuts that range from two-button single-breasted to the newest three-button or six-button double-breasted styles. For a bit of panache, swap the vest of a charcoal or navy three-piece suit with a plaid vest, or accent a colorful shirt with a slightly eccentric tie. And remember, pinstripes will still be in style long after you've settled into the executive suite.

Left: Wool double-breasted suit, by Bill Blass for PBM, about $395; cotton dress shirt, by Claiborne Furnishings, about $45; silk floral-print tie, by Albert Nipon Neckwear, about $40; braided-leather suspenders, by John Henry, $40; silk pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, about $30; antique-style watch with leather strap, by Gruen Marketing, $120; and fur-felt Stetson fedora, from J. J. Hat Center, $75. Right: Wool single-breasted suit, $395, and cotton dress shirt, $54, both from Firma by Andrew Fezza; and silk tie with Jacquard ground, by Ferrell Reed, $55.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF

Below: Wool houndstooth three-piece single-breasted suit with double-reverse-pleat pants, from Polo University Club by Ralph Lauren for Greif, about $500; cotton plaid shirt with buttondown collar, by Liberty of London, $50; silk paisley-print tie, by Perry Ellis Portfolio, $35; silk pocket square, by Ashear Bros., $10; gold-tone watch with leather strap, by Wittnauer, $135. Right: Wool glen-plaid suit with three-button front and double-pleated pants, by Pierre Cardin, $425; cotton striped dress shirt, by Cezani, about $45; silk medallion-print tie, by Claiborne Furnishings, about $30; and gold-tone watch with leather strap, by Wittnauer, $160.

Right: Wool chalk-striped double-breasted three-piece suit with peaked lapels and triple-pleated pants, $485, and large silk-crepe medallion-print tie, $55, both by Jorn Durselen; striped cotton dress shirt with button-tab collar, from Firma by Andrew Fezza, $54; plus linen pocket square, by Pierre Cardin, $2. Opposite page: Wool double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and double-pleated pants, by Nino Cerruti, $425; cotton Jacquard-ground dress shirt, by Pierre Cardin, $45; silk jungle-print tie, by Isaac Zelcer, $35; gold-case watch with alligator-stamped leather band, by Fossil, $55; and fur felt Stetson fedora with grosgrain band, from J. J. Hat Center, $80.

Where & How to Buy on page 180.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE *(continued from page 88)*

"'I don't eat meat myself,' I lied, 'or actually, not anymore'—since the pastrami sandwich, that is."

you see neutering a dog just for our convenience, just because it's easier for us if they don't have a sex life?" Her voice grew hot. "It's the same old story, species fascism at its worst."

Alf was lying at my feet, grunting softly and looking up mournfully out of his staring blue eye, as blameless a creature as ever lived. I made a small noise of agreement and then focused on Alf. "And your dog," I said, "he's arthritic? Or is it hip dysplasia or what?" I was pleased with myself for the question—aside from tapeworm, hip dysplasia was the only veterinary term I could dredge up from the memory bank, and I could see that Alf's problems ran deeper than worms.

Alena looked angry suddenly. "Don't I wish," she said. She paused to draw a bitter breath. "There's nothing wrong with Alf that wasn't inflicted on him. They tortured him, maimed him, mutilated him."

"Tortured him?" I echoed, feeling the indignation rise in me—this beautiful girl, this innocent beast. "Who?"

Alena leaned forward and there was real hate in her eyes. She mentioned a prominent shoe company—spat out the name, actually. It was an ordinary name, a familiar one, and it hung in the air between us, suddenly sinister. Alf had been part of an experiment to market booties for dogs—suede, cordovan, patent leather, the works. The dogs were made to pace a treadmill in their booties to assess wear; Alf was part of the control group.

"Control group?" I could feel the hair rising on the back of my neck.

"They used eighty-grit sandpaper on the treads to accelerate the process." Alena shot a glance out the window to where the surf pounded the shore; she bit her lip. "Alf was one of the dogs without booties."

I was stunned. I wanted to get up and comfort her, but I might as well have been grafted to the chair. "I don't believe it," I said. "How could anybody——?"

"Believe it," she said. She studied me for a moment, then crossed the room to dig through a cardboard box in the corner. If I was moved by the emotion she'd called up, I was moved even more by the sight of her bending over the box in her Gore-Tex bikini; I clung to the edge of the chair as if it were a plunging roller coaster. A moment later, she dropped a dozen file folders in my lap. The uppermost bore the name of the shoe company, and it was crammed with news clippings, several pages of a diary relating to plant operations and workers' shifts at the Grand Rapids facility and a floor plan of the laboratories. The folders beneath it were inscribed with the names of cosmetics firms, biomedical-research centers, furriers, tanners, meat packers. Alena perched on the edge of the coffee table and watched as I shuffled through them.

"You know the Draize Test?"

I gave her a blank look.

"They inject chemicals into rabbits' eyes to see how much it'll take before they go blind. The rabbits are in cages, thousands of them, and they take a needle and jab it into their eyes—and you know why, you know in the name of what great humanitarian cause this is going on, even as we speak?"

I didn't know. The surf pounded at my feet. I glanced at Alf and then back into her angry eyes.

"Mascara, that's what. Mascara. They torture countless thousands of rabbits so women can look like sluts."

I thought the characterization a bit harsh, but when I studied her pale lashes and tight lipstickless mouth, I saw that she meant it. At any rate, the notion set her off, and she launched into a two-hour lecture, gesturing with her flawless hands, quoting figures, digging through her files for the odd photo of legless mice or morphine-addicted gerbils. She told me how she'd rescued Alf herself, raiding the laboratory with six other members of the Animal Liberation Front, the militant group in honor of which Alf had been named. At first, she'd been content to write letters and carry placards, but now, with the lives of so many animals at stake, she'd turned to more direct action: harassment, vandalism, sabotage. She described how she'd spiked trees with Earth-First!-ers in Oregon, cut miles of barbed-wire fence on cattle ranches in Nevada, destroyed records in biomedical-research labs up and down the coast and insinuated herself between the hunters and the bighorn sheep in the mountains of Arizona. I could only nod and exclaim, smile ruefully and whistle in a low "Holy cow!" sort of way. Finally, she paused to level her unsettling eyes on me. "You know what Isaac Bashevis Singer said?"

We were on our third beer. The sun was gone. I didn't have a clue.

"'Every day is Auschwitz for the animals.'"

I looked down into the amber aperture of my beer bottle and nodded my head sadly. The drier had stopped an hour and a half ago. I wondered if she'd go out to dinner with me, and what she would eat if she did. "Uh, I was wondering," I said, "if . . . if you might want to go out for something to eat——"

Alf chose that moment to heave himself up from the floor and urinate on the wall behind me. My dinner proposal hung in the balance as Alena shot up off the edge of the table to scold him and then gently usher him out the door. "Poor Alf," she said, sighing, turning back to me with a shrug. "But listen, I'm sorry if I talked your head off—I didn't mean to, but it's rare to find somebody on your own wave length."

She smiled. *On your own wave length*: The words illuminated me, excited me, sent up a tremor I could feel all the way down in the deepest nodes of my reproductive tract. "So how about dinner?" I persisted. Restaurants were running through my head—would it have to be veggie? Could there be a whiff of grilled flesh in the air? Curdled goat's milk and tabouleh, tofu, lentil soup, sprouts: *Every day is Auschwitz for the animals*. "No place with meat, of course."

She just looked at me.

"I mean, I don't eat meat myself," I lied, "or actually, not anymore"—since the pastrami sandwich, that is—"but I don't really know anyplace that . . ." I trailed off lamely.

"I'm a vegan," she said.

After two hours of blind bunnies, butchered calves and mutilated pups, I couldn't resist the joke. "I'm from Venus myself."

She laughed, but I could see she didn't find it all that funny. Vegans didn't eat meat or fish, she explained, or milk or cheese or eggs, and they didn't wear wool or leather—or fur, of course.

"Of course," I said. We were both standing there, hovering over the coffee table. I was beginning to feel a little foolish.

"Why don't we just eat here," she said.

•

The deep throb of the ocean seemed to settle in my bones as we lay there in bed that night, Alena and I, and I learned all about the fluency of her

(continued on page 173)

"Uh, I didn't actually win you, ma'am . . . your husband folded his hand."

BIG BAD JOHN

AT FIRST GLANCE, John Henry Sununu does not seem the kind of man who could bend others to his will. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs about 200 pounds, and his body is a study in softness, from the rolls of flesh bubbling out over his collar to the equatorial expanse of his belly. He wears nerdy metal-frame aviator eyeglasses and has trouble keeping his shirttail tucked in. But look again. There is an imperious tilt to that double chin, the set of those lips suggests a snarl and those eyes are as hard as Monday morning. George Bush's Chief of Staff has the face of a man who is very comfortable with the use of brute power.

Over the years, a lot of people have found this out, and one morning last spring, Dick Lesher, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, joined their ranks. He had shown support for a proposed cut in Social Security payroll taxes when he took a call from an apoplectic Sununu. "What the fuck are you doing, Lesher?" screamed the Chief of Staff. Well, said Lesher, we think the idea is a good one. "Don't give me that shit! If you don't back off on this thing and do it today, I'll chain-saw your balls off!" yelled Sununu, slamming down the phone. He then turned to another of the President's men, who was watching him wide-eyed. "You might want to take a slightly softer line when you follow up," he said, not smiling even a little bit.

•

When the new President, a tall, trim WASP with a Rolodex of 6000 friends, the comfort of old money and an air of slightly petulant *noblesse oblige*, chose

chief of staff john sununu has accrued great power. he doesn't hesitate to use it

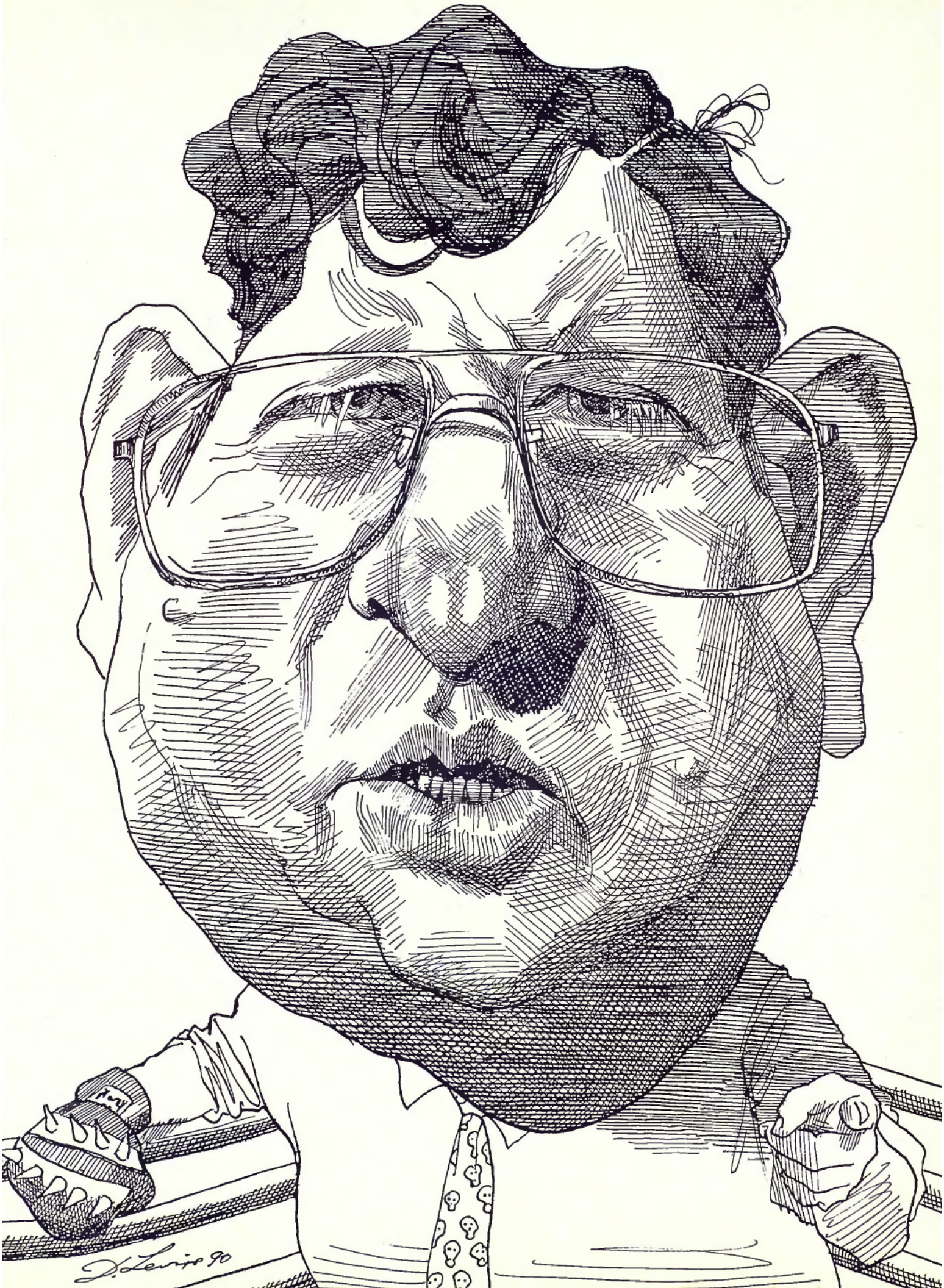
as his Chief of Staff a short, fat Lebanese Greek American with a name like a minor appliance and a habit of showing his emotions, Washington insiders were appalled. They assured one another that the nasty little man wouldn't last a year. Now, almost two years later, they say that Sununu is the most powerful Chief of Staff since H. R. Haldeman. They still underestimate him.

It is God's guess how long he will last, for he is making at least as many enemies as friends. But right now, Sununu is the second most powerful man in Washington and perhaps the most powerful Chief of Staff ever. He is more powerful than James Baker, who was a superb strategist and a master manipulator of Congress and the press but who had to share his influence over Ronald Reagan with Ed Meese and Michael Deaver. He is more powerful than Donald Regan, an egomaniac of King George–like proportions who engendered hatred and fear but never respect. He is more powerful than Nixon's Haldeman, an apparatchik whose interest in shaping policy was limited and who faced a Democratic Congress that still operated as a coherent force.

To find a Chief of Staff Sununu's equal or better, you have to go back to Eisenhower's Sherman Adams, the man who set the parameters of power in the job and who could have been designed as Sununu's role model. Both men came to politics after careers in other fields: Adams in the lumber industry, Sununu in academia and in business as a consulting *(continued on page 165)*

By Michael Kelly

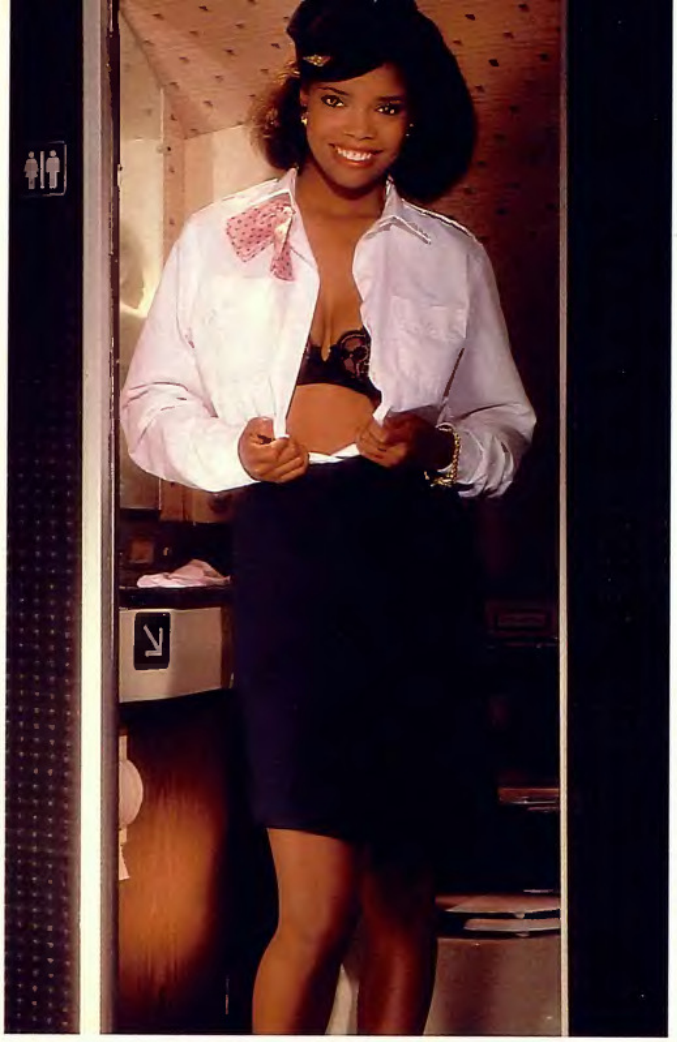
ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE


D. Levine 90

HIGH FLIER

miss november, flight attendant lorraine olivia, sends our spirits soaring

FREQUENT FLIERS, take note: The skies have never before been quite *this* friendly. Meet Miss November, Lorraine Olivia, flight attendant aboard United Airlines. When she suggests that you fasten your seat belt low and snug across your lap, listen up. We met Lorraine at a party following an arena-football game in Chicago. As she remembers it, "I was looking pretty grody in a T-shirt and tights" when she was approached by one of *Playboy*'s photo staffers, who told her, "I'm with *Playboy*. You should come in for a test shoot sometime." Lorraine's reaction: "I thought I'd heard every line, but this beats them all." When the assistant showed her proper credentials, however, Lorraine became a believer. So did we when her test photos were developed. It's really no surprise that we met Lorraine at a sporting event—she's quite the jock, enjoying aerobics, racquetball and tennis. She used to play golf, too, but recently told us, "I've put my clubs in storage." We've thought about doing that ourselves. As is evident about anyone who would voluntarily attend arena-football games, Lorraine also likes spectator sports. Her most profound passion as a fan is the Chicago Cubs. She started rooting for them during their big 1984 season;they were the cause of frequent no-shows at the car dealership and the *(text concluded on page 120)*



When she's not flying the friendly skies, Lorraine concentrates on being a Cubs fan. She has dated 1989 N.L. Rookie of the Year Jerome Walton and other team members. One amorous Cubbie spotted her in the stonds and gave her his autograph and phone number.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Lorraine considers her mother her best friend. "I tell her things I wouldn't even tell my girlfriends," she says. There is no feminine rivalry between the two, even though Lorraine maintains, "My mom dates more frequently than I do. She goes out six or seven nights a week, while I'm lucky if I go out just once." Sorry, guys, photos of Mom are not available.

pharmacy where she held jobs: "I always had to ask myself, Did I use that excuse last week?" (Note to future employers: Lorraine's favorite excuse was that she had to "check out colleges.") Fortunately, free afternoons are more plentiful in Lorraine's current line of work, so she doesn't have to fib to get out to the ball park. She applied to United in the fall of 1989, and to her surprise (but certainly not ours), she whisked through the group interviews, public-speaking tests, role-playing exercises and one-on-one interrogations to join the high-flying world of the flight attendant. Now she is yet another good reason to visit Newark, New Jersey: That's her flight base. Those of you reading this magazine in flight may want to take another look around the cabin. Locate all flight attendants and determine if any matches the photos included herein. If so, you may begin to feel lightheaded. Press your call button; perhaps Miss November will assist you with an oxygen mask.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lorraine Olivia

BUST: 34DD WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 2-20-68 BIRTHPLACE: Geneva, Illinois

AMBITIONS: To finish College and become a 3rd grade teacher.

TURN-ONS: Strong hands and a good sense of humor

TURN-OFFS: Blanket hogs.

FAVORITE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE: Fabulous Baker Boys.

IDEAL AIRPLANE PASSENGER: Anyone who helps pass the time on a four hour flight.

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU IN STEWARDESS SCHOOL: How to deal with five unaccompanied children who like to play with the call button.

WORST ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE CAPTAIN: Due to air-traffic Control, we will be unable to land in Chicago at this time.

CUTEST CHICAGO CUB: Mike Bielecki.

Me, Muffin + Lipps

Glamour Gal

Making the Grade

DO
NOT
DISTURB

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Brenda, pregnant with her first child, was paying a visit to her obstetrician's office. When the examination was over, she shyly began, "My husband wants me to ask you. . . ."

"I know, I know," the doctor said, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I get asked that question all the time. Sex is fine until late in the pregnancy."

"No, that's not it," Brenda confessed. "He wants to know if I can still mow the lawn."

Why is there such demand for Levi's brand condoms on the Iranian black market? Because they shrink to fit.

After discovering her young daughter and the neighbor boy playing doctor, the girl's angry mother dragged the lad home by the ear.

"It's only natural for young kids to explore their sexuality," the boy's mother said when told of the incident.

"Sexuality, my ass!" the girl's mother yelled. "He took out my daughter's appendix!"

Who is it?" Saint Peter asked at the sound of a knock at the pearly gates.

"It's Salvador Dali," came the reply.

"Anyone could say he was Dali," answered Saint Peter. "How do I know that's who you are?"

The man promptly pulled out a drawing pad and drew a convincing sketch. "You're Dali, all right," Saint Peter said. "Come on in."

Minutes later, there was another knock. "Who is it?" Saint Peter asked.

"It's Albert Einstein," the man said.

"How do I know that?"

After the man explained the theory of relativity, Saint Peter waved him through the gates.

Another knock followed. When Saint Peter asked who it was, a man answered, "It's Dan Quayle."

"Anyone could say he was Dan Quayle," said Saint Peter. "I just had Salvador Dali and Albert Einstein at the gates and I made both of them prove who they were."

"Who *are* they?"

"Come right in, Mr. Quayle."

Did you hear about Sid?" an insurance man asked his co-worker. "Got canned yesterday."

"No shit!" his colleague exclaimed. "What happened?"

"A supervisor caught him getting a blow job in the storage room. Fired him on the spot."

"What happened to the woman?"

"Nothing. She was on her lunch break."

The newlywed complained to her mother about her husband's lack of sexual interest.

"David's only passion is cars," she moaned. "If he's not reading about them or driving them, he's talking about them. He doesn't pay any attention to *me*."

The young woman's mother suggested that just when her husband was dozing off, she take his hand and stroke it on her belly and let nature take its course.

That night, as her husband's eyes closed, the woman took her mother's advice. Sure enough, his hand began to explore every inch of her stomach, moving faster and faster.

Just as the delighted woman started to move closer to him, the fellow bolted upright. "I've been swindled!" he hollered. "Only six hundred miles and not a bit of tread left!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *lawyer* as someone who makes sure he gets what's coming to you.

Two eastern European peasant women were picking vegetables in the field. One of them bent over and pulled a carrot out of the ground, eyed it for a moment, then murmured, "Reminds me of my husband."

"Ooh-la-la!" her companion exclaimed. "So big!"

"No," the first replied, "so dirty."

What's a WASP's idea of foreplay? Drying the dishes.

At the height of a political-corruption trial, the prosecuting attorney attacked a witness. "Isn't it true," he bellowed, "that you accepted five thousand dollars to compromise this case?"

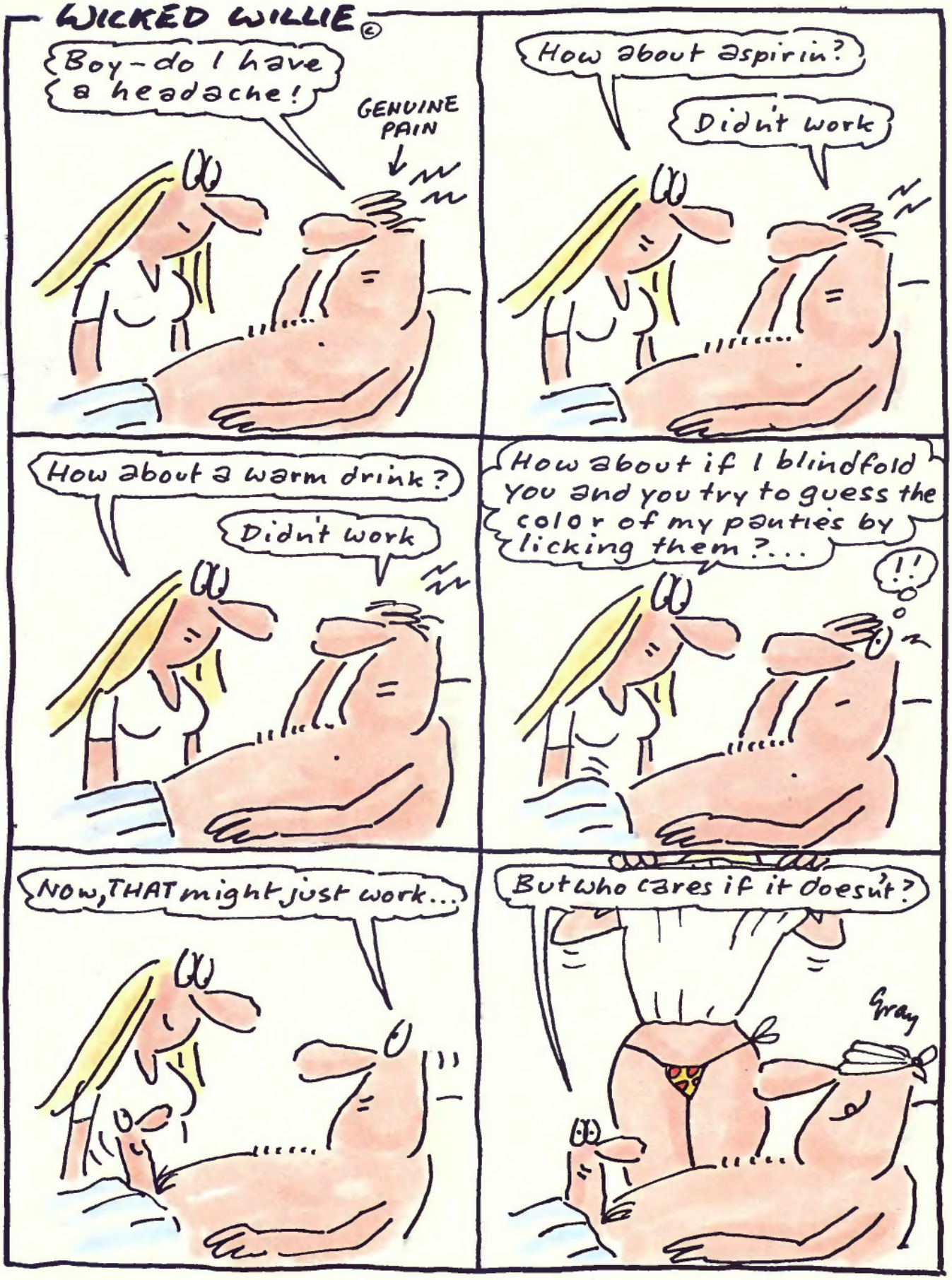
The witness stared out the window as though he hadn't heard the question.

"Isn't it true that you accepted five thousand dollars to compromise this case?" the lawyer repeated. The witness still did not respond.

Finally, the judge leaned over and said, "Sir, please answer the question."

"Oh," the startled witness said, "I thought he was talking to you."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*


WICKED WILLIE ©
Boy-do I have a headache!
GENUINE PAIN
How about aspirin?
Didn't work
How about a warm drink?
Didn't work
How about if I blindfold you and you try to guess the color of my panties by licking them?...
!!
Now, THAT might just work...
But who cares if it doesn't?
Gray

How I Got Religion and Saved the Planet

I AWOKE screaming in the middle of the night, my eyes filled with visions of an environmental hell that would have frightened Hieronymus Bosch: rivers transformed into angry, bubbling flows of lifeless, radioactive matter; dark skies weeping never-ending acid rain; twisted, cancerous mutants—human beings only in the broadest definition—prowling a bleak, treeless landscape. . . .

How about this, instead: I have information about the biggest environmental cover-up in our nation's history that I am now going to relate to you . . . ?

Or this: In the following pages, I will tell my tale, which makes the story of Karen Silkwood sound like a day at Disneyland . . . ?

If any of the above were true, you'd have no trouble understanding how I became an environmentalist of sorts. But, alas, none of them is. All I can honestly tell you is this: Without fanfare, pyrotechnics or an incident that had the major movie studios bidding for my life story, I somehow managed to become an environmental activist, a regular enviro-nerd. You know the type: the guy who recycles his soft-drink cans and nags co-workers about their Styrofoam cups. That's me.

This change didn't happen on a particular day at a particular time and it didn't happen for a particular reason, at least none that I can put my finger on. It happened in a cumulative way, which I guess isn't all that hard to believe. As a living, breathing human being, I'd read headline after headline telling of ecological horror after ecological horror in country after country since the notion of an environmental issue gained popularity during the Sixties. How long could I go on believing it wasn't happening; or that, OK, it probably *was* happening, but it wouldn't get *real* bad for a long time and by then, scientists would have found a way to fix it; or that maybe it was pretty bad now, but it was affecting only people who weren't me?

Don't misunderstand. In no way am I laboring under the delusion that I was the first, or even *among* the first, to climb aboard the environmental band wagon. I admit it—I'm late. But I don't believe anyone who got on the wagon before me wants to push me off for not getting there sooner. The point is, I got there.

Prior to my environmental enlightenment, I'd thought of myself as fairly ordinary when it came to these matters. I never had much desire to heave an empty can out a car window when a garbage receptacle was at the end of a ride, or willfully punch a hole in the ozone layer, and I'd never been behind the wheel of a supertanker that broke up off the coast of Alaska—at least not while I was drinking. On the other hand, if I saw a bit of garbage in the street, I'd walk past it without picking it up—hey, I wasn't the slob who put it there, so why should I be the saint who picked it up? When getting rid of toxic household substances—say, *(continued on page 152)*

can a mild-mannered enviro-nerd rescue the world from styrofoam?

article By PETER SIKOWITZ

ILLUSTRATION BY GAHAN WILSON

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

It may look like a creature that came from out of the sky in a Fifties science-fiction flick, but this Italian-made 12"-tall polished-aluminum Juicy Salif lemon squeezer is an easy-to-clean and distinctively stylish addition to a bachelor kitchen or bar. The designer, Philippe Starck, created it for Alessi, $75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Filter out harmful UV rays while filtering in your favorite FM station with J'aggs water-resistant radio sunglasses with a built-in antenna and comfy earphone speakers, about $40.

Grundig's compact TK-220 World Travel Kit includes a 12-band AM/FM shortwave radio, a Braun alarm clock, a Swiss Army knife, a Mini-Mag Lite, a pen/pencil set and a calculator, $250.

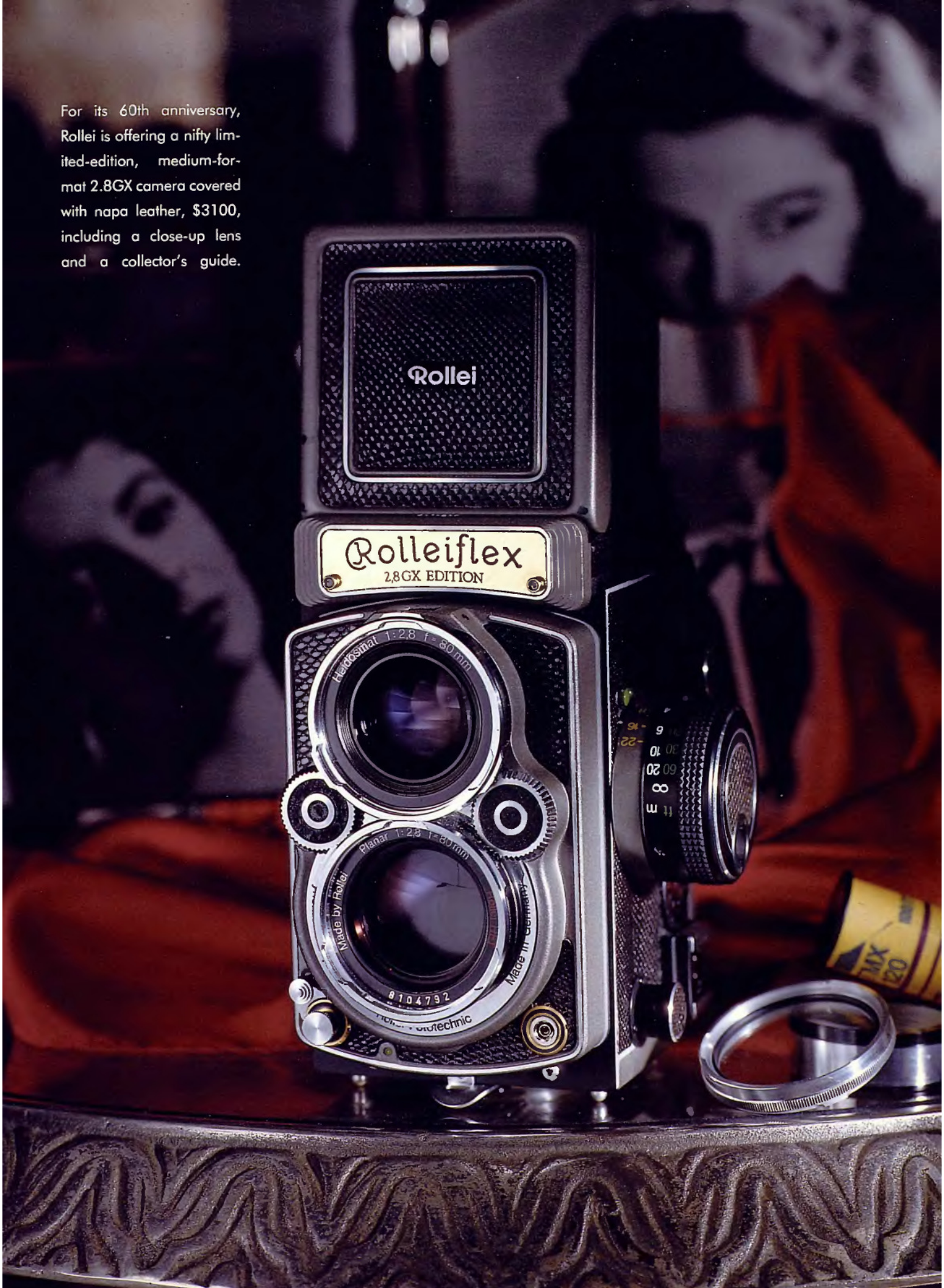
This carry-on bag in wine-colored or black leather can be personalized with your name, initials or the logo of your favorite wheels, fram Beverly Hills Motoring Accessaries, $99.

Your boat may sink, but your binoculors won't. Not only are Jason's Model 98-PF 2000 waterproof, fog-proof and shipwreckproof, they're permanently fo-cused, too, about $330.

Geary's in Beverly Hills of-fers Mont Blanc's replica of a Victorian inkwell made of lead crystal with a brass lid and a brass-accented base, $195, and a Mont Blanc fountain pen, $235. Nice!

Smith Corona's 100C disk-drive word processor that can convert to a typewriter has a 50,000-word mem-ory, a spelling/grammar check, a printer and a monitor, about $900.

Where & How to Buy on page 180.



For its 60th anniversary, Rollei is offering a nifty limited-edition, medium-format 2.8GX camera covered with napa leather, $3100, including a close-up lens and a collector's guide.

DETROIT
Pistons

20 QUESTIONS

CHUCK D

From its inception, rap was one of the most potent musical forms of the Eighties. At its slightest, it was filled with sexual braggadocio and almost obsessive self-absorption: The subject of most rap music was, in fact, rap music. But groups such as Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, who recorded "The Message," and Kurtis Blow, who hit the charts with "The Breaks," demonstrated that rappers could be articulate and stridently political.

Public Enemy's leader is the stentorian Chuck D, whose deep-voiced preaching is pitted against the chirpy tenor of his clownish co-rapper, Flavor Flav. The group enjoys muddy politics: To a core philosophy of black self-help, the band adds various strains of black radicalism, most pungent among them an admixture of uncritical Farrakhanism. Yet Public Enemy has achieved massive, cross-racial success, selling millions of records and filling arenas across the country. The band's third album, "Fear of a Black Planet," is, in addition to rap, riveting rock music. Chuck D was born Carlton Ridenhour 30 years ago. Bill Wyman spoke with him at Public Enemy world headquarters on Long Island and at the offices of Def Jam Records in Manhattan. "The shouted slogans and ragged beats are for the stage and the studio," reports Wyman. "In person, Chuck is personable and quiet, with, as he puts it, 'a face to fit in.' It turns out that the fiery radical would rather talk about his family and his business than about politics: He and his partner and producer, Hank Shocklee, employ nearly 30 people; he's proud of the fact that they practice what they preach."

1.

PLAYBOY: Rap music can be jarring and harsh, almost antimusic. What sort of music was around the house when you were growing up?

public enemy's no. 1 raps about race, groupies and why he doesn't sing his daughter to sleep

CHUCK D: My mother and father were record collectors. My pops was into jazz; to this day, I don't have a sharp liking for it, though I guess it's in me. My moms played all the soul. She'd play Al Green over and over and *over*—the same record, over and over again—and then Stevie Wonder over and over, and then Aretha, Aretha, Aretha.

2.

PLAYBOY: What was your road to rap?

CHUCK D: I would go to clubs to check out the rappers, but it got to the point where they were using too much echo chamber and the words were muffled. I wanted to hear straight-out rhymes. I thought I could do a better job. And one day, I did.

3.

PLAYBOY: Your observations are of an artistic nature and they're being taken very seriously. Do you consider yourself a black leader now?

CHUCK D: I'm a switchboard and a dispatcher of information. But I want to be in a position to encourage black people to be leaders, and when you set some sort of example, you have to take on some of the responsibility. There are about thirty people in our structure, and there's never going to be a situation where me and Hank are walking around like Donald Trump. Being a black leader is not just saying, "Well, I'm Nelson Mandela." A black leader takes care of his kids, endorses some sort of family structure and helps keep his community together. I think my father is a black leader.

Not many black males are men. We have boys who are sixty years old. What makes a man is accepting responsibilities and having a low tolerance for oppressing forces.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between Michael Jackson and Michael Jordan?

CHUCK D: Michael Jordan's face isn't shifting. Michael Jackson you feel sorry for. Michael Jordan you don't feel sorry for, because he is doing what he wants to do on his own terms. People are crossing over to *him*. Michael Jackson feels that he'll get more acceptance if he changes his face so it looks nicer to white people. He failed to understand that people liked him as he was, and motherfuckers don't like to see him with a lack of respect for what God gave him. Back in the early Eighties, Michael Jackson could have really changed the way white people looked at black people. It's not what's outside you. It's what's inside you. The music comes from within.

5.

PLAYBOY: What did Carlton Ridenhour do before he became Chuck D?

CHUCK D: I was a messenger for a black company, delivering Government photos. The people who owned the place gave me a lot of inspiration, because it was entirely a black-owned operation, with a lot of white people working for it. I just loved working there. I wrote *Yo! Bum Rush the Show* [Public Enemy's first album] while I was there. Also, me and Flavor used to drive these U-Hauls for my father's business, and that was some trick. People in New York would crowd the street. But they wouldn't crowd the street when Flavor Flav was driving.

6.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain Flavor's clock?

CHUCK D: Back in '87, people were wearing those stop watches, and one day, one of the boys brought up this clock. I thought that was hype, and I started wearing a bigger clock, and then Flavor started wearing an even bigger clock. He just kept getting bigger and bigger clocks. I took my clocks off.

7.

PLAYBOY: You make some of the hardest rock records ever made—they're dissonant, loud and challenging. Does this approach make it difficult to get your message across?

CHUCK D: One of our objectives is to uplift our race and rebuild the black structure, rebuild the black man and woman. A lot of us are hardheaded about it. But if I smack you on the head with this newspaper, you'll definitely listen up. *Bang!* "Yeah! What's up?" Rather than just me saying, "Yo, check this out."

Originally, we wanted to make a record that would stand out from all the others sonically. We made our first single, *Public Enemy No. 1*, in December 1984. I made it with that buzzing noise. I liked that particular sample, but there was another consideration: We could monitor who was listening. My parents lived on the corner, and I could listen to what the cars were playing on their systems as they drove by. If you just heard a beat, it could be any record. But if it had the noise on it, then I knew they were playing the jam.

8.

PLAYBOY: In May 1989, your former band member Professor Griff announced that "Jews are responsible for the majority of wickedness that goes on across the globe." The predictable brouhaha ensued, you apologized and Griff ultimately left the group. Around that time,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN

Public Enemy played a concert in Chicago, and you sought the advice of Louis Farrakhan. What did he say to you?

CHUCK D: He said, Chuck, what you got to do is, you got to lead. And if it doesn't go your way, you've got to put your foot down. For the sake of being right against what's wrong. The Spike Lee movie [*Do the Right Thing*] came out, and the media were at the starting gate. I was trying to handle the internal situation [with Professor Griff], but if I had the chance to do it all over again, I would have told *him* to handle it, or else.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you rap your daughter to sleep at night?

CHUCK D: No, my daughter sings to me. Shit, I can't sing a lick. When I get off stage, I can't rap and I can't remember lyrics too well. I try to sing a little *reggae* to her. But she's singing off the radio already. She's into some other shit.

10.

PLAYBOY: How did you acquire your penchant for sloganeering?

CHUCK D: It's our background in the black community. We always saw that black people bought shit that was not marketed to them. Corporate America does not understand this. If you want to sell to black America, all you got to do is sell to the whites. Black people don't separate things into black and white; everything in the country is white. If we just said, We're only going to buy shit that's marketed to black people, we wouldn't have a fucking thing. [*Holds coffee cup up*] What, a mug for blacks? [*Mocking*] "I'm not going to buy Cheerios until I see a black logo on it." That's the background me and Hank had. We weren't selling Cheerios.

11.

PLAYBOY: What hero broke your heart?

CHUCK D: Ralph Abernathy went out like a cold-ass wig. [Abernathy's book, *And the Walls Came Tumbling Down*, contained a brief reference to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, last night, supposedly shared with at least two women, which provoked a furor among black leaders. Abernathy died of a heart attack a few months later.] And it's sad to see people of that stature disappear with no tears. The things that happened on the inside should have stayed on the inside. It shouldn't have become public discussion, because it clouded Abernathy's objectives, and people wanted to dwell on those negative points. It's like with us: Public Enemy can talk about eighty positive things, but people will always dwell on the anti-Semitism or racism from 1989.

12.

PLAYBOY: Public Enemy belittles gays in its lyrics. Isn't that a form of prejudice?

CHUCK D: Not really. Like I sing in my song: "Man to man/I don't know if they can/From what I know/The parts don't fit." Love between men shouldn't involve sex. People don't know what true love is—even a man and a woman shouldn't just say, I'm going to sex you out and that's going to be love. There are gays in the black community because black women are not being loved from the heart, and black men are feeling alienated. This causes people to withdraw from the normal man–woman relationships.

13.

PLAYBOY: What are Public Enemy groupies like compared with, say, Mötley Crüe groupies?

CHUCK D: [*Laughs*] They're a lot neater.

They're more correct, they got their heads together, they want to learn more. They're just happy that we're some brothers taking a stand. When we first came out, our whole thing was not to appeal to women. Every time a rap group would come along, they'd turn into sex symbols. I said that when I started Public Enemy, it was going to be the best group in the world, and I'd look out for the brothers first. Our program is to *rebuild* the black man so he's got respect for himself, and for the black woman, too. You're not going to see us singing songs like [*falsetto*] "I love you, baby, and let me get you in the back and sex you in the corner." Our song *Revolutionary Generation* is about true love for our sisters. If you have children, take care of them. Help your sister out, help your community out by being a man and leading that community. 'Cause our sisters have been holding the weight of the community for so long.

14.

PLAYBOY: The Professor Griff controversy sidelined Public Enemy for months. During the hullabaloo, you made the almost plaintive remark, "I was looking forward to spending the summer talking about Elvis Presley and John Wayne." You were referring to the calculated insults from *Fight the Power*: "Elvis was a hero to most/But he never meant shit to me, you see/Straight out racist that sucker was simple and plain/Motherfuck him and John Wayne." We'd like to give you the opportunity now to tell us what you have against Elvis.

CHUCK D: Elvis' attitude toward blacks was that of people in the South at that particular time. The point of the song is not about Elvis so much, and it's not about the people who idolize that motherfucker, like he made no errors and was never wrong. Elvis doesn't mean shit. White America's heroes are different from black America's heroes. John Wayne could go around in these movies and kill Indians and he was all right. But a black man like Louis Farrakhan comes out for the uplifting of black people and whites pick at things and throw shit at him. The people I look up to are [Illinois Representative] Gus Savage, Farrakhan, Angela Davis and even Jesse Jackson. Nat Turner—who went into Virginia and wreaked havoc on his oppressors—was righteous. You know who meant shit to me? Marcus Garvey. Marcus Garvey is *not* an American icon. He was dogged by the American Government. You know what I'm saying? Not John Wayne. Not Elvis Presley. Not Marilyn Monroe. I give less than a *fuck* about those motherfuckers.

15.

PLAYBOY: One of the things that Public Enemy does best is manipulate the media by making deliberately controversial statements. At the same time, there's a risk of going too far: Your account of the Griff controversy in *Welcome to the Terrordome* started a new round of anti-Semitism charges against the group. Would you give us an explication of those lines?

CHUCK D: A lot of times, I'll say something just to make people jump. Then I can say, "See, I caught you offside." I plan the dangers of it. This time, everyone was accusing me of bringing back Hitler's reasons for killing the Jews, something that I never heard of in my life. Now, out of one hundred lines in the song, they looked at four. The lines go like this: "Crucifixion ain't no fiction." I believe that Christ was a brother who got crucified. "So-called chosen frozen." That was my only reference to the Jewish community, which was appalled by the remarks in the Griff article. "Frozen" means stopped in their tracks. And I said "so-called chosen" because I don't think one group of people are God's chosen people. "Apology made to whoever pleases." That's what I did in 1989 after all this happened. "Still they got me like Jesus." My whole point is that the media are still taking me out. I made the apology and people are still taking me out.

And the response was, "Well, I don't believe it." What's your criteria for not believing me? A lot of people were mad because I put Griff back in the group after taking him out. But then again, it's my group, and this is the black community I live in. I could live down the block from this man, but that's not white America's concern. I said that this was wrong, and now let's move on.

16.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, explain what separates blacks and Jews today.

CHUCK D: It's bullshit. No one in the black community gives a fuck about Jewish people. The issue with black people is

(concluded on page 160)

"Who is she, Norman? I see you've been working on your waistline."

SEX
IN
CINEMA
1990

tired of catering to kids, moviemakers petition the m.p.a.a. for relief from the stigma of x

text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

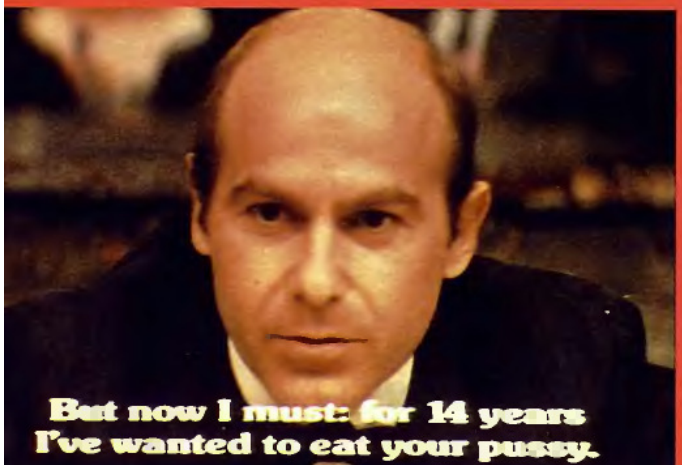
IS SEX NECESSARY? asked humorists James Thurber and E. B. White in the title of a jaunty book written at the tag end of the Roaring Twenties. The answer was breezily affirmative, but hordes of uptight moralists might argue their conclusion today. With conservatism and surveillance rampant across the land, Congressional antismut crusaders and social critics are seeing blue not just on screen but in song lyrics, art exhibitions and the scripts of TV series.

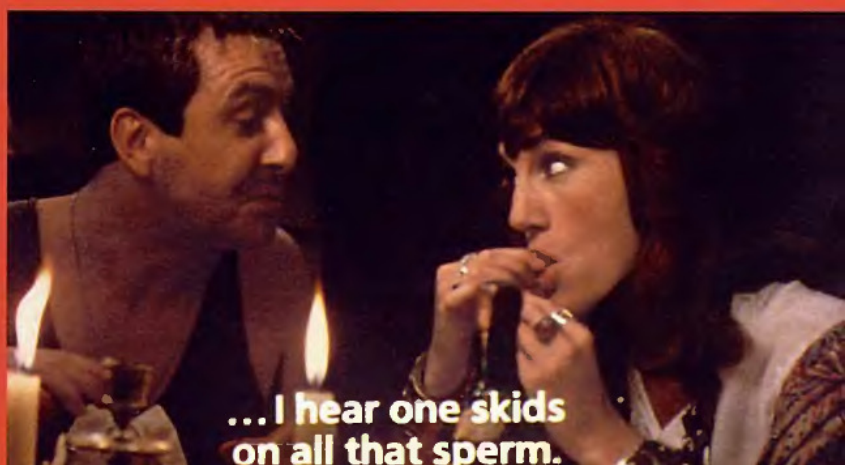
Little wonder, then, that 1990's moviemakers were caught in a maelstrom of controversy, chiefly battling the M.P.A.A. (Motion Picture Association of America) over its outdated ratings system. The M.P.A.A.'s rating group, a host of right-thinking volunteers presumably making the silver screen safe for young people, initially plastered its much-feared X on films as various as Zalman King's blatantly erotic Brazil-based *Wild Orchid*, *(text continued on page 148)*

GAMES FOR GROWNUPS: Mainstream movies got racier this year; even the standard action film *Another 48 HRS.* has a bad biker bursting through an adult-moviehouse screen—squarely between sexploitation queen Kitten Natividad's ample hooters (left). This fall's *Henry and June*, a slice of the life of the erotic writer Henry Miller, not surprisingly affords outré moments, such as the one above right with contortionists Erika Maury-Lascaux and Claire Joubert entertaining Miller's roommate (Kevin Spacey). The sexy smash *Pretty Woman* (right) finds Richard Gere, as a rich man who buys and sells companies for fun and profit, sharing a tub (and bed) with a Hollywood prostitute (Julia Roberts).

FRAME THAT TOON:
The folks at Disney put a double twist on onimation, bringing o venerable newspaper-comic-strip detective to life on the screen with o human cost of characters thot includes (below center) o platinum-blonde Modonna os Breathless Mahoney, the chanteuse moll of gangster Big Boy Caprice (Al Pocino) in *Dick Tracy*. Preceding it on the bill at theoters is *Rollercoaster Rabbit*, in which o befuddled Toon, Roger Rabbit, discovers his curvoceous wife, Jessica (left), on a centerfold.

PRIZE SURPRISES:
If onybody made book on the probable winners of these three film competitions, he probably lost his shirt. Controversiol director Dovid (*Blue Velvet*, Twin Peaks) Lynch's *Wild at Heart* (top neor right), storring Loura Dern ond Nicolas Cage in o weirdly bent road movie, won the Palme d'Or at the Connes Film Festival. The audociously irreverent *Jesus of Montreal* copped 12 Genies, Canado's equivolent of the Oscor (thot's star Lothaire Bluteou being busted by *les flics* ofter his mock Crucifixion in the nude, top far right). And o hordcore porn video, *Night Trips* (with Tori Welles and friends, center right), featuring a series of explicitly detailed erotic fantasies thot provide an unconventional cure for o sleep disorder, oced out Turner Network Television's prestigious remake of *Dinner at Eight*, storring Lauren Bocall, for second prize in the made-for-tope/coble cotegory at the Houston International Film Festivol in April.





READING, WRITING AND RIBALDRY: Who says actions speak louder than words? The subtitles have it in France's *Too Beautiful for You*, with Didier Benureau (far left) confessing a secret passion to Carole Bouquet, and *May Fools*, in which (near left) truck driver Bruno Carette tells Harriet Walter about free love on the streets of Paris in 1968. In Hollywood's *Crazy People* (right), admon Paul Reiser is horrified at the handiwork of his portner, Dudley Moore, who's campaigning for truth in advertising. (Sent to a mental institution, Dudley enlists fellow patients' aid in creating some similarly uninhibited slogans, which meet with startling success.)

FREAKING OUT: Creatures are featured in a host of 1990 releases. Among the Martian mutants in the Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle *Total Recall* (top left) is a triple-breasted bar girl; in *RoboCop 2* (center left), Angie Bolling touches what little flesh is left on her otherwise android ex-husband, the titular policeman (Peter Weller); Robert Englund, the Freddy of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* series, portrays the disfigured protagonist of *The Phantom of the Opera* (at bottom left, he embraces Jaclyn Mendoza); and a monster menaces Linnea Quigley in the show-within-a-show sequence *I Rip Your Flesh (with Pliers)* from the movie *Sexbomb* (bottom). On the opposite page, clockwise from top left: Laura Albert, a patient at the clinic in *Dr. Caligari* (run by the granddaughter of the original doc), looks to be set for a tonguing of epic proportions; Delia Sheppard helps prepare an unsuspecting Charles Solomon for a role as the world's principal warlock in *Witchcraft Part II: The Temptress*; James Lorinz and Patty Mullen are patched together from spare body parts in the X-rated *Frankenhooker*; and Dale Ador (played by Robyn Kelly) catches the eponymous pompon girls in their attempt to steal the "virile force" from a hapless Flesh (Vince Murdocco) in *Flesh Gordon Meets the Cosmic Cheerleaders*.

HEAD
QUARTERS

FOREIGN ACCENTS:

The world's the oyster of todoy's moviemokers, who set their films in such widely distonced internationol locales os Greece (*M'agapas?*, or *Love Me Not?*, left, with Kostos Triontafillidis and Mario Lambrou skinny-dipping in o romantic tole involving o pioneering heart transplont) and—clockwise from top near right—Mexico (*Santa Sangre*, director Alejandro Jodorowsky's bizorre story, told in flashback, of o mentol potient who wos reored in o circus); Boghdod (*The 1001 Nights*, yet onother retelling of the durable Scheherozode legend—this version o time-trovel epic—filmed in Morocco by Fronce's Philippe de Broco); 1924 Buenos Aires (*Naked Tango*, with Mothilda Moy os o bored bride who switches identities with o suicide victim and ends up, sexually owokened, in o lovishly decorated bordello with its proprietor, ployed by Esoi Morales); Austrolio (*In Too Deep*, with Sontho Press and Hugo Roce os o sultry jozz singer and o rock musicion moonlighting os o small-time hood who enjoy o steomy liaison in Melbourne); and Englond (*Dark Obsession*, which features Gobriel Byrne os on oristocrotic former Guords officer who's possionotely in love with but jealously suspicious of his wife, Amondo Donohoe—with, os it turns out, some reoson).

RANDY RETURNS:

Two classic films—one French, one Jopanese—ore back, rocier thon ever. Bertrond Blier's 1974 *Going Places* (left), with Gerord Depordieu, Miou-Miou and Potrick Dewoere, is in theoters uncut for the first time; *In the Realm of the Senses* (right), in which Eiko Motsudo strongles, then costrotes Tatsuya Fuji, is on video with more erotic footoge.

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE: "Get me a lawyer!" is 1990's cry for actors, actresses, studios and even the M.P.A.A.'s rating agency. Mickey Rourke and Carré Otis (above left), annoyed at allegedly "unauthorized" publication of film stills, sued the makers of *Wild Orchid*, who promptly countersued, charging breach of contract. The goings on in *Bad Influence* eerily mirror the real-life legal difficulties of ex–Brat Packer Rob Lowe (at top, with the movie's Lisa Zane), who was caught last year in a video-taped indiscretion with an allegedly underaged partner. (The amorous ladies in another scene from the film, above, are Adrienne Leigh and Charisse Glen.) Miramax Films, faced with an X for *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* (left), refused the rating, sued the Motion Picture Association of America for being "arbitrary" and released the film unrated, along with *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* (opposite), in which Helen Mirren and Alan Howard get it on in every nook and cranny of a fashionable restaurant.

Spain's *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*, a British-made shocker called *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* and a U.S. independent drama about murder and incest, *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*. Lawsuits, loud protests and vehement accusations of double standards and unfairness ensued. The best way to escape censure, it appears, is to make motion-picture sex harmlessly bawdy, as in *Another 48 HRS.*, or squeaky-clean but suggestive, as in the comic-strip epic *Dick Tracy*.

The dispute focused on the contention by liberal film makers and critics that the M.P.A.A.'s existing five categories should be expanded to six, with an A added to the abominable X. The A (for adult material) would ostensibly spell out the difference between movies for thinking grownups and mere pornography, since distributors of adult videos have increasingly appropriated the X—or even trebled it to XXX—to make their sleaziest stuff sound even hotter. The M.P.A.A. and its C.E.O., Jack Valenti, stood firm, resisting change on the ground that since the C.A.R.A. (Classification and Rating Administration) system is voluntary, makers of movies such as *Tie Me Up!* and *Henry* may choose—and, in fact, have chosen—to send them out with no rating at all. The M.P.A.A. further describes its ratings board, made up of parents, as a group of mere guidance counselors charged to tell us "which films American parents will likely consider unsuitable for children."

In May, the National Society of Film Critics sent the M.P.A.A. a letter pointing out "the alarming increase in the application of the X rating to films of nonpornographic intent" and again endorsing "the institution of a new M.P.A.A.-copyrighted A rating—for adults only."

Miramax Films Inc.'s ad director, David Dinerstein, chimed in with his own view: "An unrated film carries the scarlet letter by default. It's a stigma. Cincinnati's *Post* and *Enquirer* refused display ads for both *Tie Me Up!* and our unrated *Cook, Thief* movie. Of course, [Cincinnati] is where the Mapplethorpe photo exhibit was [temporarily] closed and the museum director indicted. We had to take out print ads for *Cook, Thief* in Cincinnati giving a telephone number you could call for information about quote, unquote, *an interesting new film*."

Following vehement protests that included a petition from eminent American movie directors (among them Spike Lee, Barry Levinson and John Sayles) who urged the creation of a new category, the M.P.A.A. said it was holding its ground.

There's no doubt that *Cook, Thief*, which may or may not benefit from any new ruling, has horrified some viewers with its graphic depictions of nudity, sex and cannibalism. It's set in an otherwise upscale restaurant that attracts an obviously depraved clientele. Helen Mirren, as the thief's errant wife, picks up a bookish customer (Alan Howard) and couples with him in the ladies' room, the bakery, the cheese cupboard and just about everywhere else before her husband has the lover murdered. He's served basted, well done and garnished, a human roast. While some critics interpreted all this as an attack on Margaret Thatcher's England, most viewers missed the connection. Dinerstein nonetheless resents the film's having been "pulled off the screen in a variety of locations—from Memphis to St. Louis to Montpelier, Vermont. Even the *San Francisco Chronicle* ran our ads in the porno section, next to such titles as *Earthquake Girls*. Our ads were completely nixed in New Orleans. And in New York, the local NBC-TV station would carry promos for *Tie Me Up!* only after 11:30 P.M. ABC and CBS turned us down, wouldn't let us advertise at all." *Tie Me Up!*'s alleged excess is a somewhat explicit scene between a kidnaped former porn queen (Victoria Abril) and the ex-con (Antonio Banderas) who abducts and seduces her.

New York attorney William M. Kunstler, a famed champion of liberal causes, pleaded the *Tie Me Up!* court case for Miramax, denouncing the X as "a form of censorship." He submitted as evidence equally torrid scenes from *9½ Weeks*, the 1981 remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *The Accused*—all R-rated.

"Sure, that's a serious movie," Dinerstein allows of the last. "But Jodie Foster was gang-raped on a pinball machine. Would we rather see people in love making love or see people being gang-raped? Which does not mean we favor censorship of *any* film."

Countering Miramax was lawyer Floyd Abrams, retained by the M.P.A.A. for his credentials as a First Amendment expert. "It's not often I'm accused of being on the wrong side," says Abrams. "But an aggrieved moviemaker ought not turn to the Government in any way. Taking this question to court is in itself a threat. They call the M.P.A.A. decision 'arbitrary and capricious.' Alternatively, they say the court should *require* the establishment of an A rating. For the court to make such a decision seems to me a plain and blatant violation of First Amendment rights. In brief, the M.P.A.A.'s position is that it does not make decisions about *quality*—saying what is sleazy, what's mature or what's pornographic. It's merely saying kids shouldn't see it. Determining a particular movie's merits is the critic's job."

Miramax' suit was denied by New York Supreme Court Justice Charles E. Ramos, who nevertheless had some pretty harsh words for the M.P.A.A. and its rating system, which, he said, demands that American films "deal with adult subjects in nonadult terms, or face an X rating."

The X was also appealed for director Wayne Wang's quirky *Life Is Cheap . . . but Toilet Paper Is Expensive*, which finally got *The New York Times* to accept its ads with a self-applied A rating, and legal action was threatened over the X-ing of the thriller *In the Cold of the Night* when its producer-director refused to excise "a three-minute nonexplicit love scene" (not the slightly less graphic one featuring Playmate Shannon Tweed).

While the legal motions proliferate, motion pictures keep plugging along, taking chances, as always, to see how far they can go. Most go with the flow, yet film maker John Waters, a man who's accustomed to run-ins with M.P.A.A. raters, insists that they habitually count and evaluate the "fucks" when assessing a movie. "You can say 'Oh, fuck,' but not 'I wanna fuck,'" he claims. Waters cut his *Cry-Baby*, with Johnny Depp, Patricia Hearst and reformed porn star Traci Lords, to get a PG-13 (parents strongly cautioned—may be inappropriate for children under 13) rating. "I didn't want an R, for God's sake," says Waters. "Not with a teen idol like Johnny Depp as my star. I'm not *that* crazy. So I wound up with one fuck and two beeps, making fun of the whole business. Anyway, in my early films, like *Pink Flamingos*, I'd often take an X or no rating. My Xs were not for nudity or sex but for things that weren't even on the books. You can't have somebody in drag eating dog shit and get away with it." Except for a musical sequence about tongue kissing, *Cry-Baby* is markedly less outrageous.

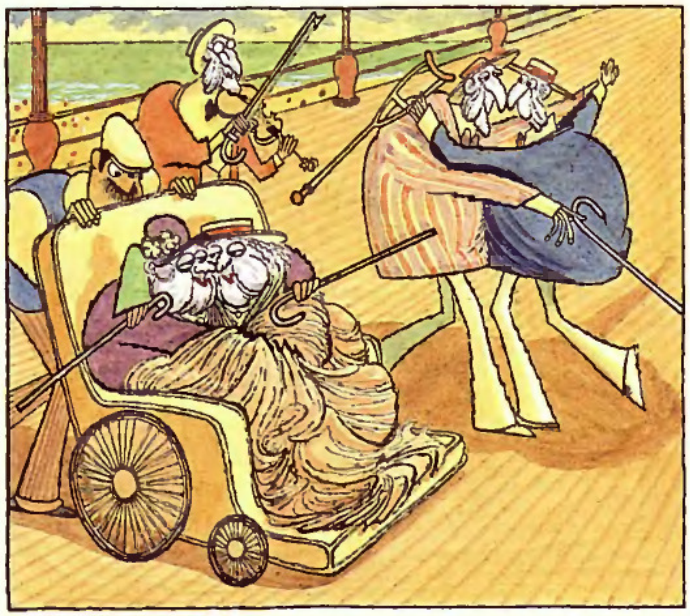
Other mainstream American moviemakers exhibited restraint on demand, which means they trimmed when the M.P.A.A. indicated they'd better do so. Mickey Rourke and newcomer Carré Otis were hard at it when the literally climactic closing sequence of *Wild Orchid* was filmed, but the releasing company, to avoid an X, insisted that director Zalman King snip at least a few frames of Rourke and his sultry leading lady (off screen and on, according to all reports). After having its sexual charge pruned, there wasn't a hell of a lot left in *Orchid* to see. But that wasn't the end of the film's trials: The actors sued the distributors for the

(continued on page 157)

Cherie, I shall call zis the FRENCH horn. Give it a blow and tell me how you like it.
Cherie, in music, BLOW does not mean SUCK! ONLY in music, blow means BLOW! Sacre blew!!

THE ORIGINAL GIBSON GIRL

The Gay Nineties



THE CONCEPTION OF THE BLUES

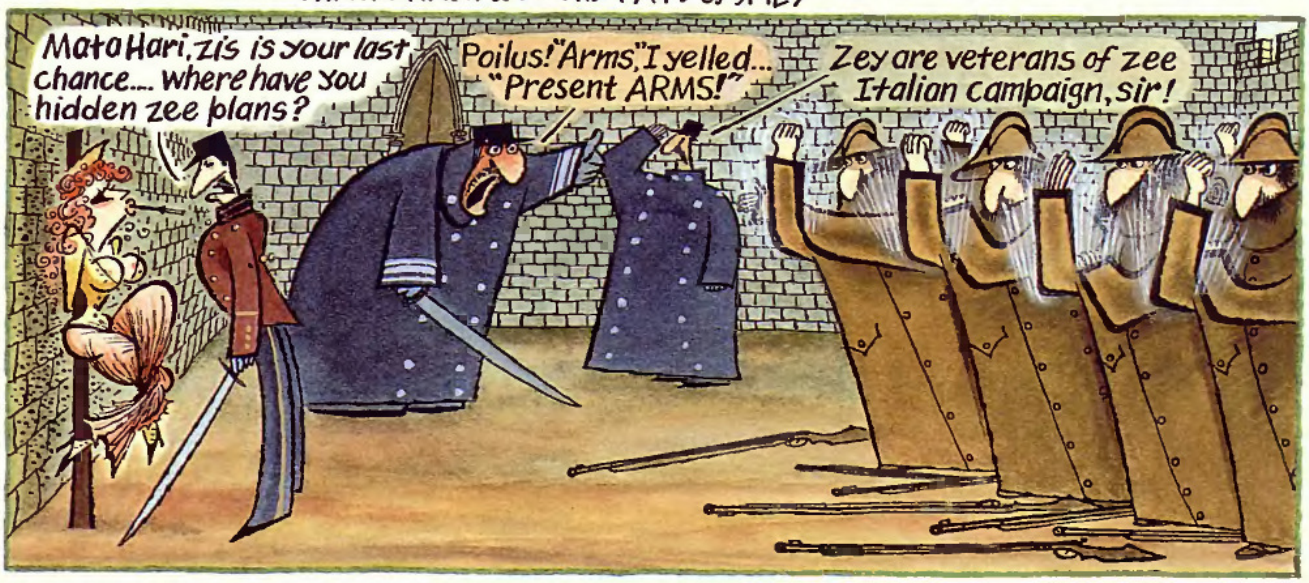
THE BAUHAUS SCHOOL

Fellow artists, let our motto be "LESS IS MORE"!
Zat's easy for you to say!
In that case, a modern masterpiece!
Sigh! We'll go along wiz zat.
"Less is more"? A two-year-old kid could do zat!
THE LOVER
THE LOVERS
THE KISS

The Climax of WORLD WAR ONE

What's on the Rhine

MATA HARI and THE FATE of SPIES


Mata Hari, zis is your last chance.... where have you hidden zee plans?
Poilus! "Arms," I yelled... "Present ARMS!"
Zey are veterans of zee Italian campaign, sir!

BLACK FRIDAY & Wall Street Takes a Licking

THE REALLY GREAT DEPRESSION

to be continued...

HEAL AND FORGIVE

(continued from page 63)

the soothing democratic rhetoric—which should have seemed odd, date-lined, as it was, from his exile headquarters in Pyongyang and Peking. There was also the fact that the "democratic" elements represented a scant minority of the coalition's military force, which was dominated by the Khmer Rouge. But the Carterites chose to ignore such inconsistencies. Instead, they, and every U.S. Administration since, insisted that the alliance dominated by the Khmer Rouge was the rightful representative of Cambodia at the UN.

Cynical? No, evil. For what this policy states is that the well-being—indeed, the survival—of people in places such as Cambodia and Vietnam does not matter. We claim to care about them—as with the boat people—when it enhances an assumed chessboard position, but that is merely the morality of political convenience.

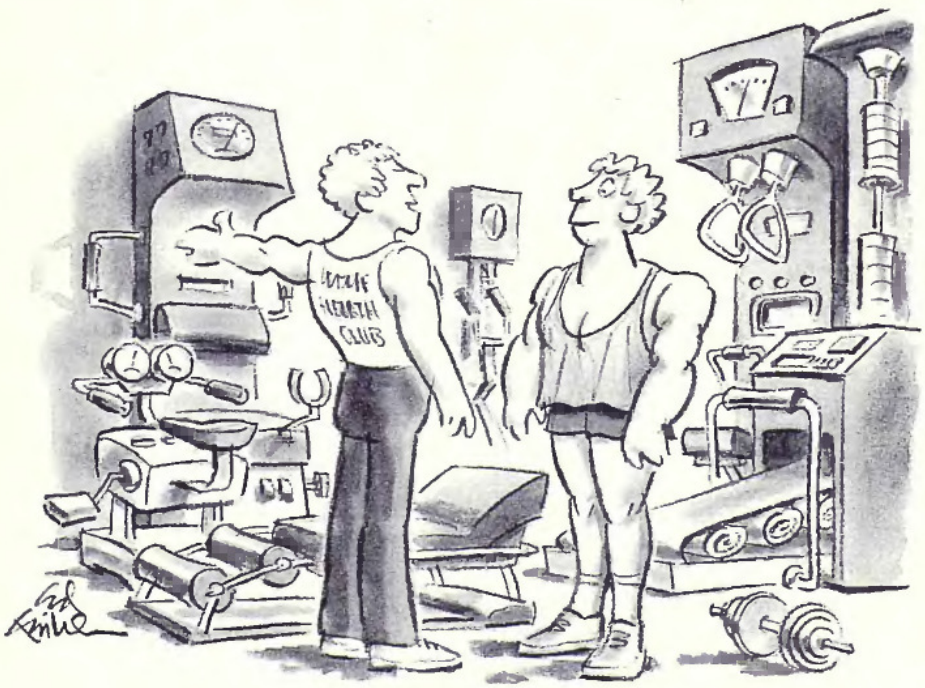
For a decade, we have contributed to the misery of Cambodians and Vietnamese by failing to do the obviously decent thing—admit them into the family of nations. We have consistently blocked international humanitarian aid to avert famines, prevented normal economic investment and even, as in the case of the Vietnam vets, thwarted simple human contact. American Presidents have found it in their hearts to send cakes to the ayatollah and scraping diplomats to the tyrants of Tiananmen Square. But try to export powdered milk to Hué? Ten years in the slammer, buddy.

This policy began to finally unravel in the summer of 1990, when the Khmer Rouge scored impressive military victories within Cambodia. Suddenly, the global jig was up. The specter of the Khmer Rouge returning to power, aided and abetted by the U.S., was too much for many members of Congress. Secretary of State James Baker, in a major reversal of policy, announced that the U.S. was withdrawing diplomatic recognition from the Khmer Rouge–dominated coalition and was instead beginning limited talks with Vietnam aimed at hastening the peace process. "We want to do everything we can to prevent a return of the Khmer Rouge to power," Baker announced. And about time.

According to *The New York Times*, "Mr. Baker, speaking to reporters after a two-hour meeting with the Soviet foreign minister . . . said the move was necessary because existing American policy appeared increasingly likely to promote a return to power of the Khmer Rouge, under whose rule in the Seventies more than 1,000,000 Cambodians were killed or died of starvation."

Baker acknowledged that most Vietnamese troops did, in fact, leave Cambodia last year and that Hanoi might now play a constructive role in bringing peace to the tortured land of Cambodia. Which is what the returning Vietnam vets have been arguing all along—that normalization of relations with Vietnam might end the region's *de facto* state of war.

Perhaps if President Bush manages to hold fast to this newly acquired wisdom and resists the know-nothing attacks from rightist critics in his own party, he can make peace with a smaller Communist country, just as he has with the Red giants. And while he's at it, a belated salute of thanks to the vets would be in order.



"You've achieved a strong body. But you'll have to go elsewhere to get a sound mind."

HOW I GOT RELIGION

(continued from page 128)

a can of stripper (good for removing paint, skin, brain cells, whatever)—maybe I hadn't disposed of them as carefully as I could have. And I had no beef with plastic or anything else manufacturers called disposable—it's tough to beat that convenience. Where the stuff ended up after I got through with it . . . jeez, to be honest, I guess I, duh, never gave it much thought.

But it eventually came time to admit that it *was* my problem, and as a typical American consumer, I *was* guilty of contributing to the pollution of the environment, even if I weren't doing it on purpose, and even if I myself weren't a multinational chemical company. There was no particular reason to start taking responsibility now, but there was even less of a reason to wait.

I needed a game plan, one within the realm of the possible. I doubted very much that I could, say, figure out a better way to dispose of plutonium if I had one, ten or even 100 years. I wanted to find out what I could do to make a difference. And I needed a deadline. Seven days seemed like as good a chunk of time as any. I figured that if God had created the whole ball of wax in only six days, with 24 extra hours, I should be able to do *something*.

DAY ONE

Believing that saving the planet was probably not unlike making thighs thinner in 30 days, I beelined for the local Barnes & Noble. I didn't get too far before stumbling onto a shelf that featured enough books on the environment to chew up our redwood forests. Titles included *50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth*, *How to Make the World a Better Place (Over 100 Quick-and-Easy Tips)*, *Save Our Planet—750 Everyday Ways You Can Help Clean Up the Earth* and the daddy of them all, *The Green Lifestyle Handbook—1001 Ways You Can Heal the Earth*.

I started with *50 Simple Things* and quickly discovered why it is so popular. It made saving the earth appear easy and not all that inconvenient. After pointing out the problems we face, without bludgeoning the reader over the head with them for too long, it tackled the top 50 picks, which were divided into three categories: "Simple Things" (On aerating a faucet: "According to stats in *Home Energy* magazine, we would save over 250,000,000 gallons of water every day if every American home installed faucet aerators"); "It Takes Some Effort" (On car pooling: "In one year, traffic congestion alone wastes three billion gallons of gasoline—about five

THE PROPER WAY TO TIE A TIE.

THE PROPER WAY TO LOOSEN IT.

Canadian Club®

A PREMIUM WHISKY, UNRIVALED IN QUALITY AND SMOOTHNESS SINCE 1858.

40% a/c./vol. Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported in Bottle by Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc. Farmington Hills, MI © 1990

percent of the nation's annual gas consumption"); and "For the Committed" (On eating low on the food chain: "According to *Diet for a New America*, over a billion people could be fed by the grain and soybeans eaten by U.S. livestock every year"). That night, my wife, Lisa, and I immediately became participants: Opting for pasta at home, we walked right past the local fast-burger emporium, eschewing not only high-food-chain comestibles but also the Styrofoam containers that are nonbiodegradable—500 years from now, they'll still be around.

DAY TWO

The next morning, I hit the ground running. Before I even left the apartment, I was able to save approximately 15 gallons of water by trimming a mere two minutes off my time in the shower. I then saved another 15 gallons while shaving by filling the sink instead of letting the water flow, and more than five gallons of water while brushing my teeth by turning the faucet on only when I had to rinse my mouth instead of letting the water flow continuously ("A household can save up to 20,000 gallons of water each year by getting a grip on its faucets," according to *50 Simple Things*). None of these measures wasted any time, either.

After making sure all the lights were turned off (this was my own idea), I left the apartment (we're city dwellers—New York) to grab the subway. Although it was as crowded as ever during the morning rush, for the first time in my eight years as a straphanger, I had a reason to feel good about using mass transit. After all, the subway is essentially car pooling.

When I arrived at my job, the work on my desk left over from the day before inspired an idea: Like most offices, ours runs on paper, most of which is turned into garbage almost immediately, if it isn't already garbage. Perhaps there was a way to recycle it.

I called our office manager to ask if we had a policy on paper recycling. She said that as far as she knew, there wasn't one and quickly added that if *I* wanted to take the responsibility to look into it, it was perfectly all right with her. She put herself even farther out on a limb by suggesting that I call "someone in the city for more information" before she hastily hung up.

With minimum directory assistance, I contacted the Office Paper Recycling Service, a subdivision of The Council on the Environment of New York City, and spoke with a woman who informed me that as of July 14, 1989, a recycling law (Local Law number 19) was enacted with various parameters for the residential, governmental and commercial sectors. For the commercial sector, the mandate is that 50 percent of the "aggregate waste" (paper is included in this wide definition of what is more commonly known as garbage) must be recycled. The law, which is a bit confusing because the city is still clarifying portions of it, stipulates that the "waste generator" is responsible for recycling its aggregate waste. I wondered who the waste generator was—the building or the tenant? This environmental stuff could be tricky.

Next, I called our building manager. The receptionist said he wasn't there right then, but he would return my call when he got in.

On the way home from work, I picked up a can of latex paint (less toxic than oil-base) from the hardware store to paint a window sill in the apartment. I asked the clerk what the best way was to dispose of the paint and he said, "Just make sure the lid is on tight and throw it away; it's no problem." Stunned by his obviously reckless advice, I put a notice up in our building telling other residents I had paint for anyone who could use it.

DAY THREE

Cleaning up the planet is somewhat like making love—you can do it by yourself, but it's better to involve someone else. Sure, I had Lisa, who unflinchingly separated our bottles and cans (in our state, both are redeemable for five cents each at grocery stores and supermarkets) from the rest of our garbage and took our newspapers down to the street on designated recycling days.

But I wanted other environmental partners as well. Directly across the hall from my office sits Bob G., a recent college graduate ever eager to debate the cultural significance of Paula Abdul, *RoboCop 2* or the Mazda Miata MX-5. What might he, a regular guy who stood

"Oh, yeah? Well, if you thought she was a lousy lay, the duel's off!"

to inherit more of this mess than I (I'm 34), be willing to do about it? I decided to see if he was recruitable.

"Of course I'm concerned about the environment," he said as he stuffed his second individually wrapped-in-plastic baloney-on-white sandwich into his mouth as part of his prelunch ritual, "but not to the point where I could see myself doing something about it."

Why was that?

"Because I don't think it's as big a problem as people make it out to be."

As I walked back to my office, I ran into our office manager. "Find anything out about reprocessing?" she asked.

Recycling, I said, and not yet, since the building manager still hadn't returned my call.

DAY FOUR

Ed W. occupies the office to my right. He's 43 years old and has been politically liberal "since around '65, before there was a mass anti–Vietnam war movement." He has been concerned about the environment since the Sixties as well and sees some similarities between activism then and now.

"Whenever you can make people aware of the disasters they've created, it's a good thing," he said. "But the real question is, What will people be willing to give up in their personal lives to help the environment? Americans represent about two percent of the world's population, but we use nearly a quarter of the energy. Are we willing to face the fact that minerals and fuels are finite resources? Are we really willing to find alternatives, even if they're expensive, to cars, electric appliances and the products used to build and furnish a private American home?"

I asked him if he, as someone who had participated in the peace, civil rights and women's rights movements, thought people could work together to come up with solutions, to give up certain luxuries, to pay taxes, if necessary, to create a more environmentally sound planet.

"We'd better," he said. "But I don't think we will, because our culture is no longer based on Christian or Judaic concepts of community—it's based on consumption. The environmental movement must ask people to change their culture—to consume fewer finite resources. And I'm not sure Americans really want to.

"But the good news is, environmentalists have slowed down their nattering about the disappearance of this or that rare minnow and are starting to deal with issues, especially health-oriented issues, that may actually be meaningful to mainstream Americans. The problem with the movement is that it has always put an astonishing amount of energy into alienating the majority. Maybe it'll be different this time."

After our discussion, I immediately removed the nonbiodegradable Styrofoam cups from the water cooler, hoping that my co-workers would be forced into using their reusable coffee mugs for water.

DAY FIVE

It took only 26 hours for a cup problem to arise. Today, at 2:30 in the afternoon, Julie E.—two offices to my right—walked down the hall happily brandishing a large package of 50 Styrofoam cups for the water cooler. The expression on her face seemed to proclaim gleefully, "I got them! Here they are! Here are the fresh, clean Styrofoam cups that will outlive us and our children and our children's children and our children's *children's* children, everybody!" Not wanting to be accused of employing any left-wing fascist-style tactics, I waited until she went into her office. I took the cups, walked into her office, closed the door and explained—calmly and quietly—that we'd be better off using the ceramic coffee mugs we all had in our offices than the not-so-disposable-after-all cups. Embarrassed, she agreed immediately and even apologized. We decided to stash the bulk of them until I could figure out what to do with them, but kept a few out, with a note that read, WHENEVER POSSIBLE, PLEASE USE A WASHABLE CUP FOR WATER. PLEASE USE "DISPOSABLE" CUPS SPARINGLY, SINCE THEY ARE NOT RECYCLABLE. I also found some disposable wax-paper cups and put them out. It seemed like a fair idea, since we occasionally had visitors drop by and providing mugs for everyone seemed impractical.

Not wanting to lose the momentum I'd built up, I decided the building manager had dodged me long enough—time to attack and find out if he had the answers regarding recycling paper in our building. I got him on the line and it turned out that a confrontation wasn't necessary—he said that our building had been using a garbage hauler for the past year that separated our trash and recycled what was recyclable (the rest went to a land fill). He said that this policy, common for buildings in New York City, was in compliance with the law.

No doubt, you are now muttering dark suspicions about this ecolo-pest and chronic do-gooder. Well, around this time, I was starting to question some of my behavior myself. I'm generally not a nudge, but it's difficult to influence others without at least appearing annoying and petty. I didn't want to be a nag, but if I were going to make a difference, I resolved that it was a price I—and those around me, apparently—would have to pay.

Still, I was a newcomer, an amateur, so I decided to get an opinion or two from a real pro. I phoned Environmental Action, a Washington, D.C.–based nonprofit research and advocacy group, which put me in touch with spokesman David Goeller. I wanted to know if he, as someone with his fingers on our collective environmental pulse, thought all the recent activity was for real or only the latest fad.

"No, it isn't a fad at all," said Goeller, "at least not among most people in this country. Earth Day '90 was a good example. On the grass-roots level, people turned out in very large numbers. If it is at all faddish, it's among corporations. They all like to wrap themselves in green these days. It's not easy to figure out whether they're good or bad, whether they're genuinely trying to help the environment or not. They may be good in one area and then cited for violations in others. It's a good idea to write and complain to corporations. They may be more responsive to this kind of pressure than politicians are."

DAY SIX

While writing out a check last night to pay for our gas and electric bills, I noticed that Con Edison, our local utility company, was offering a water-saver kit to all its customers. The kit ("a nine-dollar value"), which contained a water-saver shower head, two faucet aerators, two toilet-tank displacement bags and dye tablets to help detect leaks, was offered free to aid water conservation. All I had to do was fill out a coupon and pick up the kit at Con Edison's Conservation Center.

The center, on the ground floor of the Chrysler Building, is the only one of its kind in New York and promotes 50 (there's that number again) ways to conserve energy at home. After receiving my kit (I was a little taken aback that it came in a plastic bag), I took the tour and was suitably impressed. I learned savings strategies for lighting (when reading, "use daylight. It's free"), the kitchen ("Use an energy-efficient refrigerator—a refrigerator uses as much energy as all other household appliances combined") and insulation, and there was a very nice bathroom display showing how many gallons of water can be saved where.

The savings were significant—saving energy is practically synonymous with saving money ("We'd save *how* much?" a woman next to me exclaimed in a combination of horror and glee when she learned that the one water-saver shower head could save 6000 gallons of water and more than $20 per family member on heating bills).

When I returned to the office, I encountered my friend Bob G. and

decided I had been too hard on him earlier. (He had, after all, participated, along with approximately 750,000 others, in New York City's monumental Earth Day '90 celebration, which included a huge music festival in Central Park featuring the B-52s and Hall and Oates. His assessment of the world-wide event in which more than 130 countries participated: "*Great* tunes!")

To his credit, Bob G. confessed that his family had been acting on latent environmental urges by recycling their cans and bottles, never leaving lights on when they were not in a room and, in general, exercising "common sense" on matters of consumption.

"But I'm not going to go out and protest or anything," he warned me.

"That's OK," I told him, "but you might want to consider the fact that many women these days like men who are environmentally sensitive and frequently have sex with them."

"How do you start a protest?" he asked.

After work, Lisa and I went food shopping. We don't have any children, but if we *did*, we would have walked right past the disposable diapers (about one percent of a land fill is taken up by these things that can take as long as 500 years to decompose), using a diaper service instead. We bought fruit juice in a recyclable glass bottle instead of individual boxes (individual servings usually mean more plastic, and the combination of the container and the inner foil lining makes recycling difficult). We chose eggs in a recyclable cardboard container, not Styrofoam. In general, we tried to get away from as much plastic as possible, opting for products packaged in recyclable materials. And we decided to buy tote bags that we can take to the store from home so that we don't have to use plastic bags from the supermarket. I had tried to remove the sacks from the supermarket the old-fashioned way—in brown paper bags sans plastic outer bags—but it wasn't easy.

DAY SEVEN

My time limit was just about over and it was time to take stock of what I had done. I felt that I had been able to influence others and also make a difference in my own life. At my current rate of consumption, in the approximately 40 more years I plan to be around, I will have used up far fewer resources than if I had done nothing. The people I spoke with were mostly willing to listen and take positive steps. For example, the day after my Styrofoam-cup encounter with Julie E. at the water cooler, she mounted a similar offensive at the office's other cooler, putting up a sign that was even more sharply worded than mine. As I had, she replaced the Styrofoam cups with wax-paper ones. Obviously inspired, Julie E. has begun waging a one-woman assault on the New York subway system by berating riders who drop their litter in the cars, and I have a feeling that this is only the beginning.

Well, almost everyone was willing to take positive steps. Bob G. had a brief relapse and asked me how I thought a T-shirt proclaiming MONEY, SEX AND THE ENVIRONMENT would sell.

I did, however, come upon an article in the *The New York Times* that tested my optimism. It stated that during the Exxon Corporation's annual shareholders' meeting held in Houston, a series of environmental initiatives—including proposals for detailed reviews, public disclosures on the handling of toxic chemicals and the creation of a committee of directors devoted to environmental issues—had been soundly rejected. The vote wasn't even close. It seemed to be pay-back time for Exxon. The company was mad as hell at its accusers and it wasn't going to take it anymore.

Headed by Exxon chairman Lawrence G. Rawl, the company's shareholders came off like an arrogant lot. When shareholders belonging to environmental groups such as the National Wildlife Federation and an organization of Alaskan fishermen tried to speak, they were booed or shouted down. Valdez was a moment best forgotten, at least in the corporate mind of Exxon and its stockholders.

I'd be lying if I said it wasn't a tad frustrating and depressing to see a company as large, rich and influential as Exxon stick its head in the crude-drenched sand and pretend the atrocities it committed didn't exist—or, well, maybe the company did acknowledge their existence, but with little consequence. I banged my head on the wall for a while and then, as if I'd been struck by a lightning bolt from above, it hit me: If I kept banging my head against the wall, no matter how hard or long I banged, Exxon wasn't going to budge. The company put the issues to a vote and elected not to get involved.

But *I* could get involved. I had *already* become involved. *I* was the one who was refusing to do business with companies based on their environmental records. *I* was the one who was using less energy. And *I*, with what I hoped was a mature and effective manner, had influenced those around me to do the same.

I am painfully aware that it takes a lot more to save the planet than having me, or a bunch of people I know, snip six-pack rings before tossing them to the manatees. But an important fact remains: I, as an individual, am working harder to bring about change than one of the world's largest corporations. My efforts may be small, but at least they are real. It isn't depressing—I am the one with the real power, I am the one taking action.

I truly believe this. I won't let myself consider the alternative.

"Crysont." "Crowsaint." "Crossaunt."

"A spokesperson reported that 'Wild at Heart' had to be resubmitted 'five or six times' to obtain its R."

allegedly unauthorized release for publication of nude photos (some appeared in *Playboy*). The company filed a cross-complaint charging breach of contract and "calling into question Rourke's and Otis' professional conduct during the filming and promotion of the film."

Wild at Heart, by writer-director David Lynch, won cheers and boos along with France's coveted Palme d'Or when it was picked as the best movie at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Lynch, the hot creator of *Blue Velvet* and the controversial TV series *Twin Peaks*, declared himself ready to make trims if necessary to obtain an R before the film's August opening in the U.S. "One or two things will have to go," said Lynch regarding his sexed-up, comic road movie about a wacky girl (Laura Dern) and a sailor in heat (Nicolas Cage). A spokesperson for the releasing company later reported that *Wild at Heart* had to be resubmitted "five or six times" in order to obtain its R, though "the issue was violence, not sex, and after citing *Total Recall* as an example of an R film with a lot of violence, we didn't cut anything . . . we merely added footage plus an optical effect over three frames." That's for an epic described by *Time* as "a standard slice of poisoned American pie," while *Newsweek* called its "smutty-boy shock tactics" both spectacular and funny.

A few movies invite trouble by their very nature. Sandra Bernhard's *Without You I'm Nothing*, the multicharacter movie version of her outrageous one-woman stage show, won its R by cutting some footage of Bernhard, bewigged and blonde, *flagrante delicto* with a black hairdresser named Joe. Nervous bookers, militant black groups and advertisers sensitive to its title also created problems for the Canadian-made *How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired*, based on a touchy satirical novel about two black males with a penchant for white women in bed. The august *New York Times* refused to carry ads listing the full title, cutting it to *How to Make Love . . . Without Getting Tired*, or sometimes just *How to Make Love. . . .* The women Denzel Washington beds in Spike Lee's R-rated *Mo' Better Blues* are black, but he has a bad habit of mixing up their names. This understandably piques Clarke, a sexy singer (Cynda Williams), and her rival, Indigo, a schoolteacher (Spike's sister Joie Lee). At least they have conventional occupations. Many of the year's meatiest female roles were hookers, from Julia Roberts' Vivian in *Pretty Woman* to the play-for-pay girls portrayed by Jennifer Jason Leigh in two films. Her explicit, seemingly wholesale rape in the closing scenes of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* prompted at least one California theater to scratch showings of that downbeat shocker. There was less vehement reaction to Leigh's other topless appearance—in *Miami Blues*, a bloody shoot-'em-up featuring Leigh as the hired tart who falls in love with Alec Baldwin.

While *Bad Influence* initiated no legal hullabaloo, its links to real life *and* reel life could only benefit a lurid melodrama co-starring James Spader (who attained stardom in *sex, lies, and videotape*) and Rob Lowe, of all people. On screen, Lowe plays a ne'er-do-well who entraps Spader with a compromising video. It was all strikingly reminiscent of Lowe's own legal problems, since resolved, over video-taping himself and an allegedly underage female companion in an Atlanta hotel room. Video-taped lovemaking also figures in *Flatliners*, with William

Baldwin (Alec's brother) as the horny medical intern whose fiancée breaks their engagement when she learns about his unsavory habit of recording all his conquests on a camcorder.

Elsewhere, the characters' sex drive was an essential element in countless serious films, from *Enemies, a Love Story*, featuring Ron Silver as a weak-willed Holocaust survivor with three contemporaneous wives, to *Presumed Innocent*, starring Harrison Ford as a public prosecutor on trial for murdering a colleague (Greta Scacchi) who has pleasured quite a few partners on her climb up the professional ladder. *Sea of Love* (with Ellen Barkin and Al Pacino) is about the search for a female serial killer who knocks off her male prey at the moment of climax. More erotica is promised in such imminent releases as Philip Kaufman's *Henry and June* (starring Fred Ward as novelist Henry Miller, with Uma Thurman as wife June, during one period of Miller's flaunted infidelity with Anais Nin, played by Maria de Medeiros) and *White Palace* (with Susan Sarandon as a seasoned hash-slinging waitress who brings back life and lust to sensitive young widower James Spader).

Also focusing on sexuality is the vivid *Longtime Companion*, perhaps *the* landmark drama to date about AIDS. More is said than shown in this episodic tale, which follows a group of Fire Island homosexuals as they live, love, work and die with dignity under duress. Bruce Davison and Campbell Scott are among the stars who chortle over the first gay embrace on a colleague's daytime TV soap, and the gallows humor of the piece persists when someone asks what happens after you die, to which a pal answers, "We get to have sex again."

Far removed from the real world, kinks abound as usual in phantasmagorical penny-ante shockers such as the X-rated *Frankenhooker*, about a young lover (James Lorinz) who gets a new body for his late, lamented girlfriend (Patty Mullen) by collecting spare parts from what's left of a few prostitutes he has blown to kingdom come. There's more sick humor to alleviate the horrors of the flesh in *Toxic Avenger III* and *Flesh Gordon Meets the Cosmic Cheerleaders*. Top-of-the-line thrillers or violent action flicks on the order of *Total Recall* with Arnold Schwarzenegger (featuring *Playboy* cover girl Sharon Stone as his treacherous, lethal woman) or William Friedkin's *The Guardian* (Jenny Seagrove as a bewitching, sometimes nude baby sitter is the main attraction) exude the same askew carnality—but with a touch of class. Even a *macho* star vehicle as cautiously tooled as *Days of Thunder* includes a bit in which Tom Cruise, as an injured racing driver, commits a sexual *faux pas*. Having been tricked once before by his buddies, who hire a bimbo to impersonate a policewoman who unzips his fly and feels him up, he thinks the beautiful neurologist (Nicole Kidman) examining him in the hospital is also a fake—and presses her hand to his crotch.

Merely *talking* dirty works for many of the year's film makers, who seemingly prefer tell to show. Words outdo deeds even in *Pretty Woman*, a comic smash hit with Julia Roberts as a gorgeous L.A. prostitute finding true love with her John, a rich corporate raider (Richard Gere). We don't see much of Julia at work except when she discreetly goes down on her client while watching a rerun of *I Love Lucy*, but she gives good tart talk. When Gere, on hearing her asking price, muses, "A hundred bucks an hour? That's pretty stiff," she gropes his groin and retorts, "No, but it's getting there."

Verbalizing her job as a hooker in a generally so-so comedy called *In the Spirit*, Jeannie Berlin bluntly describes making triple-X movies. "I was a fluffer," she says. "I sucked cocks for five dollars apiece . . . but I never swallowed." Director Tony Bill's *Crazy People* was funniest at spoofing honesty in advertising. In addition to the Jaguar ad pictured on page 141, there's a poster promoting a sleek Porsche as a sports car "a little too small to get laid in, but you get laid the minute you get *out*."

In certain subtitled foreign films, the words are right up there on the screen to spell out in plain English any ribaldries that might otherwise slip by, as in Louis Malle's French *May Fools* ("She opens my fly and gets going, gloves and all"), the aforementioned outspoken *Tie Me Up!* ("Don't laugh—it'll slip out") and others illustrated here.

Foreign-made films, as usual, were generally a shade less inhibited—those controversial movies already cited from Spain and Britain being prime examples. There's nudity as well as audacious irreverence in Denys Arcand's *Jesus of Montreal*, made in Canada, in French, the winner of 12 Canadian Genie awards—among them one as best actor for Lothaire Bluteau, who plays the modern Jesus in a Passion play and gets pulled down from his cross stark naked when the cops arrive. Current French films expose the dark side of human nature, as in *Monsieur Hire* (Michel Blanc plays a Tom peeping at Sandrine Bonnaire), *Story of Women* (Isabelle Huppert as the last abortionist guillotined in France), *Camille Claudel* (Isabelle Adjani going mad as the sculptor Rodin's rejected love) and more. *Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed* has a light if not quite credible edge, with Daniel Auteuil as a French tycoon who falls in love with his plump black cleaning woman (Firmine Richard). According to *Variety*, actor and sometime director Claude Berri reveals his "pot belly and genitals" in the title role of *Stan the Flasher*, but thus far, there's no sign of a U.S. release for this dubious French-made breakthrough about an impotent exhibitionist.

Winner of the Oscar as Best Foreign-Language Film this year was Italy's disarming *Cinema Paradiso*. While all the performers excel, the real star of Giuseppe Tornatore's love-in for film nuts is a movie palace in a small Sicilian village. Here the local priest (Leopoldo Trieste) censors every movie by ringing a bell each time the action warms up on screen. *The Icicle Thief*, another droll Italian entry, features a Chaplinesque moviemaker (Maurizio Nichetti) who can't always distinguish reality from filmed fiction—and gets mixed up with a woman in a bathtub.

The year's most publicized Spanish film comes, as usual, from writer-director Pedro Almodóvar, whose *Tie Me Up!* set off an uproar with its unabashed sex and violence. Yet the film's raciest scene is probably one with Victoria Abril in her bath, looking very pleased while a tiny wind-up scuba diver makes his way underwater toward her crotch. Almodóvar's current celebrity may have led to the timely U.S. release this year of his 1982 *Labyrinth of Passion*. Unrated and hailed by *The Hollywood Reporter* as one of the director's "most titillating and outlandishly comic works," *Labyrinth*'s heroine is a pop singer called Sexilia (Cecilia Roth), who falls for a promiscuously homosexual male musician from another group. Roughly twice as far out, however, is Alejandro Jodorowsky's *Santa Sangre*, starring the director's son Axel as a young man whose mother goes into show business as a sort of seer *after* she has had her arms chopped off. She's mutilated for flinging acid on the crotch of her whoring husband (Guy Stockwell, Dean's brother), who also likes to throw knives at a tattooed lady strapped to a rapidly turning wheel. Rated R, folks.

The usual torrent of British-made sex epics slowed to a trickle in 1990, with the glaring exception of Peter Greenaway's admired or detested *The Cook, the Thief*, etc. Much of the U.K. crop is multinational, such as David Hare's arresting *Strapless*, with Americans Blair Brown and Bridget Fonda. Brown stars as a physician who goes abroad, meets Germany's romantic Bruno Ganz and learns something about men. She also sees how interns and nurses get it on playing doctor in their off hours. In the comic *The Tall Guy*, Jeff Goldblum is a Yank actor in London, where he, too, cavorts with an amorous nurse (Emma Thompson) whose headlong passion just about destroys her flat. *The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt* stars Griff Rhys Jones as a nerd who gets his kicks with an inflatable doll, while Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane, donning habits in *Nuns on the Run*, must content themselves with voyeurism in

the shower room of a Catholic girls' school.

Futuristic breeding methods figure in Volker Schlondorff's *The Handmaid's Tale*, based on the novel by Margaret Atwood. Natasha Richardson stars as the fecund captive handmaid selected to get pregnant in this bleak psychosexual drama co-starring Robert Duvall as a member of the ruling elite, Faye Dunaway as his jealous wife (who lies under Natasha while she's being serviced) and Aidan Quinn as the guard who's Natasha's lover. Sex is even less exhilarating in *Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*, with Kiefer Sutherland in the true story of a GI who was hanged in wartime England at the end of his six-day spree with a Cockney slut (Emily Lloyd). Murder and maiming are their chief kicks, though they do like to watch GIs getting blow jobs as bombs fall in the middle of the blitz. More explicit lust is promised in *Dark Obsession*, a fall release co-starring Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe, two top British performers who've seldom exhibited qualms about taking off their clothes.

What does all this portend for the future? There are some signs of an evolution in taste that even diehard bluestockings will be unable to stop. While the traditional porno theaters are virtually a thing of the past, adult home video is still booming and having a major impact on what many Americans are ready, willing and even eager to see. At this year's International Film Festival in Houston, some competing entrants were appalled when a hard-core porn video called *Night Trips* was given the Silver Award as second-best theatrical feature made for tape/cable release—acing out such hefty competition as Turner Network Television's remake of *Dinner at Eight* starring Lauren Bacall. Shot on film instead of today's more commonplace tape, *Night Trips* stars Tori Welles as a scrumptiously voluptuous heroine whose sexual fantasies are visualized via electronic "mind-scan images" transmitted via wires attached to her groin. "X-rated or not, it's a fine film," said a spokesman for the moviemakers. Houston's festival judges agreed, citing the movie's sharp sepia photography, music, editing and evocative dream sequences.

Another somewhat surprising success is director Stephen Sayadian's *Dr. Caligari*, rated R, which has played in a slew of theaters and is on its way to video stores. It's quite a remake of the 1919 silent classic, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*: The revitalized Caligari is the original doctor's granddaughter (Madeleine Reynal). Co-authored by frequent *Playboy* contributor Jerry Stahl, the author of *Café Flesh*, Sayadian's visually striking spoof concerns the doc's experiments with the hypothalamus, which controls primal urges. Quite a few urges are expressed before she's finished.

Meanwhile, even older movies once considered controversial are being re-edited and re-released to find new audiences in theaters as well as on video. The French film *Going Places*, featuring Gerard Depardieu, Miou-Miou and the late Patrick Dewaere, was first shown here 16 years ago. In a new, uncensored version, the movie then hailed by critic Pauline Kael as "a sexual Keystone comedy" is dated but still scores as a lyrical, erotic explosion of antisocial high spirits. An impulsive homosexual encounter between the two male leads is one of the film's highlights, and the shocks keep multiplying. An ex-convict (Jeanne Moreau in a telling cameo) shoots herself in the vagina after her first post-prison sexual encounter, a threesome; a pretty young wife (Brigitte Fossey) lets one of the lads nibble at her breast on a nearly empty passenger train. Another film considered a daring milestone in mature, offbeat eroticism when it was first shown in 1976, the Japanese *In the Realm of the Senses* (also known as *The Empire of the Senses* back then) has come back on video with previously trimmed footage restored—and is still a jolt with its portrayal of a man and a woman pursuing sexual pleasure to the point of actual extinction: coming and dying simultaneously.

Despite a promising title, *Naked Tango* has already been described by film maker Leonard Schrader as merely sexual in essence. "I have no intention of making an X-rated film," he told a *Los Angeles Times* interviewer. "The less you show, the greater impact you have." One hopes *Naked Tango* will have more to offer than, say, *Lambada* or *Lambada: The Forbidden Dance*, two earlier terpsichorean fiascoes that made all the wrong moves, virtually ending a trend before it got started.

Meanwhile, director Paul Schrader (Leonard's brother and the man behind such films as *Hardcore* and *American Gigolo*) is preparing to release *The Comfort of Strangers*, described as "an erotic thriller" with a real kick. Adapted by playwright Harold Pinter from an Ian McEwan novel, *Strangers* is set in Venice, with Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett as a couple getting it on at great length when their clothes are stolen in a palazzo owned by a mysterious, weird Venetian couple, Christopher Walken and Helen Mirren (the errant wife of *Cook, Thief . . .*). What begins as a steamy duo evolves into an even steamier *ménage à quatre*, meant to illustrate "the consequences of letting go."

Brian De Palma's upcoming film version of Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities* may deliver some flammable side effects—with Tom Hanks as the self-styled Master of the Universe, a Wall Streeter ultimately undone by financial high-jinks, a hit-and-run accident and a persistent hunger for his married mistress (Melanie Griffith). There's also *Hot Spot*, which places Melanie's real-life husband, Don Johnson, in ultraclose encounters with that breath-taking screen beauty Virginia Madsen. And the ever-material Madonna, after her personal coup vamping Warren Beatty's Dick Tracy, is finally set for the musical *Evita*'s film version, in which she will presumably make that Argentine first lady a one-woman tropical heat wave. Whatever else happens, these are movie icons whose steamy presences testify that sex at your local Cineplex is here to stay—as sure as thrills, spills, laughter, lines around the block and buttered popcorn.

"Relax. Find your center. Sue the bastards."

CHUCK D

(continued from page 136)

when do I get paid, and why are these white motherfuckers fucking with me? Black people do not separate Jews from gentiles. Really, I don't understand it.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you have no problems with whites; it's just "acting Caucasian" that causes problems. Are you using Caucasian in the way some whites use the word nigger?

CHUCK D: Historically, acting Caucasian hasn't done one motherfucking positive thing for black people. If whites want to do something positive, they can realize that they're a small part of the human family and not the big part of it that they think they are, trying to convince the world that they are.

18.

PLAYBOY: Who can tell you you're full of shit?

CHUCK D: [*Laughs*] Oh, shit, man, yeah! I got some parents who put me in my place. Hank will put me in my place. That's what happened last year. Hank said, Listen: Give a fuck. You're responsible for thirty motherfuckers. Family and structure are more important.

19.

PLAYBOY: What is the proper target for black rage? Are you advocating hate?

CHUCK D: Hate is not a nice word. You got to hate your oppressor, but you have to know who your oppressor is, and your oppressor is not an individual. It's a collective train of thought; it's a collective state of mind. You should hate that shit. But you shouldn't hate a person.

Although, if that person claims that he's at the steering wheel of that force of oppression, then you make your move, you know what I'm saying? [*Laughs*]

20.

PLAYBOY: Arsenio Hall has not yet asked you to be on his show. How come?

CHUCK D: Arsenio has a lot of pressure on him. He's got to please everybody, but at the same time, he has a black responsibility. He shouldn't be so scared to put us on. Public Enemy has a larger white audience than any of the rappers who have been on Arsenio's show.

"Grandpa won't be coming for Thanksgiving. He met a very nice lady on the rap line and they're taking a little trip together."

TRAVELING WITH WOMEN

(continued from page 102)

destination when your flight number is called. And away you go.

Again, don't wing it with an airplane date. Know what you're doing and calculate carefully. Not only will you save money, you'll save a lot of embarrassment: Imagine flying to Philadelphia for dinner. Now imagine having to stay there. In the airport. Overnight.

Romantic Quarters: Every city has a district or nearby town that reeks of romance. It may not always be the most expensive part of town, and often it won't be the safest. In fact, sometimes it may not be a neighborhood where you'd want to stay, exactly, but it's one you shouldn't miss visiting. The air of danger is just the thing to make your babe snuggle closer.

So, of course, is the knowledge that you can do what you want, wear what you want, act how you want, and nobody you know back home is going to be the wiser. In fact, for some, the notion of cultivating a secret life can enhance romantic travel.

In the spirit of romance, we offer a few wild ideas about where you and your love can find the foreign intrigue that binds.

• Cairo: The vast necropolis that stretches along the city's east side, where thousands of impoverished Cairenes live in the tombs built originally for the Mamluks. The Beggar King has his seat in the City of the Dead, whence he licenses each beggar, then maims him, then finally awards him a piece of turf.

• Paris: The workers' café in the flea market (Marche aux Puces) at the Porte-Clingancourt, where, on Sunday afternoons, a hefty brunette does a credible version of Piaf, while a dangerous-looking man with a pencil-thin mustache and two spots of blood on his black-and-white wing tips plays the guitar.

• Omdurman, Sudan: The dusty, crowded *suk*, where even thinking of taking a snapshot can get you in a stew.

• Hamburg: The famed Reiperbahn, the reddest of all red-light districts. Like most such neighborhoods—notably Paris' Rue Saint-Denis—it's not dangerous, but it seems like it ought to be. Instead of a sex club—all strip joints have a heavy sense of soporific, asexual inevitability—try one of the cafés, where you can sit and watch the denizens stroll.

• Brugge, Belgium: Only an hour from Brussels by train but one of the most beautifully romantic—and one of the friendliest—cities in northern Europe. Brugge was once a seaport, but the ocean traffic moved away in the 16th Century, leaving behind a storybook town riddled with old quays and canals;

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in the winter, if the canals freeze, you can ice skate to Holland for lunch. Food and accommodations in Brugge are about half the price of similar amenities in Brussels.

• Zanzibar: One of the most exotic destinations in East Africa. Zanzibar looks like a movie set, but be forewarned: It's hot, malarial, without a first-class hotel, boasts only one decent restaurant (The Fisherman, around the corner from the old post office) and visitors are frequently stranded because of a lack of return flights. But in return, Zanzibar will provide you with a memorable adventure in one of the most picturesque and romantic places on earth. Don't miss it now, because in a year or two, it will be lousy with luxury resort hotels.

RAILROAD ROMANCE

When old-timers talk about the romance of railroading, they don't always mean the beauty of a steam locomotive chugging through the night, except maybe metaphorically. You can make a case that the train—as depicted in novels and on film—is the ultimate love-mobile. Even in this relatively Spartan era of train travel, overnighters are ideal date venues, provided they meet several conditions:

• A sleeping car—preferably with a bedroom—is essential. This increases the cost of a train date astronomically, but you get what you pay for.

• If you're traveling by Amtrak, you must make some provision for food other than the gruel offered in the café cars. A picnic hamper with some chicken and champagne is a nice idea. Amtrak's more formal dinner service, when available, is acceptable, if short on variety.

• A long run is preferable to a short one. Amtrak's service is quite good and improves greatly the farther west you travel. There are sleeping accommodations—albeit aboard romance-thwarting bunks—on all of the overnight runs.

• For those willing to part with a thousand bucks for two one-way tickets, the new American-European Express, operated with refurbished 50-year-old luxury Pullman cars between Washington, D.C., and Chicago, is extraordinary, especially by American standards. The train leaves D.C. at 4:40 P.M. and arrives in Chicago a little after nine the next morning; the ambience is very much like that of a luxury hotel, complete with a piano lounge and fax machines.

A careful survey has revealed several other dream rail dates.

• Amtrak's Montrealer offers some of the old-fashioned grace that used to be a conventional part of rail travel. One traveler reported that "the ride is terrific. The windows come down to pillow level, so you still have the sense that there's a world out there passing by. It's an incredibly romantic trip."

• The transcontinental run through the Rockies is by most accounts one of the most dramatically beautiful train rides in North America. Service is offered by Via Rail Canada, among other carriers.

"I read in the paper that love can conquer all life's crises."

• The old Uganda Railway—now Kenya Railways—from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Nairobi is a 15-hour flashback, with white linen on the dining tables and comfortable berths at night. Many of the carriages are wood-paneled parlors of pre-independence vintage.

• The all-reserved EuroCity leaves Amsterdam every morning just before nine and heads for the warm south, serving first-class cuisine along the way. The train is very modern, an example of the way railroad service can be brought up to date while still preserving much of the charm of old-fashioned rail travel.

• Warning: Forget the newly revived Orient Express and its attendant nonsense. The last time we checked, the train was filled to the gunwales with tourists on high-ticket package experiences, and the whole thing resembled a sort of Atlantic City on wheels. You're better off booking any other overnight *wagon-lits* out of Paris.

SLOW BOAT TO CHINA

Cruises are snoozes, unless Kathie Lee Gifford, without Frank, is actually wandering around on board in her swimsuit, singing "What a fun ship, holy cow!" Even those weekend minicruises are floating flirtations with death by boredom. Never take a woman so far out to sea that you can't see land.

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• Passenger service to the Greek isles. More fun when it's crowded, but advance booking is essential.

• The Puget Sound route between Seattle and Victoria, British Columbia, is brilliant when the sun shines. That is to say, not all that often.

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To many men, the driving date is the perfect excursion: You get to be with your car *and* your girl simultaneously. And it's a good option if your relationship is not ready to go intercontinental but you still want to take it out for a shakedown cruise. So instead of picking her up at eight for supper, pick her up at 5:30 and head for the hills, if you know a restaurant there.

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an atmosphere conducive to chatting. Make her radio monitor; not only will it give you something to talk about, it'll help you screen out the Ratt groupies. On the way home, when the sun's long down, switch to AM and see what distant signals you can pull in. If she tunes in, and cares about, that Twins–Orioles game out of Minneapolis, you'll know you've struck pay dirt.

Don't worry about going downmarket on a road-to-dinner date. If there's a nice lake within an hour's drive, head for it, and don't worry if the only food you'll find there is barroom hot dogs. Dinner is dinner.

It *is* your responsibility to make sure the trek's worth it, atmospherewise. There's no point, say, in driving 90 minutes across town to get to a franchised-food outlet exactly like the one around the corner from her house. The idea is to shroud a mundane dinner date with a light cloak of mystery: Your journey can be as brief as 20 minutes, provided you really have transported her to someplace she wouldn't normally have expected to go. Just think of all the bizarre places—roller rinks, aquariums, airports—where chow is served.

Or you may want to skip dinner altogether and opt for an afternoon adventure to a neighboring city. Even if you've been there a dozen times, get a visitor's map and take a tour-bus trip through town; examine the peculiar natives and their quaint ways; scan the local newspaper's want ads and put together an imaginary life; send postcards back home to each other.

Surprise! We're in Des Moines: Sometimes spontaneity can result in some half-expected pleasures. One way to plan a planless week is to call a drive-away service (listed in the telephone directory under AUTOMOBILES—TRANSPORTERS). Instead of asking about destinations, ask about cars. Choose the best car the company has and deliver it to its owner. You'll be asked to put down a refundable (on delivery of the car to the owner) deposit of $150 or so, and you'll have to pay for your own gas, but the use of the car is free. Most drive-away services allow plenty of extra time and mileage to get the car to its owner, so the possibilities of an uncharted adventure are multiplied.

And besides, there's always sex: As Bruce Springsteen has spent his career telling us, there's something undeniably aphrodisiacal about a nighttime spin down the turnpike. It can raise the spirit almost as quickly as it raises a skirt: Women are more prone to uninhibited behavior in the quasi privacy of a well-appointed sedan or a speedy roadster (a fact of life long appreciated by truckers), so autoeroticism can easily turn into 40 miles of foreplay, especially if you're with a girl who has never seen the secret hidden world under the dashboard, where all the little wires and fuses live. The proliferation of tiny bucket-seated chastity cars, however, has reduced the comfort your road date might be able to enjoy as she crawls around on the floor mats, but, hell, let her have a good time. Just keep one hand on the wheel.

If sex on the roll is your goal, here's a list of the five best tryst-mobiles:

1. The Cadillac Coupe de Ville, vintage 1975 or earlier. One woman, on sliding across what the owner's manual describes as "the rich, silklike brocade" of the front bench, said, "Getting in this car is like checking into a cheap motel." Is there any better endorsement?

2. Chevy vans, 1968–1973. These were the prototypical highway sex lounges, usually filled with high-pile carpets, great stereos and water beds. Remember "We made love in my Chevy van/And that's all right with me"?

3. The 1990 Isuzu Trooper, the back yard of which keeps the spare tire outside and, hence, is large enough to accommodate a 4'x5' piece of plywood. And you. And her. And with the Trooper's four-wheel drive, you can get carried away a long way off the road.

4. The 1987 Buick Regal Grand National GNX. A muscle car with a twist. The Grand National was the quickest-accelerating American production car in its year, so it can blow almost anything off the road. On the outside, the car looks mean and menacing, like a shuttle from the Death Star. But inside, it looks just like Dad's Buick Regal, including a nice, wide bench back seat.

5. The 1963 Austin-Healey 3000. The quintessential sports car, throaty and low to the ground. You can't actually make love in a Healey, but it's so sexy your girl will want to stop and make love *on* the thing.

LAST STOP

There is something about romantic travel that transcends the inevitable return home. If the trip was a success and the romance is a new one, the journey will have resolved a lot of subtle yet important questions; if the relationship is a more fully developed one, the journey should have invigorated it. When you've unpacked your bags, you'll both realize that you have something you never had before: a history, complete with migratory patterns and foreign campaigns. That's how a relationship takes on weight and meaning—the two best souvenirs of coed life on the road.

BIG BAD JOHN

(continued from page 112)

engineer. Both became powerful governors of New Hampshire; both went to Washington as outsiders; both worked for Presidents who liked to play both sides against the middle and keep their own hands hidden; both became celebrated and feared for their clout and their arrogance.

Sununu is so strong because he has intensity of purpose in an Administration led by a President who would rather be re-elected than change the world; because he is unusually smart, able and confident; because he is a natural leader at a time when there is a shortage of such men in the White House and on Capitol Hill; because he has the absolute backing of an energetic, popular President; and, not least, because he is a purposeful and tireless bully.

"On policy, he is the lead," says Tony Coelho, the departed-in-scandal House Democratic Whip. "On enforcement, he is the lead. On strategy, he is the lead. On politics, he is the lead. He *is* the power."

Bush adman/badman Roger Ailes lets loose a short, sharp laugh at the suicidal thought of challenging Sununu. "You don't get up in the morning and say, 'I think I'll challenge Sununu today,'" he says. "You do, you'll find yourself sitting on the sidewalk."

•

As it became clear that Sununu was growing in power like some steroid-hopped Topsy, it was the vogue to say that the President had made a horrible mistake, that he couldn't really know, and support, what this evil man was doing. No one with any sense believes it anymore.

"Bush smiles and says, 'Did I do that? No, it's that nasty pit bull,'" says Democratic Representative Patricia Schroeder. "But why is this pit bull out there? Because Bush let him out of the front yard. . . . What Sununu is doing has to be with Bush's approval."

To those who question why the President employs a man who rants, raves, schemes, insults, provokes and threatens to get what he wants, a high White House official answers, "This is exactly the kind of guy George Bush likes working for him. A guy who does the dirty work. It is no accident that [campaign manager Lee] Atwater and Ailes led Bush's campaign, with Sununu not far behind. All of them are bad guys, dirty operators who do the bad work so Bush can stay above the fray."

The view of this official is echoed throughout Washington, which has come to see Bush and Sununu as a good cop–bad cop team. The analogy misses the width of their style differential; it's more like Mr. Rogers–Mr. T.

Bush is to the polite manner born. When he said "Read my lips," with his justifiably embarrassed half-smile, it sounded like a suggestion, maybe a plea. When Sununu says it—and it was his favorite expression during his three terms as governor of New Hampshire—it sounds like what it is supposed to sound like: a threat. Sununu is where he is today, fundamentally, because he is exactly the kind of operator the President needs—hard, smart, semidirty and blessed with the common touch—and he proved this to Bush in the hour of his greatest need.

It is important to remember what a sad sack Bush was on February 9, 1988, the morning he began campaigning in the New Hampshire Republican primary after getting walloped by Kansas Senator Bob Dole and a television preacher, for God's sake, in the Iowa Republican caucuses.

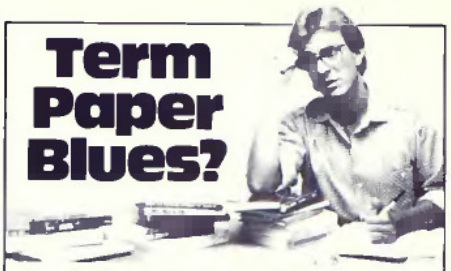
"When we arrived in New Hampshire, everyone was burned out and dropping Valium—and there was Sununu waiting for us with everything under control," recalls the Republican National Committee's chief of staff, Mary Matalin. "He was up at the crack of dawn that first day with a game plan. He was incredibly organized, very efficient, very upbeat, never nervous."

Rich Bond, a Bush campaign advisor, credits Sununu with "reinjecting into Bush and the high command a sense of destiny." The Vice-President was profoundly appreciative. "Sununu gained Bush's confidence at an incredibly important time in Bush's life—those two weeks in New Hampshire, when Bush's career hung in the balance. There was a bonding that took place that was intensely personal in those harrowing days after Iowa," says Bond.

The governor gave Bush a disciplined state-wide campaign organization and some crucial advice: Get out of his bespoke Vice-Presidential suit and try to look and sound like the common man.

David D. Randlett, Pat Robertson's New England campaign director, says Granite State voters thought of Bush as "a prep school preppie—didn't care about people, didn't connect with people." Sununu, he says, "convinced the people of New Hampshire that Bush was a changed man."

The candidate *was* a changed man, though not quite in the manner the voters perceived. The crucial alteration came just a few days before the primary, when Sununu and Atwater sat down with George and Barbara Bush and persuaded the candidate to abandon one of the principles of his life—Ronald Reagan's 11th commandment: Thou shalt



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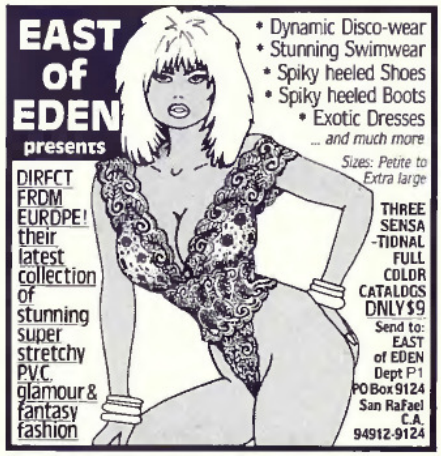

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not attack a fellow Republican—and to run a television ad accusing Dole of being a "Senator Straddle" who just might raise taxes. The commercial was mildly unfair, and the gentlemanly Bush didn't want to use it, but Atwater and Sununu, with a bit of help from Mrs. Bush, convinced the candidate he might otherwise lose New Hampshire and the Republican nomination. In the end, Bush said to Atwater and Sununu, "Well, I'll just let you make these decisions." The ad ran, Dole lost and the tone of the Bush campaign—and the Presidency—was set; the candidate would conduct himself as befits a man of his breeding, while his strategists and surrogates would do what had to be done.

In the general-election campaign, the Bush men mauled Michael Dukakis (who obligingly sat still for his punishment) in an attack that both Bush and Dukakis officials say was partly designed and greatly encouraged by Sununu, who can't stand Dukakis and who had intimate knowledge of his fellow New England governor's weaknesses. By the time the G.O.P. had nominated Bush in August 1988, campaign cochairman Sununu had worked his way so far up in Bush's estimation that he was deemed a possible running mate. Indeed, Sununu's entourage arrived in New Orleans with BUSH-SUNUNU signs already printed.

But Sununu, who is not a self-deluding man, never counted on becoming Vice-President. In fact, it is clear that the New Hampshire governor—who had won re-election in 1986 by a slim margin and who was facing a state economy about to turn sour—went into the 1988 campaign with his eye on just such a prize as the Chief of Staff job. Says his friend former New Hampshire attorney general Tom Rath, "I had conversations with him well in advance of the New Hampshire primary where we'd say, 'Secretary of Energy?' and he'd say, 'That's one I won't take.' And we'd say, 'Chief of Staff?' and he'd get this gleam in his eye."

Long before the 1988 primary season, Sununu had calculated that Bush would get shellacked in Iowa and would arrive in New Hampshire in desperate need of a savior. "He had been saying for years that he would be the one who saved him," recalls Bond.

Right-wing activist and writer Patrick McGuigan remembers canvassing New Hampshire conservatives on behalf of Republican candidate Pete du Pont a year before the primary date and finding that Sununu already had "very meticulously gone around the state saying to Republicans, 'I am your governor and your friend and I need you.' He had the state in his hip pocket and he took it to George and said, 'Here's my Christmas present, six weeks late.'"

•

Sitting in his office in Concord, New Hampshire, a few blocks from the statehouse where Sununu ruled for six years, Donald Shumway talks about his old boss, and the more he talks, the more emotional he gets. Shumway is thin and balding and gentle. Behind his glasses, he has the pink-rimmed eyes of a man whose life is filled with pieces of paper. Shumway is the director of New Hampshire's mental-health services, and he is talking about what it was like in 1981, when rookie governor Sununu set out—in fulfillment of campaign rhetoric in which he branded Shumway unfit "to run a lemonade stand"—to improve the state's abysmal care of the mentally ill.

"Despite having an older brother who beat on me constantly, nothing in my life prepared me for"—Shumway pauses—"for someone with the very quick intelligence he has—not just bright but extremely quick and sharp—coupled with a willingness to use his position in absolutely critical means." He stops again, fiddles with his pen, adjusts his glasses. His voice gets very soft. "I was thirty years old and easily pushed off balance. There were times when I found the doubt and questioning and disagreement to be"—he stops again, for many long seconds—"one of the most *devastating* things I have ever been through."

"What did he do to you?" he's asked.

"What did he do? What did he do? It was nothing physical. It was words . . . his words. . . . In a screaming, loud voice—really screaming—he would let me know that my arguments, my positions, my policies, my beliefs, my personal readiness, my convictions, my plans, my figures, my intelligence . . . were all inadequate."

"Did you find this humiliating?"

"Humiliating? Uh, no. Well, maybe yes. No. Humiliating? No. Stressful? Beyond the level of the meter. Challenging beyond my wildest dreams."

And here, his voice changes, and the fear drops away and he is suddenly talking about a time of glory, for under Sununu's lash, Shumway did work far beyond what he thought were his limits. New Hampshire reformed its mental-health-care programs so quickly and completely that its system is now rated one of the country's best. "It was an opportunity—once in a lifetime! Those were the most alive, challenging, wonderful moments of my life."

•

As a wielder of power, John Sununu has an array of tools, varied and contradictory. He is the enforcer/seducer, the impossible boss/thoughtful colleague, the logician/madman, the tyrant/team player. The most obvious of his power tools is the bully-boy act that Shumway remembers so vividly. He uses his genius-level I.Q., in conjunction with his position of authority, precisely as another man with a different sort of physique might use his fists: to frighten, to coerce, to make people do what he wants.

He set a tone for his dealings with the New Hampshire legislature soon after he took office: He squelched a bill, supported by his own party, that would have granted a modest pension to the widow

"Calcium propionate to retard spoilage."

of his predecessor in office, Hugh Gallen. Paul McEachern, who challenged Sununu for the governor's seat in 1986, said this action was instrumental in persuading him to run. "He pissed on the man's grave within thirty days of his death. I said to myself, You *bastard*. There's got to be some justice for that."

But the governor never seemed to worry about whose grave he pissed on, or whom he pissed off. He packed the senate leadership with allies and, says his friend and New Hampshire state legislator Elsie Vartanian, "invaded the legislature. He knew the bills. He knew where they were in committee. If he saw one of the reps he wanted to talk to about an issue, he'd just corner him."

Sununu could be brutal in his treatment of opponents and even of allies who failed to measure up to his exacting standards. "He was terrible, just terrible to some people," says New Hampshire house Democratic leader Mary Chambers. "Unbearable! Unmerciful! He didn't care if he embarrassed you in front of people. He would be impatient. Condescending. Arrogant. Short-tempered. Abrupt. Rude."

Antinuclear activist Robert Cushing, Jr., then a state representative, recalls Sununu's snarling response when he asked him for some information about a chemical fire in his district: "'What you don't understand, Cushing, is that everything you are associated with turns to shit. You'll get the answers to what happened in that fire when I want you to—and not until.'"

Sununu didn't confine his tactics to the legislature. Even the public felt his wrath. Writer Philip Weiss, in a 1987 *New England Monthly* article, described Sununu exploding at a woman who questioned his knowledge of accident evacuation plans for the nuclear power plant in Seabrook, New Hampshire, a plant now in operation largely because of Sununu's unyielding support. "I resent the suggestion . . . that I haven't asked questions," the governor shouted. "You made a charge there that you don't know a *damn* thing about!"

Sununu has changed jobs but not tactics. He now uses *force majeure* to consolidate Bush's power and his own. He has ably and enthusiastically assumed the role of the President's hit man, with displays of temper against wayward White House staffers, Administration officials, party members and reporters. "That's the job of the Chief of Staff," says his aide David Carney. "The President says, 'This is a rotten bill. We have got to stop it.' There may be some guys who simply refuse to go along. The President is not going to yell at them. Sununu will call them up and say, 'Goddamn it, you've got to do this!'"

Ron Kaufman, deputy director of White House personnel, says Sununu's outbursts are mostly calculated—and generally necessary—to force quick results. Kaufman should know. Last year, Peter Thomson, a New Hampshire Republican appointed by Bush as Federal agricultural-policy director for the state, visited Sununu and complained that, nine months after Bush's Inauguration, only a quarter of his counterparts in other states had been appointed. "Sununu picks up the phone right away and gets Ron Kaufman on the line," recalls Thomson. "And he yells, 'Ron! How come these appointments haven't been made?' And I can tell that Ron is saying, 'But-but-but-but.' And then he says, 'Ron! I want those appointments made by the time you leave the office or I'm going to have your ass!'" By nine o'clock that night, says Thomson, Kaufman had selected all but one of the new appointees.

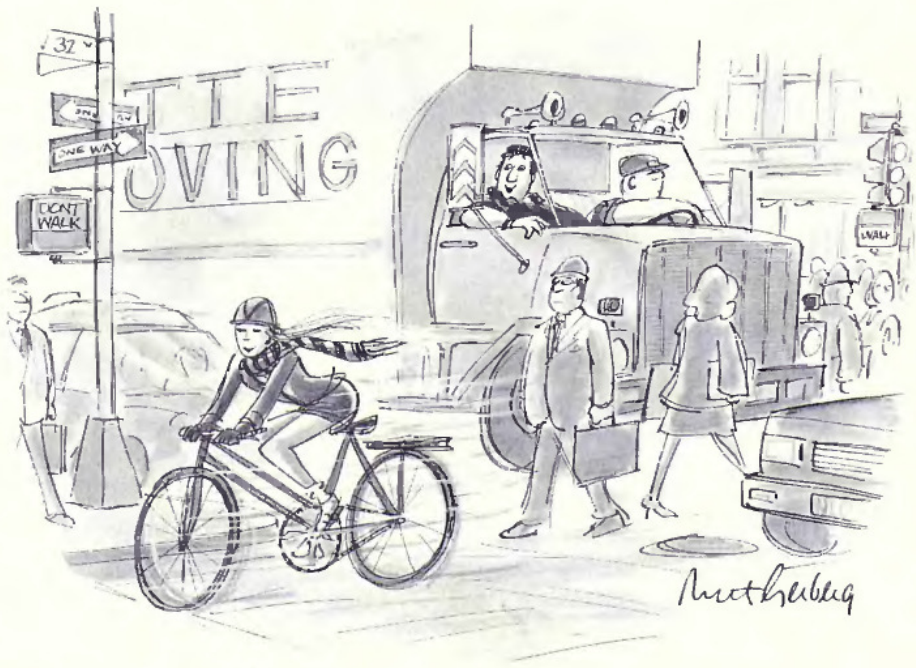
In Washington, as in New Hampshire, the press corps has been a primary target, and some of his early efforts at bullying the media were particularly ham-handed. An Associated Press reporter who wrote a story that angered the new Chief of Staff was surprised to hear from his colleagues on the White House beat that Sununu had called him "a fucking little rogue." He was even more surprised when Sununu called him up to deliver the message directly. "You fucking little rogue," said the voice on the phone. "Excuse me?" said the reporter. "This is Governor John Sununu," said the voice, going on to berate the reporter for a "cheap shot" story before hanging up.

Katharine Graham, chairwoman of *The Washington Post*, was a bit nonplused when Sununu took advantage of an on-the-record lunch with her and her top editors to request an off-the-record meeting in which he angrily denounced the *Post*'s Joe Pichirallo, then working on a study of Sununu's gubernatorial record, as a biased and unfair reporter. "It was not screaming, exactly, but he has a very aggressive way of stating things," says a *Post* source. "He has a very strong temper."

The powers at the *Post* were not amused to hear reports, soon after, that Sununu had been bragging to friends—reportedly in an extremely vulgar fashion—that he had really stuck it to Graham and had gotten the Pichirallo story killed. The paper not only ran the story but also included a mention of Sununu's unfounded boast.

Time magazine correspondents Dan Goodgame and Michael Duffy were shocked when Sununu took the opportunity, as the guest of honor at a *Time* banquet, to savage them in front of their bosses. The Chief of Staff lectured the large group of editors and advertisers about how the reporters—both in their early 30s—were incapable of understanding the workings of the White House. Says one who heard Sununu speak that night, "The exact line I remember him saying was, 'I wouldn't trust a thirty-one-year-old to judge the organization of a shoe company.'"

"Part of Sununu's handling of the press is a kind of benign neglect," says



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I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

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When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

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"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra $20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success!
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
. . . The politics of high finance made easy.

The Toucan:
You'll love . . . *The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information . . . only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

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stick, but sometimes, the stick is there, too."

Thus, when Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher decided to push a Federal industrial policy to develop high-definition television, it was Sununu who called him to a White House meeting where he was told to forget it. When Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation chairman L. William Seidman was deemed to be not enough of a Bush team player, it was Sununu who forced him to move on. When EPA chief Bill Reilly proposed a tough Presidential speech on global warming, Sununu not only toned down the speech outline, he constructed his own computer model to challenge the scientists' predictions.

What Sununu has done with the G.O.P.'s national political structure is perhaps the best example of his adroitness in consolidating power in the semivacuum of the Bush Administration. Even before Lee Atwater became desperately ill, Sununu was deeply involved in the political arm of the Administration. Now he owns it. He has appointed his right-hand aide Ed Rogers as overseer of all political concerns and has given the job of acting White House Director of Political Affairs to David Carney, a 30-year-old who has worked for Sununu his entire adult life.

By involving himself deeply in R.N.C. affairs—to the point of almost daily conversations with Mary Matalin and Atwater and frequent consultations with a wide range of top Republican strategists—he has won great influence over non–White House Republican politics. "He reads everything," says Matalin. "He went over the entire 1990 political plan, all the permutations, all the tough races. He is really political. He knows what is good for the candidate [and] gets involved in it on a very intimate level."

As Dole and Dukakis found, Sununu's political style is relentlessly hard-edged. Delaware Senator Joseph Biden got a taste of this last year when he led a Democratic effort to expand on (and steal thunder from) Bush's antidrug plans. According to *The Washington Post*, Sununu told a group of G.O.P. legislators that Biden's ideas were "mostly plagiarism" from the President, an obvious reference to the 1987 charges that Biden had copied parts of speeches from British Labor leader Neil Kinnock and others. Sununu, the *Post* said, claimed he had made the remark in confidence and did not expect it to be used. But it was Sununu's aide Rogers who telephoned the remark to reporters and urged them to use it, reported the *Post*.

Such tactics suggest another trait that has been important in Sununu's accrual of power: He is naturally devious. Ron Kaufman says that Sununu thinks a half-dozen moves ahead and often employs feints to conceal his true aim. "Lots of things have been designed to elicit certain wheels to go in certain directions," Kaufman says of Sununu's public actions on various policy matters. "And what appears to be an overreaction to a situation may, in fact, be a planned action to cause a certain action in a different direction. It all ends up fitting in." As an example, he points to Sununu's high profile in opposition to the more demanding environmental groups. Here, Sununu is playing on three levels: shaping policy, playing the heavy so Bush can still seem to be the environmental President and reassuring corporate and conservative interests that the Greens aren't taking over.

Sununu gains strength, too, from his more positive personal traits, characteristics that are sometimes overshadowed by the looming figure of big bad John. He is, first of all, funny, with a wit that ranges from the obvious (persuading budget *Meister* Darman to don a gorilla suit for Bush's birthday party) to the dry. *New York Times* Washington bureau chief Howell Raines presented the new Chief of Staff with a yo-yo to help alleviate tension during meetings. "Thank you," said Sununu to Raines. "Whenever I use this yo-yo, I will think of you."

He is good at using his humor to lighten grim situations. When Atwater was diagnosed as having a life-threatening brain tumor and subjected to a course of brutal radiation treatment, Sununu called every day with sick jokes: "The bad news is, you have to get through this; the good news is, you won't need a reading lamp for a month."

Sununu also has the charm of the truly self-possessed. By many accounts, he is remarkable in the suddenness with which, after a tantrum, he switches to civilized discourse.

"Those eruptions occur for a reason, not just to be known as somebody with a volcanic temper," says admiring White House Personnel Director Chase Untermeyer. "He can be trying to tell a Senator who has strayed off the reservation that he's being watched and not appreciated, and when the tension ebbs, he will say, 'Is there anything you need?' It's a way of saying, 'That's done. You're still one of us. What can we do for you?'"

The Pete Wilson story has an epilog that speaks to this point. After Sununu made sure Wilson got the message, and after Atwater had intervened, the President scheduled the fund-raising appearance and Sununu took a quiet trip to Orange County to mollify angry Republicans. "He did an excellent job," says a Republican strategist who was there. "In two days of meetings, he put everything together again. I admired the way he operated—listening, stroking, understanding."

•

John Sununu understands what power is for. It isn't for the privilege of walking at the President's side, or riding on Air Force One, or holding forth on Sunday-morning talk shows, though he has these perks and likes them. Power is for getting things done, effecting change, making policy. He is a master at these things.

Sununu is in an especially good position to use his power because of circumstances within the Bush Administration and the Republican Party today. The modern outline of conservative politics has been shaped by opposition to four great institutions: communism, taxes, big-government social engineering and abortion. That's just the problem: Communism is dying, new taxes are inevitable, big government is getting bigger and an increasing number of Republicans are flirting with pro-choice.

Within the party, there are, says Patrick McGuigan, "serious fault lines." Most right-wing Republicans fundamentally do not trust Bush—correctly seeing him as not really one of them—and also do not trust most of the top people at the White House and the Republican National Committee. Sununu, a committed, long-term conservative, is essential to maintaining right-wing support for Bush, without which his political future and immediate comfort would suffer. Sununu is passionately conservative in a much more serious way than George Bush is and he works ceaselessly to see to it that the Bush Presidency serves that constituency. It is not that Sununu pushes Bush into positions or decisions against his will, it is just that Bush's will does not extend terribly far, and Sununu's does.

"We may not be at the table with Bush, but we are at the table with Sununu," says McGuigan. "Sununu is an ally. He is a friend." He adds, "Bush is not an evil man, but he is a politician. For him, public service itself is first or second. For Sununu, public service is seventh or eighth. First is, Where do I want to take the country? How do I want things to be different three years from now? There is a list and it is specific. Bush is mildly committed to a few things. On the rest, he is open to suggestion. And that is why it is so important to have Sununu. He's a deeply committed conservative who is politically adept and who has the President's ear."

His efforts can be seen in the recent selection of New Hampshire jurist David H. Souter to replace retiring liberal Supreme Court Justice William Brennan. Souter made it to the last round without Sununu's active support. But

the Chief of Staff nevertheless played the key role. In an interview with *New York Times* reporter R. W. Apple, Jr., Sununu acknowledged that he had "intervened with strong personal support" for Souter at the crucial final cut, based on a judicial search he conducted as governor of New Hampshire. "I was looking for someone who would be a strict constructionist, consistent with basic conservative attitudes, and that's what I got," he said. And while the rest of the country may wonder exactly what that means, Sununu knows: As governor of New Hampshire, he appointed Souter to the state supreme court.

Right-wing activists would have preferred Bush to pick Fifth Circuit Federal appeals judge Edith H. Jones, whose conservative views are better documented. But Sununu believed Souter was a better choice precisely because he came with a scanty written record indicating his opinions on controversial matters.

Sununu made this clear in a meeting he arranged with McGuigan the day after Bush announced the choice. "You are going to like this guy," said the Chief of Staff, "he has a great philosophy." Adding another level of assurance, he said that upon the next vacancy, Bush would probably pick Judge Jones: "Edith starts next time at the top of the pack."

Sununu's argument—to slide Souter through on his vague public record and save a more daring choice such as Jones for the next vacancy—carried the day. McGuigan promised tentative support and said he would ask his colleagues to do the same. "The liberal fury will have to be less at the next one," says McGuigan. "By then, they will truly have lost the High Court."

So it is that the battle of compromises is waged, with Sununu conducting the shuttle diplomacy.

What's at stake here is the final goal of power in the Bush Administration. The conservatives who came to town with Ronald Reagan in 1980 were, in many cases, genuinely interested in power as a tool to change the world, in reflection of their President. But Bush, as he has repeatedly proved throughout his career, is dedicated mostly to his own survival, and his commitment to the conservative ideal, or to any ideal, seems to stop at the point of political cost to himself. Sununu is very much the same kind of man. As governor of New Hampshire, he husbanded his political capital and rarely tried to advance right-wing causes beyond obvious public acceptance. He and Bush see great political promise in the steady cutting of the middle ground out from under the hapless, leaderless Democrats. The pursuit of this—in order to consolidate the President's popularity and ensure his re-election—has become the Administration's focus, instead of any commitment to political or moral convictions.

"There are simply not a lot of ideas; it is a reactive Administration," says one high Bush official. "What happens when you have the kind of high approval ratings that we have is that there develops a tendency not to disturb anything, just to let things roll. You worry about doing things that will fuck anything up."

This rather cynical (though, to be fair, commonplace) approach depends on a Bush–Sununu dance of policy by compromise: the President bowing and posturing to the great crowd in the middle of the ballroom, his Chief of Staff whispering sweet somethings to the earnest wallflowers of the right. It worked very well for a while, winning the President an approval rating of 80 percent.

Perhaps this kind of ideologically vague, nonconfrontational governance is what the country needs now—a necessary antipode to the turmoil of the Reagan years. But there is a danger; the problem with dancing with all the people all the time is that, sooner or later, all your partners start to suspect you're a tease. Sooner or later, the voters stop trusting an Administration that tries to be all things to all people and that, as

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David Keene, American Conservative Union chairman, assesses it, operates on the principle of "trust us to do the right thing and we'll say whatever we have to say to accomplish our goals, whether it's true or not."

Last summer, for the first time, a suspicion began to grow that the Bush Administration—including Sununu—could not be trusted. The feeling centered on, and stemmed from, the White House's inept and duplicitous handling of budget negotiations with Democratic Congressional leaders. Bush, who defined his run for the Presidency with only one hard promise—"Read my lips: No new taxes"—first hinted in May that he would be willing to consider some sort of new taxes in White House–Congress negotiations to hammer out a budget-deficit-reduction package. Hill Democrats never believed him; their blackest fears were reinforced when Sununu, speaking to reporters aboard Air Force One, said the Administration would "allow the Democrats to bring their good arguments for taxes to the table" but would retain "the prerogative to say no." Infuriated, the Democrats dug in their heels, insisting that Bush be the first to raise the specter of taxes. On June 26, the "No new taxes" President had his press office read a release (drafted, one source says, by Bush and Democratic Congressional leaders George Mitchell and Tom Foley over Sununu's objections) stating that the budget deficit mandated "tax revenue increases."

The flip-flop was widely treated as a betrayal of the public's trust. Arsenio Hall interpreted it this way: "Read my lips: I'm a lying mother." The joke went around that Bush had suddenly decided that he liked broccoli, too.

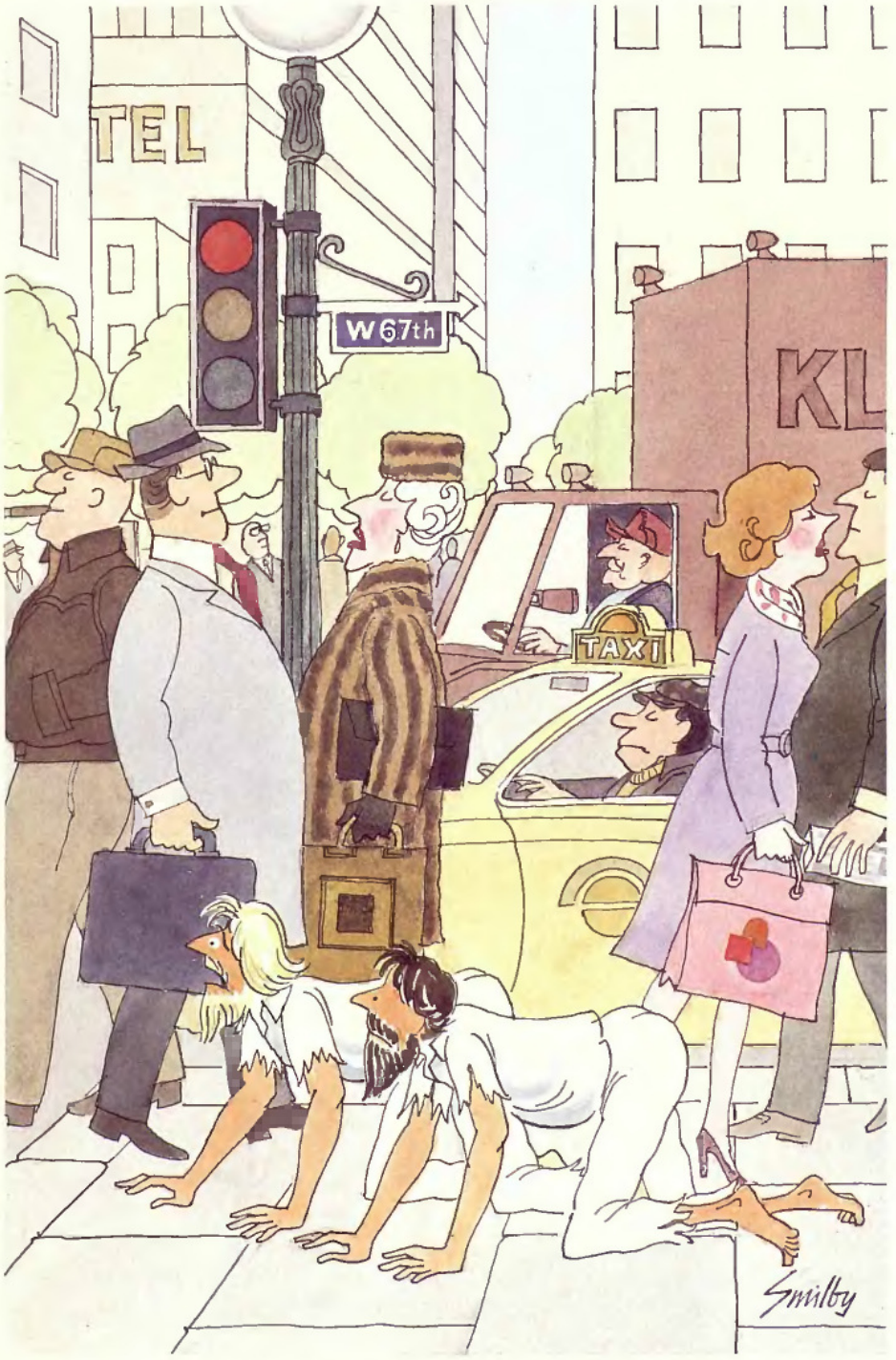
Conservatives, who consider anti-taxism as the driving force behind the Republican Party's revival in the Eighties, were furious. "Conservatives are asking what George Bush stands for, and the answer is, nothing," says Keene.

•

The tax fiasco showed the vulnerability inherent in the Bush Administration's efforts to be all things to most voters. As one of the most visible architects of the mess, Sununu suddenly found himself vulnerable, too. The old talk, unheard since the early days of the Administration, started up again. Sununu can't play in the big leagues. No political instincts. Atwater wouldn't have let this happen. That's the problem with making enemies; they tend to remember. Washington, let us remember, dines on an endless cold buffet of revenge. As Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, Sherman Adams built extraordinary power, much like that which Sununu has built for himself, but in the end, the insiders beat Adams, stripping him of power and driving him back to New Hampshire over a scandal of laughably minor proportions.

How will it end for Sununu? Those close to the Chief of Staff like to point out that he has always overcome adversity by leaping over it. He lost three statewide races, and each time, he faced defeat by jacking up the hurdle: running for the next highest office until he ended up in the governor's mansion. He did the same thing in his quest for national power. When Reagan passed him over for Secretary of Energy in 1984, he set his sights on George Bush and a better job. His friends say he is already aiming higher again. Indeed, one ex-aide says that Sununu, who was born in Cuba, has already researched the question of whether or not his foreign birth constitutionally precludes him from serving as President—and has decided it does not.

On his way to the White House, just before he left New Hampshire, Sununu acquired Sherman Adams' old license-plate number. It was a reminder of all he had achieved and all he planned to achieve. But it is something else, too: It is a *memento mori*, a warning that even the mighty, one day, will be humbled.



"You'd think someone would have helped us between here and Arizona."

(continued from page 110)

limbs and the sweetness of her vegetable tongue. Alf sprawled on the floor beneath us, wheezing and groaning in his sleep, and I blessed him for his incontinence and his doggy stupidity. Something was happening to me—I could feel it in the way the boards shifted under me, feel it with each beat of the surf—and I was ready to go along with it. In the morning, I called in sick again.

Alena was watching me from bed as I dialed the office and described how the flu had migrated from my head to my gut and beyond, and there was a look in her eye that told me I would spend the rest of the day right there beside her, peeling grapes and dropping them one by one between her parted and expectant lips. I was wrong. Half an hour later, after a breakfast of brewer's yeast and what appeared to be some sort of bark marinated in yogurt, I found myself marching up and down the sidewalk in front of a fur emporium in Beverly Hills, waving a placard that read HOW DOES IT FEEL TO WEAR A CORPSE? in letters that dripped like blood.

It was a shock. I'd seen protest marches on TV, antiwar rallies and civil rights demonstrations and all that, but I'd never warmed my heels on the pavement or chanted slogans or felt the naked stick in my hand. There were maybe 40 of us in all, mostly women, and we waved our placards at passing cars and blocked traffic on the sidewalk. One woman had smeared her face and hands with cold cream steeped in Red #3, and Alena had found a ratty mink stole somewhere—the kind that features whole animals sewed together, snout to tail, their miniature limbs dangling—and she'd taken a can of crimson spray paint to their muzzles so that they looked freshly killed. She brandished this grisly banner on a stick high above her head, whooping like a savage and chanting, "Fur is death, fur is death," over and over again till it became a mantra for the crowd. The day was unseasonably warm, the Jaguars glinted in the sun and the palms nodded in the breeze, and no one but for a single tight-lipped salesman glowering from behind the store's immaculate windows paid the slightest bit of attention to us.

I marched out there on the sidewalk—feeling exposed and conspicuous but marching nonetheless—for Alena's sake and for the sake of the foxes and the martens and all the rest, and for my own sake, too: With each step I took, I could feel my consciousness expanding like a balloon, the breath of saintliness seeping steadily into me. Up to this point, I'd worn suede and leather like anybody else—ankle boots and Air Jordans, a bombardier jacket I'd had since

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high school. If I'd drawn the line with fur, it was only because I'd never had any use for it. If I'd lived in the Yukon—and sometimes, drowsing through a meeting at work, I found myself fantasizing about it—I would have worn fur, no compunction, no second thoughts.

But not anymore. Now I was a protester, a placard waver, now I was fighting for the right of every last weasel and lynx to grow old and die gracefully, now I was Alena Jorgensen's lover and a force to be reckoned with. Of course, my feet hurt and I was running sweat and praying that no one from work would drive by and see me there on the sidewalk with my crazy cohorts and denunciatory sign.

We marched for hours, back and forth, till I thought we'd wear a groove in the pavement. We chanted and jeered and nobody so much as looked at us twice. We could have been Hare Krishnas, bums, anti-abortionists or lepers, what did it matter? To the rest of the world, to the uninitiated masses to whose sorry number I'd belonged just 24 hours earlier, we were invisible. I was hungry, tired, discouraged. Alena was ignoring me. Even the woman in red-face was slowing down, her chant a hoarse whisper that was sucked up and obliterated in the roar of traffic. And then, as the afternoon faded toward rush hour, a wizened silvery old woman who might have been an aging star or a star's mother or even the first dimly remembered wife of a studio exec got out of a long white car at the curb and strode fearlessly toward us. Despite the heat—it must have been 80 degrees at this point—she was wearing an ankle-length silver-fox coat, a bristling shoulder wafting mass of peltry that must have decimated every burrow on the tundra. It was the moment we'd been waiting for.

A cry went up, shrill and ululating, and we converged on the lone old woman like a Cheyenne war party scouring the plains. The man beside me went down on all fours and howled like a dog. Alena slashed the air with her limp mink and the blood sang in my ears. "Murderer!" I screamed, getting into it. "Torturer! Nazi!" The strings in my neck were tight. I didn't know what I was saying. The crowd gibbered. The placards danced. I was so close to the old woman I could smell her—her perfume, a whiff of moth balls from the coat—and it intoxicated me, maddened me, and I stepped in front of her and blocked her path with all the seething militant bulk of my 185 pounds of sinew and muscle.

I never saw the chauffeur. Alena told me afterward that he was a former kick-boxing champion who'd been banned from the sport for excessive brutality. The first blow seemed to drop from above, a shell lobbed from deep within enemy territory; the others came at me like a windmill churning in a storm. Someone screamed. I remember focusing on the flawless rigid pleats of the chauffeur's trousers, and things got a bit hazy.

I woke to the dull thump of the surf slamming at the shore and the touch of Alena's lips on my own. I felt as if I'd been broken on the wheel, dismantled and put back together again. "Lie still," she said, and her tongue moved across my swollen cheek. Stricken, I could only drag my head across the pillow and gaze into the depths of her parti-colored eyes. "You're one of us now," she whispered.

Next morning, I didn't even bother to call in sick.

•

By the end of the week, I'd recovered enough to crave meat, for which I felt deeply ashamed, and to wear out a pair of vinyl huaraches on the picket line. Together, and with various coalitions of antivivisectionists, militant vegans and cat lovers, Alena and I tramped a hundred miles of sidewalk, spray-painted inflammatory slogans across the windows of supermarkets and burger stands, denounced tanners, furriers, poulterers and sausage makers and somehow found time to break up a cockfight in Pacoima. It was exhilarating, heady, dangerous. If I'd been disconnected in the past, I was plugged in now. I felt righteous—for the first time in my life, I had a cause—and I had Alena, Alena above all. She fascinated me, fixated me, made me feel like a tomcat leaping in and out of second-story windows, oblivious to the free fall and the picket fence below. There was her beauty, of course, a triumph of evolution and the happy interchange of genes going all the way back to the cave men, but it was more than that—it was her commitment to animals, to the righting of wrongs, to morality that made her irresistible. Was it love? The term is something I've always had difficulty with, but I suppose it was. Sure it was. Love, pure and simple. I had it, it had me.

"You know what?" Alena said one night as she stood over the miniature stove, searing tofu in oil and garlic. We'd spent the afternoon demonstrating out in front of a *tortilla* factory that used rendered animal fat as a congealing agent, after which we'd been chased three blocks by an overweight assistant manager at Von's who objected to Alena's spray-painting MEAT IS DEATH over the specials in the front window. I was giddy with the adolescent joy of it. I sank into the couch with a beer and watched Alf limp across the floor to fling himself down and lick at a suspicious spot on the

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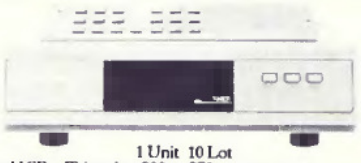

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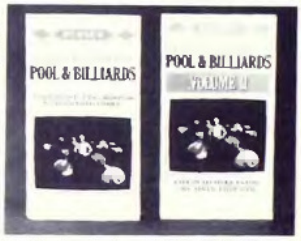

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floor. The surf boomed like thunder.

"What?" I said.

"Thanksgiving's coming."

I let it ride a moment, wondering if I should invite Alena to my mother's for the big basted bird stuffed with canned oysters and buttered bread crumbs, and then realized it probably wouldn't be such a great idea. I said nothing.

She glanced over her shoulder. "The animals don't have a whole lot to be thankful for, that's for sure. It's just an excuse for the meat industry to butcher a couple million turkeys, is all it is." She paused; hot safflower oil popped in the pan. "I think it's time for a little road trip," she said. "Can we take your car?"

"Sure, but where are we going?"

She gave me her *Gioconda* smile. "To liberate some turkeys."

•

In the morning, I called my boss to tell him I had pancreatic cancer and wouldn't be in for a while, then we threw some things into the car, helped Alf scrabble into the back seat and headed up Route Five for the San Joaquin Valley. We drove for three hours through a fog so dense the windows might as well have been packed with cotton. Alena was secretive, but I could see she was excited. I knew only that we were on our way to rendezvous with a certain "Rolfe," a longtime friend of hers and a big name in the world of ecotage and animal rights, after which we would commit some desperate and illegal act for which the turkeys would be eternally grateful.

There was a truck stalled in front of the sign for our exit at Calpurnia Springs, and I had to brake hard and jerk the wheel around twice to keep the tires on the pavement. Alena came up out of her seat and Alf slammed into the armrest like a sack of meal, but we made it. A few minutes later, we were gliding through the ghostly vacancy of the town itself, lights drifting past in a nimbus of fog, glowing pink, yellow and white, and then there was only the blacktop road and the pale void that engulfed it. We'd gone ten miles or so when Alena instructed me to slow down and began to study the right-hand shoulder with a keen, unwavering eye.

The earth breathed in and out. I squinted hard into the soft drifting glow of the headlights. "There, there!" she cried and I swung the wheel to the right and suddenly we were lurching along a pitted dirt road that rose up from the blacktop like a goat path worn into the side of a mountain. Five minutes later, Alf sat up in the back seat and began to whine, and then a crude unpainted shack began to detach itself from the vagueness around us.

Rolfe met us on the porch. He was tall and leathery, in his 50s, I guessed, with a shock of hair and rutted features that brought Samuel Beckett to mind. He was wearing gum boots and jeans and a faded lumberjack shirt that looked as if it had been washed a hundred times. Alf took a quick pee against the side of the house, then fumbled up the steps to roll over and fawn at Rolfe's feet.

"Rolfe!" Alena called, and there was too much animation in her voice, too much familiarity, for my taste. She took the steps in a bound and threw herself into his arms. I watched them kiss, and it wasn't a fatherly–daughterly sort of kiss, not at all. It was a kiss with some meaning behind it, and I didn't like it. Rolfe, I thought: What kind of name is that?

"Rolfe," Alena gasped, still a little breathless from bouncing up the steps like a cheerleader, "I'd like you to meet Jim."

This was my signal. I ascended the porch steps and held out my hand. Rolfe gave me a look out of the hooded depths of his eyes and then took my hand in a hard callused grip, the grip of the wood splitter, the fence mender, the liberator of hothouse turkeys and laboratory mice. "A pleasure," he said, and his voice rasped like sandpaper.

There was a fire going inside, and Alena and I sat before it and warmed our hands while Alf whined and sniffed and Rolfe served Red Zinger tea in Japanese cups the size of thimbles. Alena hadn't stopped chattering since we stepped through the door, and Rolfe came right back at her in his woodsy rasp, the two of them exchanging names and news and gossip as if they were talking in code. I studied the reproductions of teal and widgeon that hung from the peeling walls, noted the case of Heinz vegetarian beans in the corner and the half gallon of Jack Daniel's on the mantel. Finally, after the third cup of tea, Alena settled back in her chair—a huge old Salvation Army sort of thing with a soiled antimacassar—and said, "So what's the plan?"

Rolfe gave me another look, a quick predatory darting of the eyes, as if he weren't sure I could be trusted, and then turned back to Alena. "Hedda Gabler's Range-Fed Turkey Ranch," he said. "And no, I don't find the name cute, not at all." He looked at me now, a long steady assay. "They grind up the heads for cat food, and the neck, the organs and the rest, that they wrap up in paper and stuff back in the body cavity like it was a war atrocity or something. Whatever did a turkey go and do to us to deserve a fate like that?"

The question was rhetorical, even if it seemed to have been aimed at me, and I made no response other than to compose my face in a look that wedded grief, outrage and resolve. I was thinking of all the turkeys I'd sent to their doom, of the plucked wishbones, the pope's noses and the crisp browned skin I used to relish as a kid. It brought a lump to my

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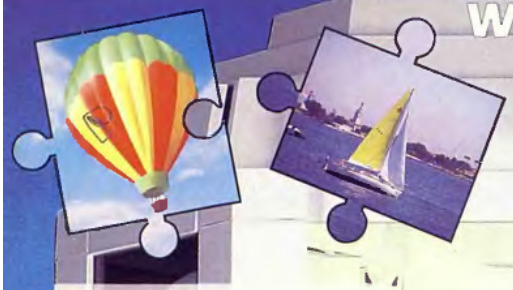

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throat, and something more: I realized I was hungry.

"Ben Franklin wanted to make them a national symbol," Alena chimed in, "did you know that? But the meat eaters won out."

"Fifty thousand birds," Rolfe said, glancing at Alena and bringing his incendiary gaze back to rest on me. "I have information they're going to start slaughtering them tomorrow for the fresh-not-frozen market."

"Yuppie poultry." Alena's voice was drenched in disgust.

For a moment, no one spoke. I became aware of the crackling of the fire. The fog pressed at the windows. It was getting dark.

"You can see the place from the highway," Rolfe said finally, "but the only access is through Calpurnia Springs. It's about twenty miles—twenty-two point three, to be exact."

Alena's eyes were bright. She was gazing at Rolfe as if he'd just dropped down from heaven. I felt something heave in my stomach.

"We strike tonight."

•

Rolfe insisted that we take my car—"Everybody around here knows my pickup, and I can't take any chances on a little operation like this"—but we did mask the plates, front and back, with an inch-thick smear of mud. We blackened our faces like commandos and collected our tools from the shed out back—tin snips, crowbars and two five-gallon cans of gasoline. "Gasoline?" I said, trying the heft of the can.

Rolfe gave me a crazy look. "To create a diversion," he said. Alf, for obvious reasons, stayed behind in the shack.

If the fog had been thick in daylight, it was impermeable now; the sky collapsed upon the earth. It took hold of the headlights and threw them back at me till my eyes began to water from the effort of keeping the car on the road. But for the ruts and bumps, we might have been floating in space. Alena sat up front between Rolfe and me, curiously silent. Rolfe didn't have much to say, either, save for the occasional grunted command: "Hang a right here"; "Hard left"; "Easy, easy." I thought about meat and jail and the heroic proportions to which I was about to swell in Alena's eyes and what I intended to do to her when we finally got to bed. It was two A.M. by the dashboard clock.

"OK," Rolfe said, and his voice came at me so suddenly it startled me, "pull over here—and kill the lights."

We stepped out into the hush of night and eased the doors shut behind us. I couldn't see a thing, but I could hear the not-so-distant hiss of traffic on the highway, and another sound, too, muffled and indistinct, the gentle, unconscious suspiration of thousands of my fellow creatures. And I could smell them, a seething rancid odor of feces and feathers and naked scaly feet; it crawled down my throat and burned my nostrils. "Whew," I said in a whisper, "I can smell them."

Rolfe and Alena were vague presences at my side. Rolfe flipped open the trunk and in the next moment, I felt the heft of a crowbar and a pair of tin snips in my hand. "Listen, you, Jim," he whispered, taking me by the wrist in his iron grip and leading me half a dozen steps forward. "Feel this?"

I felt a grid of wire, which he promptly cut: *snip*, *snip*, *snip*.

"This is their enclosure—they're out there in the day, scratching around in the dirt. You get lost, you follow this wire. Now, you're going to take a section out of this side, Alena's got the west side and I've got the south. Once that's done, I signal with the flashlight and we bust open the doors to the turkey houses—they're these big low white buildings; you'll see them when you get close—and flush the birds out. Don't worry about me or Alena. Just worry about getting as many birds out as you can."

I was worried. Worried about everything, from some half-crazed farmer with a shotgun or an AK-47, or whatever they carried these days, to losing Alena in the fog to the turkeys themselves—how big were they? Were they violent? They had claws and beaks, didn't they? And how were they going to feel about me bursting into their bedroom in the middle of the night?

"And when the gas cans go up, you high-tail it back to the car, got it?"

I could hear the turkeys tossing in their sleep. A truck shifted gears out on the highway. "I think so," I whispered.

"And one more thing—be sure to leave the keys in the ignition."

This gave me a pause. "But——?"

"The getaway." Alena was so close I could feel her breath on my ear. "I mean, we don't want to be fumbling around for keys when all hell is breaking loose out there, do we?"

I eased open the door and reinserted the key in the ignition, even though the automatic buzzer warned me against it. "OK," I murmured, but they were already gone, soaked up in the shadows and the mist. At this point, my heart was hammering so loudly I could barely hear the rustling of the turkeys. This is crazy, I told myself, it's hurtful and wrong, not to mention illegal. Spray-painting slogans was one thing, but this was something else altogether. I thought of the turkey farmer asleep in his bed, an entrepreneur working to make America strong, a man with a wife and kids and a mortgage . . . but then I thought of all those innocent turkeys consigned to death, and finally I thought of Alena, long-legged and loving, and the way she came to me out of the darkness of the bathroom and the boom of the surf. I took the tin snips to the wire.

I must have been at it half an hour, 45 minutes, gradually working my way toward the big white sheds that had begun to emerge from the gloom up ahead, when I saw Rolfe's flashlight blinking off to the left. This was my signal to head to the nearest shed, snap off the padlock

"First, let me say that I also think your wife has nice tits, Canfield, but. . . ."

with my crowbar, fling open the doors and herd a bunch of cranky, suspicious gobblers out into the night. It was now or never. I looked twice around me and then broke for the nearest shed in an awkward crouching gait. The turkeys must have sensed that something was up—from behind the long white windowless wall there arose a watchful gabbling, a soughing of feathers that fanned up like a breeze in the treetops. *Hold on, you toms and hens*, I thought, *freedom is at hand*. A jerk of the wrist and the padlock fell to the ground. Blood pounding in my ears, I took hold of the door and jerked it open with a great dull booming reverberation—and suddenly, there they were, turkeys, thousands upon thousands of them, cloaked in white feathers under a string of dim yellow bulbs. The light glinted in their reptilian eyes. Somewhere a dog began to bark.

I steeled myself and sprang through the door with a shout, whirling the crowbar over my head. "All right!" I boomed, and the echo gave it back to me a hundred times over. "This is it! Turkeys, on your feet!" Nothing. No response. But for the whisper of rustling feathers and the alertly cocked heads, they might have been sculptures, throw pillows, they might as well have been dead and butchered and served up with yams and onions and all the trimmings. The barking of the dog went up a notch. I thought I heard voices.

The turkeys crouched on the concrete floor, wave upon wave of them, stupid and immovable; they perched in the rafters, on shelves and platforms, huddled in wooden stalls. Desperate, I rushed into the front rank of them, swinging my crowbar, stamping my feet and howling like the wishbone plucker I once was. That did it. There was a shriek from the nearest bird and the others took it up till an unholy racket filled the place, and now they were moving, tumbling down from their perches, flapping their wings in a storm of dried excrement and pecked-over grain, pouring across the concrete floor till it vanished beneath them. Encouraged, I screamed again—"Yeeeeeee-ha—ha-ha-ha!"—and beat at the aluminum walls with the crowbar as the turkeys shot through the doorway into the night.

It was then that the black mouth of the doorway erupted with light and the *ka-boom!* of the gas cans sent a tremor through the earth. *Run!* a voice screamed in my head, and the adrenaline kicked in and all of a sudden, I was scrambling for the door in a hurricane of turkeys. They were everywhere, flapping their wings, gobbling and screeching, loosing their bowels in panic. Something hit the back of my legs and all at once I was down among them, on the floor, in the dirt and feathers and wet turkey shit. I was a roadbed, a turkey expressway. Their claws dug at my back, my shoulders, the crown of my head. Panicked now, choking on the feathers and dust and worse, I fought to my feet as the big screeching birds launched themselves around me and I staggered out into the barnyard. "There! Who's that there?" a voice roared, and I was off and running.

What can I say? I vaulted turkeys, kicked them aside like so many footballs, slashed and tore at them as they sailed through the air. I ran till my lungs felt as if they were burning right through my chest, disoriented, bewildered, terrified of the shotgun blast I was sure would cut me down at any moment. Behind me the fire raged and lit the fog till it glowed blood-red and hellish. But where was the fence? And where the car?

I got control of my feet then and stood stock-still in a flurry of turkeys, squinting into a wall of fog. Was that it? Was that the car over there? At that moment, I heard an engine start up somewhere behind me—a familiar engine with a familiar coughing gurgle in the throat of the carburetor—and then the lights blinked on briefly 300 yards away. I heard the engine race and listened, helpless, as the car roared off in the opposite direction. I stood there a moment longer, forlorn and forsaken, and then I ran blindly off into the night, putting the fire, the shouts and the barking and the incessant mindless squawking of the turkeys as far behind me as I could.

•

When dawn finally broke, it was only just perceptibly, so thick was the fog. I'd made my way to a blacktop road—which road and where it led I didn't know—and sat crouched and shivering in a clump of weeds just off the shoulder. Alena wouldn't desert me, I was sure of that—she loved me, as I loved her; needed me, as I needed her—and I was sure she'd be cruising along the back roads looking for me. My pride was wounded, of course, and if I never laid eyes on Rolfe again I felt I wouldn't be missing much, but at least I hadn't been drilled full of shot, savaged by farm dogs or pecked to death by irate turkeys. I was sore all over, my shin throbbed where I'd slammed into something substantial while vaulting through the night, there were feathers in my hair and my face and arms were a mosaic of cuts and scratches and long trailing fissures of dirt. I'd been sitting there for what seemed like hours, cursing Rolfe, developing suspicions about Alena and unflattering theories about environmentalists in general, when finally I heard the familiar slurp and roar of my car cutting through the mist ahead of me.

Rolfe was driving, his face impassive. I flung myself into the road like a tattered beggar, waving my arms over my head

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The Price Is Right
Page 104: Suit by Bill Blass for PBM, 212-581-8270. Lord & Taylor, selected stores; Higbee's, Cleveland. Shirt by Claiborne Furnishing. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Tie by Albert Nipon Neckwear, 212-564-3078. Lord & Taylor, East Coast; Macy's, Sauth. Suspenders by John Henry, 212-221-7500. Pocket square by Ferrell Reed. Available at fine men's specialty stores nationwide. Watch by Gruen, 800-877-TIME, ext. 230. Buffums, West Coast; Macy's, South. Fedora by Stetson from J. J. Hat Center, 212-502-5012, N.Y.C.

Page 105: Suit from Firma by Andrew Fezza, 212-247-8621. Filene's, Boston; Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. Shirt from Firma by Andrew Fezza. Filene's, Boston; Hyatt & Co., Baltimore; Jeffrey Michael, Seattle. Tie by Ferrell Reed. Available in fine men's specialty stores natianwide.

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Page 107: Suit by Pierre Cardin, 212-759-7543. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicaga; Bostan Store, Milwaukee. Shirt by Cezani, 212-541-5200. Robinson's, L.A. Tie by Claiborne Furnishings. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Filene's, Boston. Watch by Wittnauer, 914-576-1000. Zales, Kay Jewelers and Sterling stores nationwide.

Page 108: Suit by Jörn Dürselen, 212-307-4300. Thamas Miller, Woadbury, N.Y.; Jay Briggs, San Francisca; Mario's, Portland and Seattle. Shirt from Firma by Andrew Fezza, 212-247-8621. Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicaga; Jeffrey Michael, Seattle. Tie by Jörn Dürselen. Sy Devore, Sherman Oaks, Calif.; Mario's, Portland and Seattle. Packet square by Pierre Cardin, 212-759-7543. Filene's, Boston; The Bon Marché, Seattle.

Page 109: Suit by Nino Cerruti, 212-237-1500. The Bon Marché, Seattle; Robinson's, San Diego. Shirt by Pierre Cardin, 212-759-7543. A&S, N.Y.C.; Rauleigh's, Washington, D.C. Tie by Isaac Zelcer, 212-629-0111. A&S, N.Y. and N.J. Watch by Fossil, 214-348-7400. Macy's, selected stores. Fedara by Zephyr from J. J. Hat Center, 212-502-5012, N.Y.C.

The Playboy Collection
Page 130: Juicy Salif lemon squeezer by Alessi, 617-938-6679. Bergdarf Gaadman, N.Y.C.; Nuvo, Dallas; By Design, L.A.

Page 131: From top ta battam: Radio sunglasses by J'aggs from Nagle Enterprises, Inc., 303-790-7474. TK-220 World Travel Kit by Grundig, 800-872-2228. Macy's, N.Y.; Bay Blaar Radia, Toronto; House af Music, San Francisco. Leather carry-on bag fram Beverly Hills Matoring Accessories, 800-421-0911; in California, 213-657-4800.

Page 132: Fram top ta bottam: 98-PF 2000 Binaculars by Jasan, 913-888-0220. Mont Blanc inkwell and fountain pen, 800-2-GEARYS; in Hawaii and Alaska, 213-273-4741. Geary's, Beverly Hills. Smith Corana 100 C word processar, 203-972-1471. 47th Street Phata, all locatians; Freeway Stores, L.A.

Page 133: Rollei 2.8GX camera, 201-808-9010. Ken Hansen Photographic, N.Y.C.; Camera One, Sarasota; Samy's Camera, Hollywood.

Playboy on the Scene
Page 185: Left to right: Gloves from Rasenthal-Truitt, 213-659-5470. All L.A. locations. Sunglasses by Cutler and Grass, 312-943-SPEX. Charivari, N.Y.C.; Spex Inc., Chicaga; Rosenthal-Truitt, L.A. Olympus L200 microcassette recorder fram Shutterbug, 312-641-6997. All Chicago locations. Interstate Travelmate, 800-531-0004; in Massachusetts, 508-692-3000. Sola radar detectar by Cincinnati Microwave, 800-543-1608. VDO Tire Gauge fram Beverly Hills Motor Accessories, 800-421-0911; in California, 213-657-4800. Sure-Fire flashlight by Laser Products, 800-828-8809; in Hawaii and Alaska, 714-545-9444.

and giving vent to my joy, and he very nearly ran me down. Alena was out of the car before it stopped, wrapping me up in her arms, and then she was bundling me into the back seat with Alf and we were on our way back to the hideaway. "What happened?" she cried, as if she couldn't have guessed. "Where were you? We waited as long as we could."

I was feeling sulky, betrayed, feeling as if I were owed a whole lot more than a perfunctory hug and a string of insipid questions. Still, as I told my tale, I began to warm to it—they'd got away in the car with the heater going, and I'd stayed behind to fight the turkeys, the farmers and the elements, too, and if that weren't heroic, I'd like to know what was. I looked into Alena's admiring eyes and pictured Rolfe's shack, a nip or two from the bottle of Jack Daniel's, maybe a peanut-butter-and-tofu sandwich and then the bed, with Alena in it. Rolfe said nothing.

Back at Rolfe's, I took a shower and scrubbed the turkey droppings from my pores, then helped myself to the bourbon. It was ten in the morning and the house was dark—if the world had ever been without fog, there was no sign of it here. When Rolfe stepped out onto the porch to fetch an armload of firewood, I pulled Alena down into my lap. "Hey," she murmured, "I thought you were an invalid."

She was wearing a pair of too-tight jeans and an oversized sweater with nothing underneath it. I slipped my hand inside the sweater and found something to hold on to. "Invalid?" I said, nuzzling at her sleeve. "Hell, I'm a turkey liberator, an ecoguerrilla, a friend of the animals and the environment, too."

She laughed, but she pushed herself up and crossed the room to stare out the occluded window. "Listen, Jim," she said, "what we did last night was great, really great, but it's just the beginning." Alf looked up at her expectantly. I heard Rolfe fumbling around on the porch, the thump of wood on wood. She turned around to face me now. "What I mean is, Rolfe wants me to go up to Wyoming for a little bit, just outside Yellowstone——"

Me? Rolfe wants me? There was no invitation in that, no plurality, no acknowledgment of all we'd done and meant to each other. "For what?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"There's this grizzly—a pair of them, actually—and they've been raiding places outside the park. One of them made off with the mayor's Doberman the other night and the people are up in arms. We—I mean, Rolfe and me and some other people from the old Bolt Weevils in Minnesota?—we're going to go up there and make sure the Park

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My tone was corrosive. "You and Rolfe?"

"There's nothing between us, if that's what you're thinking—this has to do with animals, that's all."

"Like us?"

She shook her head slowly. "Not like us, no. We're the plague on this planet, don't you know that?"

Suddenly, I was angry. Seething. Here I'd crouched in the bushes all night covered in turkey crap, and now I was part of a plague. I was on my feet. "No, I don't know that."

She gave me a look that let me know it didn't matter, that she was already gone, that her agenda, at least for the moment, didn't include me and there was no use arguing about it. "Look," she said, her voice dropping as Rolfe slammed back through the door with a load of wood, "I'll see you in L.A. in a month or so, OK?" She gave me an apologetic smile. "Water the plants for me?"

•

An hour later, I was on the road again. I'd helped Rolfe stack the wood beside the fireplace, allowed Alena to brush my lips with a goodbye kiss, and then stood there on the porch while Rolfe locked up, lifted Alf into the bed of his pickup and rumbled down the rutted dirt road with Alena at his side. I watched till their brake lights dissolved in the drifting gray mist, then fired up my car and lurched down the road behind them. *A month or so:* I felt hollow inside. I pictured her with Rolfe, eating yogurt and wheat germ, stopping at motels, wrestling grizzlies and spiking trees. The hollowness opened up, cored me out till I felt as if I'd been plucked and gutted and served up on a platter myself.

I found my way back through Calpurnia Springs without incident—there were no roadblocks, no flashing lights and grim-looking troopers searching trunks and back seats for a tallish 30-year-old ecoterrorist with turkey tracks down his back—but after I turned onto the highway for Los Angeles, I had a shock. Ten miles up the road, my nightmare materialized out of the gloom: red lights everywhere, signal flares and police cars lined up on the shoulder. I was on the very edge of panicking, a beat away from cutting across the meridian and giving them a run for it, when I saw the truck jackknifed up ahead. I slowed to 40, 30, and then hit the brakes. In a moment, I was stalled in a lane of cars and there was something all over the road, ghostly and white in the fog. At first I thought it must have been flung from the truck, rolls of toilet paper or crates of soap powder ruptured on the pavement. It was neither. As I inched closer, the tires creeping now, the pulse of the lights in my face, I saw that the road was coated in feathers, turkey feathers. A storm of them. A blizzard. And more: There was flesh there, too, slick and greasy, a red pulp ground into the surface of the road, thrown up like slush from the tires of the car ahead of me, ground beneath the massive wheels of the truck. Turkeys. Turkeys everywhere.

The car crept forward. I flicked on the windshield wipers, hit the WASHER button, and for a moment, a scrim of diluted blood obscured the windows and the hollowness opened up inside me till I thought it would suck me inside out. Behind me, someone was leaning on his horn. A trooper loomed up out of the gloom, waving me on with the dead yellow eye of his flashlight. I thought of Alena and felt sick. All there was between us had come to this, expectations gone sour, a smear on the road. I wanted to get out and shoot myself, turn myself in, close my eyes and wake up in jail, in a hair shirt, in a strait jacket, anything. It went on. Time passed. Nothing moved. And then, miraculously, a vision began to emerge from behind the smeared glass and the gray belly of the fog, lights glowing golden in the waste. I saw the sign, GAS/FOOD/LODGING, and my hand was on the blinker.

It took me a moment, picturing the place, the generic tile, the false cheer of the lights, the odor of charred flesh hanging heavy on the air, Big Mac, three-piece dark meat, *carne asada*, cheeseburger. The engine coughed. The lights glowed. I didn't think of Alena then, didn't think of Rolfe or grizzlies or the doomed bleating flocks and herds or of the blind bunnies and cancerous mice—I thought only of the cavern opening inside me and how to fill it. "Meat," and I spoke the word aloud, talking to calm myself as if I'd awakened from a bad dream, "it's only meat."

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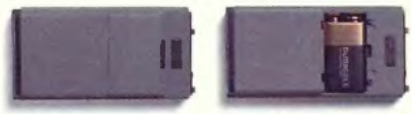

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LEONA HELMSLEY *(continued from page 84)*

"I am strong. I have a lot of faith in what I do. I believe that my innocence will absolutely surface."

four hundred times.

PLAYBOY: Back then, a female real-estate agent was not a common sight.

HELMSLEY: Right. But whatever I do, I work it, sleep it, eat it and drink it. I got a hundred dollars a week, plus commissions, and slowly started to make big money. By the late Sixties, I had made four hundred fifty thousand dollars in just three months doing conversions. And that's how Harry Helmsley heard of me. If I had known Harry back then, I would have co-opped the whole city in a week! I was on a roll and I had one million dollars in the bank. I never had a greed for money; the one million was for my old age. I had the money stuck away in my bazooms!

PLAYBOY: Yet you wound up a billionairess.

HELMSLEY: I'm still the same person. I don't think I'm spoiled. I've worked for it. And I'm paying a very heavy price for it.

PLAYBOY: So before your legal problems started, your life was a bowl of cherries.

HELMSLEY: My life wasn't a bowl of cherries—it was *utopia*. I had a man who loved me, a man I loved. And we were happy just being together. It wasn't the luxuries.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your son, Jay. At one point, you were estranged from him for many years.

HELMSLEY: I was never estranged from him. Sure, I yelled at him, but I also kissed him, held him in my arms and danced with him. Jay was my life.

PLAYBOY: Pierson's book implies that Jay was a careless administrator of Deco.

HELMSLEY: He had charged his honeymoon to the company—fifty thousand dollars—and I was the one who went to him about it. I'm very strict with my own, I want you to know. I made him pay back every cent. It was my money, not his. But he did a fantastic job of purchasing for the hotels.

PLAYBOY: You had a falling out with Jay's first wife, Myrna. What happened?

HELMSLEY: I was invited to a family dinner one night and, because I was working, I was a little late—forty-five minutes. I came in with a gift and they had already eaten! There was a dried piece of roast beef lying on the plate. I chewed it. I didn't say boo. I said, "It was a lovely dinner. Thank you." I wouldn't hurt Jay.

PLAYBOY: And you never went back.

HELMSLEY: Never. She didn't like me, and I didn't like her. A very strange lady. I don't understand her, nor do I care to.

PLAYBOY: Jay's second wife, Ruth, was——

HELMSLEY: A nice girl. I still talk to her regularly and I see my grandchildren.

PLAYBOY: Do the children call you Granny?

HELMSLEY: [*Shocked*] Never. I have a name: Mindy.

PLAYBOY: Are your grandchildren provided for?

HELMSLEY: Every one of them had a trust fund established one year after I married Harry. And although they will not inherit millions and millions, they will have enough. But they are going to have to work. Idleness makes a lot of trouble.

PLAYBOY: Your son's third wife, Mimi Doyle, has said you don't have a very good relationship with your grandchildren.

HELMSLEY: That's ridiculous. How the devil would she know? She was in the family for a whole year. Death walked in when she did—Jay died twenty-six months later.

PLAYBOY: He was only forty when he died of a heart attack. One Helmsley executive said, "The grief hit her in the solar plexus . . . she was never the same after . . . she became angry more easily. . . ." True?

HELMSLEY: Who knows what hurts me and what doesn't? It didn't hit me in the solar plexus; it hit me in my heart and all over my whole body. It still does.

PLAYBOY: Some say you expressed your grief through rage toward Mimi—especially in your lawsuit, which was dismissed on appeal, in which you charged that Jay's signature had been forged on a financial document after his death. The amount in question was only $68,000, which to you is nothing. Isn't that a little vindictive?

HELMSLEY: No, no. It's not vindictive. I don't think she took care of my son. He had breakfast at Burger King—French-fried onions. I told her the Christmas before he died, "Jay looks terrible, his lips are blue and bloated. If *anything* happens to that boy, you'll go out the way you came in—with nothing."

PLAYBOY: Your son had had a heart attack before he met Mimi. He suffered from arrhythmia, drank and smoked two packs a day. But Mimi wasn't a doctor.

HELMSLEY: She wasn't a wife, either, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: So there you were, a mother who had just lost her son, and you were angry.

HELMSLEY: I'm angry at everything.

PLAYBOY: Did Mimi remarry?

HELMSLEY: Oh, sure. Right away.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Jay's physical condition, it has been written that your son loved to party, that he was a womanizer, that he ignored everything his doctor told him to do.

HELMSLEY: I'll tell you why. I think he knew he was going to die. Jay was a virile man—tall, six foot three, looked like Sean Connery. I think he was scared. As for womanizing, I know he was cheating on Mimi; I know he was actually in a room with a girl at the moment he died. If he was so in love with Mimi, why was he cheating on her? The girl got frightened, went downstairs to the desk, stood in line and finally left word that something might be wrong up in that room. It was too late. [*Starts to cry*]

PLAYBOY: Could he have been saved?

HELMSLEY: All my hotels have pulmonary resuscitation units and every security man who works for me must pass a test to prove he can use it. We've saved a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Jay?

HELMSLEY: Horribly, always. [*Cries*] I loved him very much. Very much. He was a wonderful kid. This may sound kookie to you, but one reason I never had another child was that I loved Jay so much I was afraid I might take some of the love I felt for him and give it to somebody else. I couldn't bear it. I loved this child. And now I have a big hole in my heart that will never mend. It's the wrong succession. I was supposed to go first.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in reincarnation?

HELMSLEY: Yes, I do. Why do leaves come back on trees? I think I'm going to be an angel soon, for taking all this punishment. My husband believes that when you're dead, you're dead; he doesn't know it, but I'm going to find him again!

PLAYBOY: You'll see Jay again, too.

HELMSLEY: Yes. I have to believe that.

Look, if I've done things wrong in my life, and I guess I have, they haven't been deliberate. But I am strong. I have a lot of faith in what I do. I believe that my innocence will absolutely surface.

PLAYBOY: How long would you like to live?

HELMSLEY: As long as Harry does. We still have fun together. When Harry and I went to see our mausoleum in Woodlawn, we noticed that there were little angels on the stained-glass windows. We thought, My God, these won't give us a good laugh after we're gone. So we took down the windows with the angels and had ones put up with pictures of the Empire State, the Helmsley, all of Harry's buildings. That was fun. Our whole existence in business has *always* been for fun.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe you will go to jail?

HELMSLEY: Never.

PLAYBOY: If you do, what will happen to your husband?

HELMSLEY: He will die. He needs me and I need him. That's the way we live.

PLAYBOY: And if they send you to jail just the same?

HELMSLEY: It wouldn't matter. I'll probably die, anyway. Harry is my life.

PLAYBOY: What about your friends?

HELMSLEY: Harry's my only friend in the whole world. The rest are acquaintances. I'm telling you: He's my life, darling. He's my whole life.

PLAYBOY: And if you are acquitted, what will be the first thing you will do?

HELMSLEY: Cry.

PLAYBOY: And the second?

HELMSLEY: Kiss my husband.

GOING IN STYLE

You wouldn't leave old car bills or obsolete road maps on the front seat of your car, so why stash them in the glove compartment? That's the place for such road-smart accessories as a high-tech miniflashlight with a laser-sharp beam that cuts through the night. Or a battery-powered radar detector no bigger than a pack of cigarettes that eliminates the tangled cords of other units. Or a voice-activated microcassette recorder for capturing brilliant thoughts while you're rolling. Below, we've collected a glove box–ful of such goodies. Some are as practical as an auto jack. Others simply make motoring more fun. There's room for both, as well as plenty of your own stuff. Hit the road, Jack.

STEVE CONWAY

Below, left to right: Lambskin driving gloves, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, $78.50. Tortoise-shell sunglasses, from Spex, Chicago, $135. Voice-activated Olympus microcassette recorder, from Shutterbug, Chicago, $199.95. The Interstate Travelmate, an electronic guide to about 30,000 roadside businesses and other points of interest, by Whistler, $99.95. Cordless Solo radar detector, by Cincinnati Microwave, $345. VDO Tire Gauge, from Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories, $24.95. Sure-Fire 6P flashlight, by Laser Products, Fountain Valley, California, $58.

Where & How to Buy on page 180.

GRAPEVINE

Chuck's Last Laugh

The joke's on everybody and the bad Detroit Pistons know it. That's why coach CHUCK DALY and M.V.P.s JOE DUMARS and ISIAH THOMAS laughed when they won the second N.B.A. championship in a row. NBC and TNT unsuccessfully wooed the coach, but he stayed with the hardwood and the hardbodies. Disney made a TV movie out of Isiah's life, but more important, we say they can go for three. *Grapevine* knows basketball. But don't tell Bo.

© SUE PLUMMER

© MARK LEIVDAL

Stardom Comes One Step at a Time

Were you a fan of *Boxing Babes* on cable? Did you see *"The Forbidden Dance"... Is Lambada?* If so, you know GIA. Gia's days on *American Bandstand* and as a semiprofessional skate boarder taught her all the right moves. Good genes did the rest.

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Brown and Blues

The incredible RUTH BROWN won a Tony on Broadway for *Black and Blue*, had her chestnuts rereleased on Atlantic and played summer festivals. Listen up.

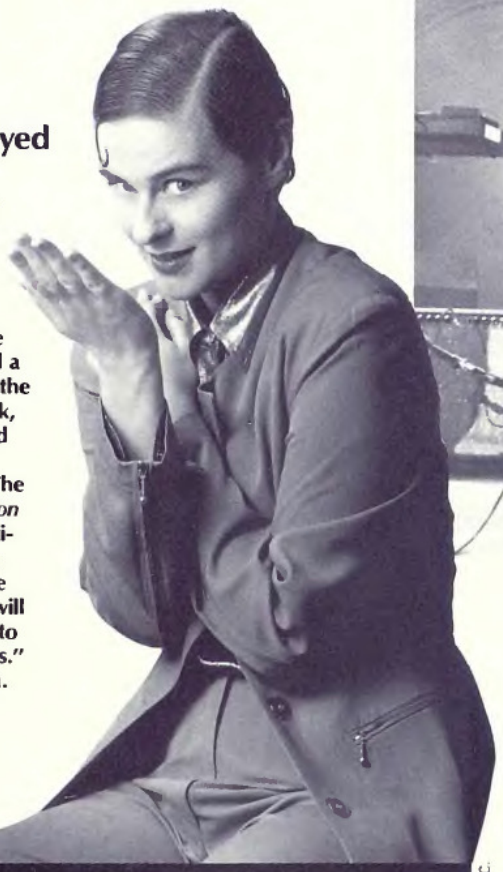
Girls Night Out

Two of our favorite singers, BONNIE RAITT (left) and K.D. LANG, got their just deserts this year. Fans have caught up with critics as Bonnie swept the Grammys and *Nick of Time* went double platinum. k.d. played a spectacular club tour as *Absolute Torch and Twang* went gold. They got together at a Roy Orbison benefit and wailed.

© ROBERT MATHEU

Blue-eyed Soul Singer

LISA STANSFIELD's distinctive voice has found a home on the pop, black, dance and singles charts. The LP *Affection* went platinum. Lisa says, "The Nineties will get back to the basics." Basic Lisa.



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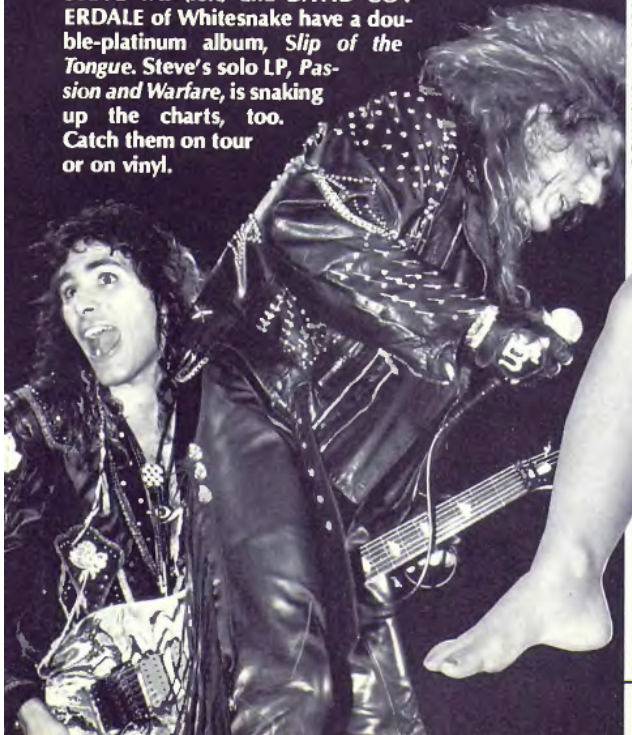
David and Goliath

STEVE VAI (left) and DAVID COVERDALE of Whitesnake have a double-platinum album, *Slip of the Tongue*. Steve's solo LP, *Passion and Warfare*, is snaking up the charts, too. Catch them on tour or on vinyl.



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Undercover but Exposed

Dancer CHINA CAT (the only name she cares to give) is working on her nine lives. Cat is a California gymnastics champ, a diver and a performer on instructional videos à la Jane Fonda. You saw her singing and dancing on TV's Smokey Robinson tribute. Meow!

© 1990 MARK LEIVDAL

THE CALL TO SAXON ARMS

You say your mother-in-law has locked on to your life like a pit bull and your new boss makes Attila the Hun look like Little Miss Muffet? Is that what's troubling you, Bunky? Then take out your frustrations with Execubow, a crossbow that fires suction-cup darts at an Executive Problem Shoot target faster than you can say "William Tell." Saxon International, 615 Jasmine Avenue North, Suite J, Tarpon Springs, Florida 34689, sells the Execubow, including a target and darts, for $54, postpaid. Extra packs of darts are five dollars each. With your problems, you'll need them.

SEXPLAY

"A romantic experience for two" is how R.J.E. Games in Valley Stream, New York, describes The Lovinggame, a board game for two (though four or more can play) designed to promote communication between couples. As players move around the board, they must follow such directions as "Tell your three biggest mistakes" (no fair including playing this game as one of them) and "Make up new pet names for each other." (Lots of slow, passionate kissing is also required.) The winner is granted three wishes that must be carried out by the loser. *Sure*, she will. Spencer Gifts and other national game stores carry The Lovinggame for $14.95. "Pillows, cushions, candles and soft music would greatly enhance the experience," claims R.J.E. Games. They always work for *us*.

SIMPLY DIVINE

Divinely Elegant: The World of Ernst Dryden takes you back to an era when black tie was *de rigueur* for dinner and luscious beauties wielded cigarette holders almost as long as their legs. Dryden, who was a fashion illustrator, poster artist and clothing designer, died in 1938 and left a legacy of work discovered by Anthony Lipmann, who wrote the text. In the case of *Divinely Elegant*, which sells for $40, one picture is worth a thousand words. Champagne and tennis, anyone?

BRAND-NEW LOVE BOAT

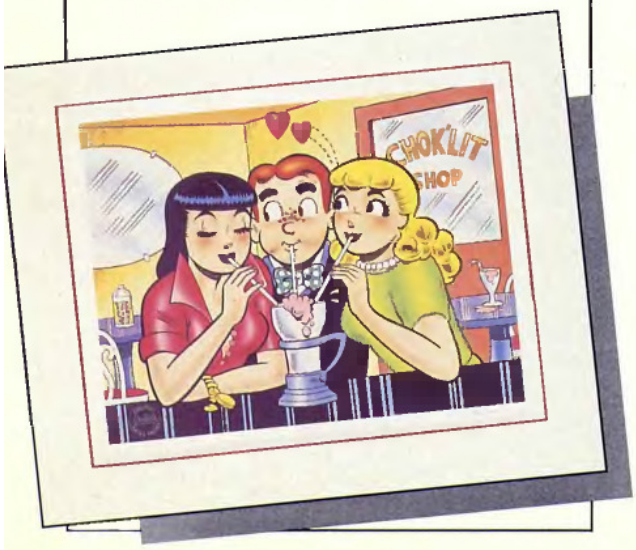
Club Med 1, the world's largest sailing ship, has just arrived in the Caribbean on its maiden voyage. This 617-foot floating palace has been decorated with "no gilt, no neon, no glitz." Instead, you'll find "fine mahogany, quality fabrics and leather" and staterooms offering twin or king-sized beds, 24-hour room service and breakfast in bed. Caribbean ports of call include a northern route through the Virgin Islands and a southern one among the Grenadines. Prices for a seven-day sailing cruise out of Fort-de-France, Martinique, on the Cancun Deck are $1440 to $2500 per person, double occupancy (not including air fare). For more info, call 800-CLUB MED and ask for the cruise desk. Send us a postcard from St. Kitts.

SONIC BOON

If you've always wanted to have the sound effect of crazy laughter, duck quacking or someone playing "charge" on a bugle integrated into your phone line, drop by your local department store and ask for The Fun Phone Effects Box. Fun Products in Berkeley, California, is the manufacturer; these and 12 other wacky sound effects are incorporated into the box, ready to be played over your phone at the touch of a button. The price: $59.95.

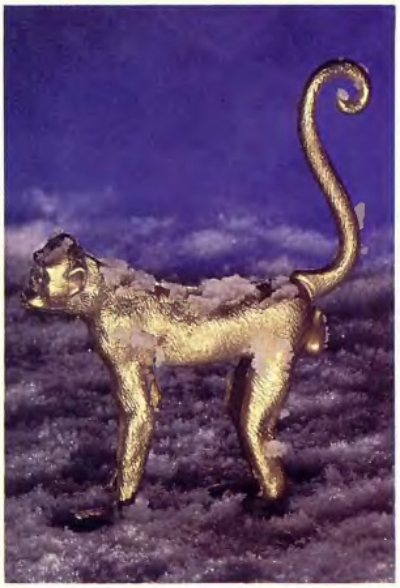
CALLING ALL JUGHEADS

Would you believe that Archie, Veronica, Betty and Jughead will turn 50 soon? To celebrate the anniversary, The Entertainment Art Company, 18 Coolidge Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06906, will publish a series of signed and numbered limited-edition lithographs depicting Archie and the gang in Riverdale. Each piece sells for $118.50, framed, through The Entertainment Art Company dealers. Call 800-347-6902 to order. Sorry, Betty and Veronica aren't topless.



BRASS-MONKEY WEATHER

The expression "It's cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey" has been around for years. But now—and don't laugh—you can actually own Chilburr, a four-inch-tall brass monkey whose balls (and tail) can be set to drop off at any temperature between 70 degrees Fahrenheit and 50 degrees below zero. And they can be reattached to drop off again and again. Chilburr can be ordered for $26.95 from Tom Kehmeier, P.O. Box 47, Eckert, Colorado 81418. Or call 800-530-2150 to put Chilburr on plastic. Look out, the temperature's dropping!



THE HUNT IS ON

It's just you against a computer in Fidelity Electronics' newest product, The Hunt for Red October, a one-person game that challenges you to protect your military installations against the missiles, torpedoes and mines of an enemy submarine. Realistic sound effects and flashing LED lights that indicate damage are just part of the undersea action. And four naval charts are included so that you can go below for a variety of maneuvers. The price: $89 in department and game stores. Up periscope!

FOR PARTY ANIMALS ONLY

Searching for the ultimate silly party icebreaker? Go for Partyalls—an autograph suit that everybody signs and you save, maybe. All you do is climb into your Partyalls, pass out the markers that come with it and let your guests doodle on your body. Partyalls Inc., P.O. Box 18270, Rochester, New York 14618, sells the one-size-fits-all suit for $17.50, postpaid. And here's a real deal: If you send Partyalls a picture of yourself in your painted-up party suit (*not* your birthday suit) and it's used in a brochure, you'll get $50 and a free Partyalls sweat shirt.

COMING NEXT: A SPECIAL ISSUE PACKED WITH HOLIDAY CHEER

UNDER GOD

SEXY STARS

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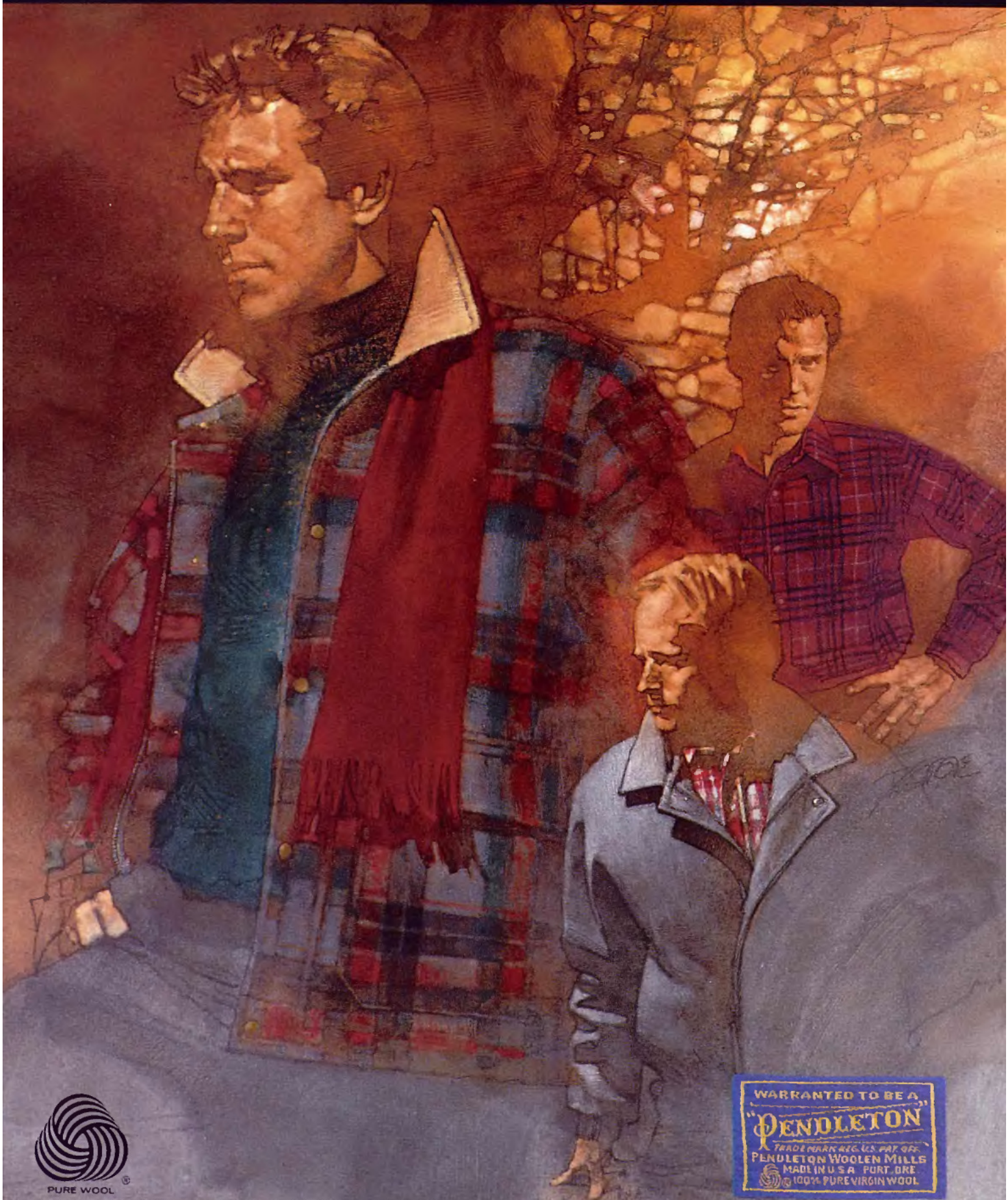

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